Stuff

THE KING OF QUEENS'

Leah Remini reigns over prime time

INSIDE CHARLES BARKLEY'S BALD HEAD

"I want to play the piano and get really, really fat."

Craziest Prison Escapes

How cons did the crime, then skipped the time

G.I. Joe 2004

America's deadliest new weapons
(THIS STUFF REALLY HURTS)

ROCK BOTTOM

Celebs confess their most pathetic addictions

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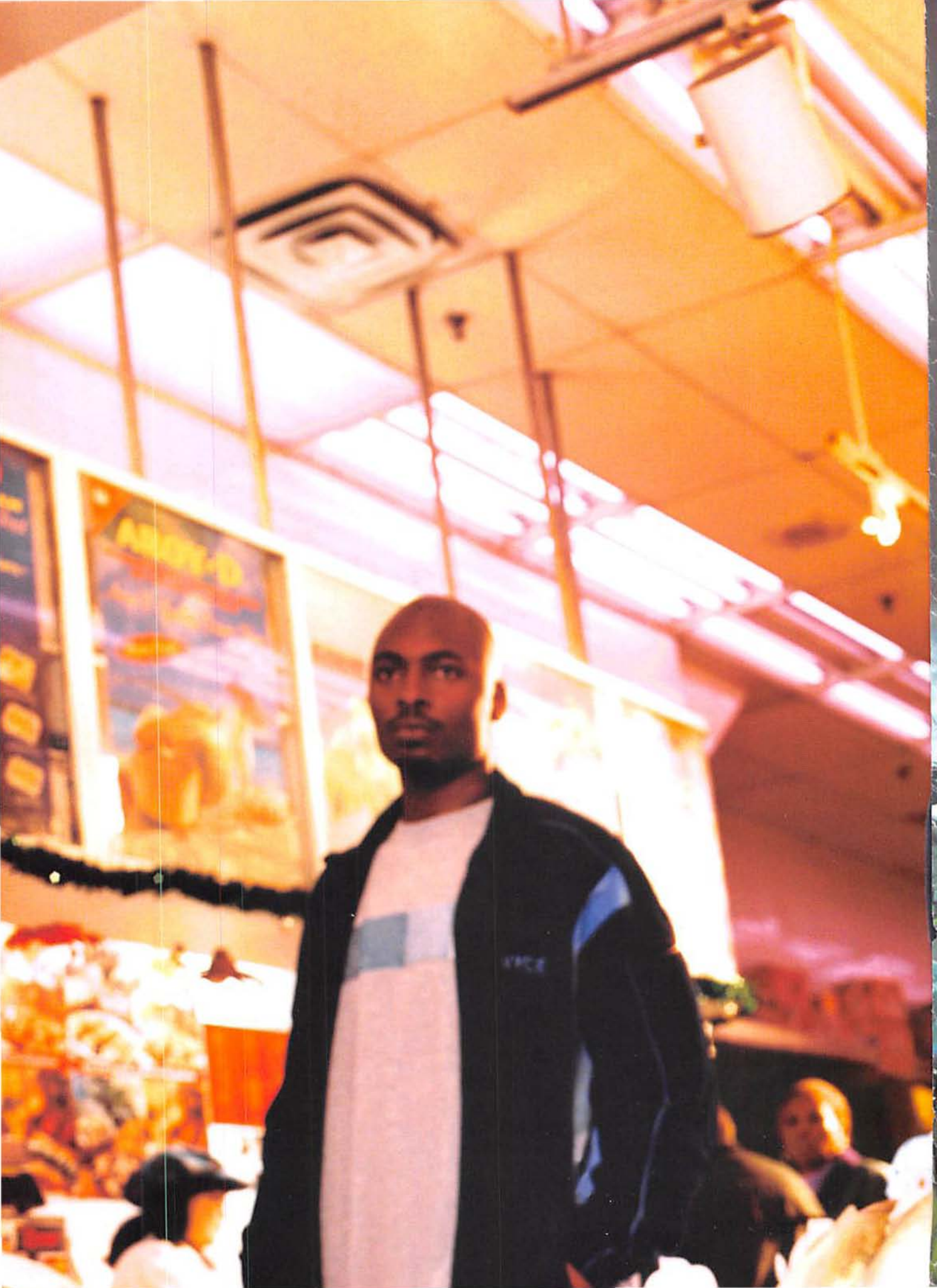

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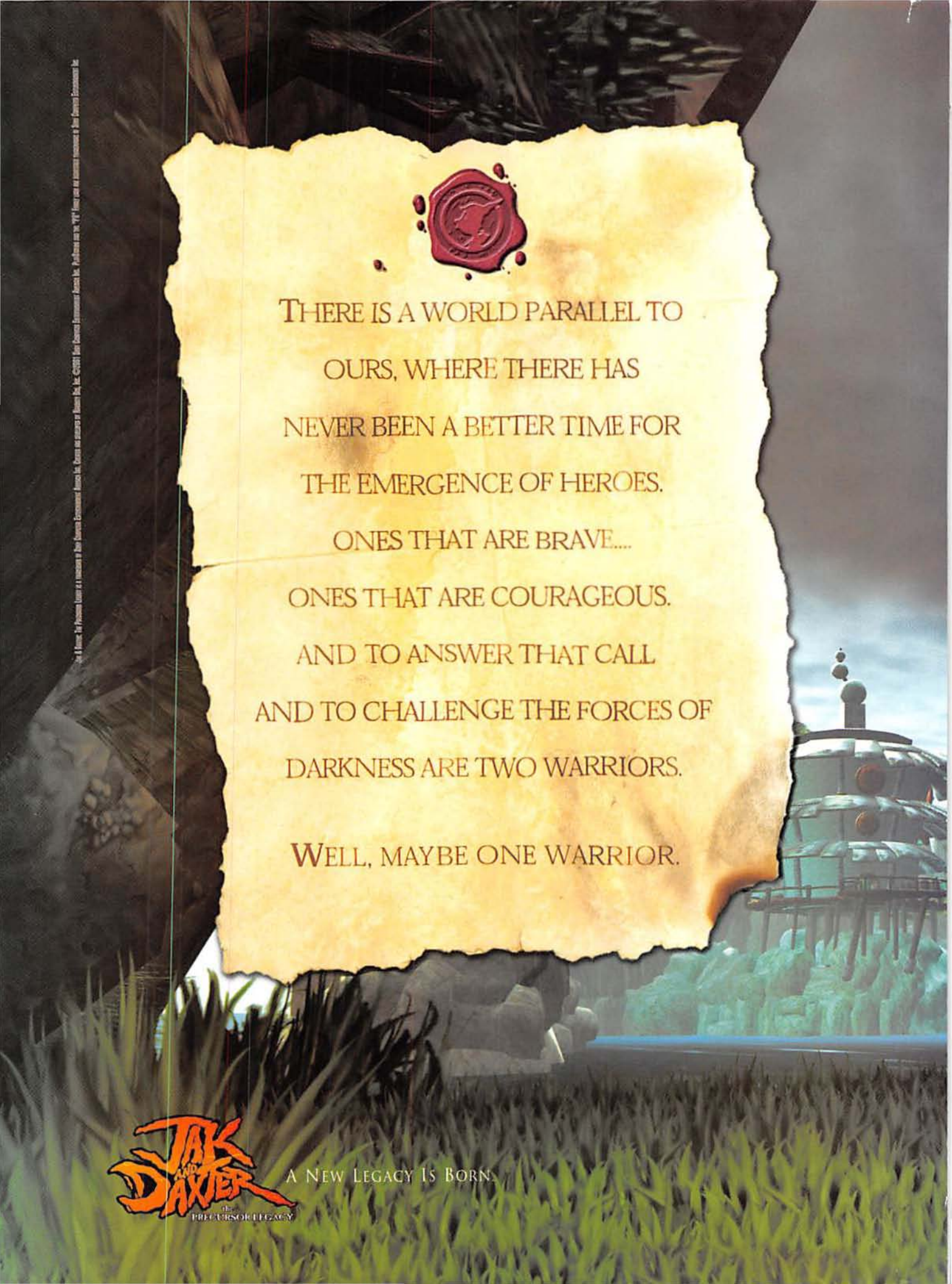
THERE IS A WORLD PARALLEL TO
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ONES THAT ARE BRAVE....
ONES THAT ARE COURAGEOUS.
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AND TO CHALLENGE THE FORCES OF
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Violence

She's more naked here than on TV, but on TV she moves and speaks. As you can see, television and print both have their advantages...and their shortcomings. To learn more about TV, turn one on. p.50

Nice kneepads, Francis! p.74

Stuff

FEATURES

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"Do something fucking charming for your woman when you *don't* wanna get laid," advises the *King of Queens* star. There are pictures, too. Good pictures.

58 Sex Survival Guide
How to stalk and trap wild women and find the best way into the bush. And by bush, we mean...ah, never mind.

64 Sir Charles' New Court
NBA madman-turned-broadcaster Charles Barkley pontificates on his life after b-ball. It involves a lot of food. And glitter.

68 Jackie O...My God!
Jacqueline Obradors stars in *NYPD Blue* and the new flick *El Diablo*. She also stars in this photo shoot, made just for you.

74 Robo G.I. Joe
What are you going to wear to the next war? This new gear is so high-tech, you'll need a password to put it on.

80 How Low Can You Go?
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86 Victoria's Secrets
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A nice Valentine's Day story.

96 World's Greatest Jailbreaks
Escape artists share stories about getting out. Try them all until one actually works!

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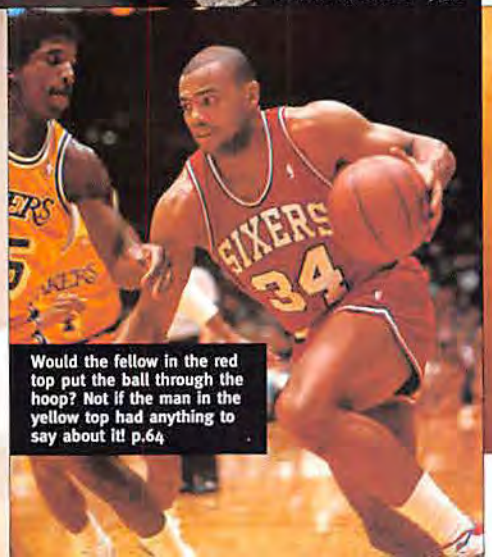
"Put it back in your pants, Scoutmaster Scott!" p.58

Reminds us of Mom. FYI, our mom is totally hot. p.68



Would the fellow in the red top put the ball through the hoop? Not if the man in the yellow top had anything to say about it! p.64

On the Cover

Leah Remini

PHOTOGRAPHED BY F. SCOTT SCHAFER
STYLING BY TANYA GILL
HAIR BY DIANA SCHMIDTKE FOR CELESTINE AGENCY
MAKEUP BY CORINA DURAN
FOR CLOTHES, SEE THE WHERE TO BUY PAGE

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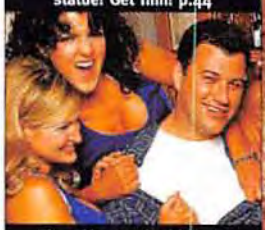

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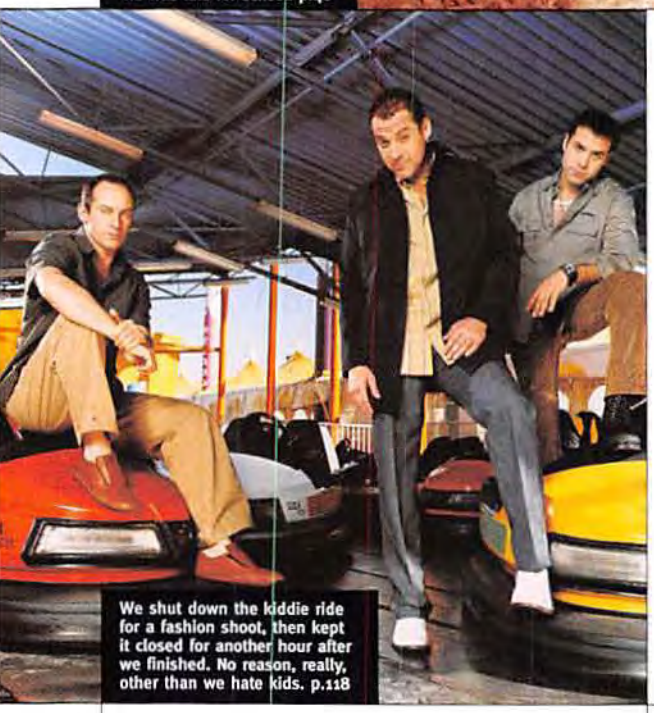

We shut down the kiddie ride for a fashion shoot, then kept it closed for another hour after we finished. No reason, really, other than we hate kids. p.118

Remember those watches with *no* numbers? Those days are over! p.112

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Happy Valentine's Day, Mom

1

2

3

4

February: the month of love.[1] New love. Out with the old, in with the new. It makes the doorman at my apartment complex nervous. "Help me move this roll of old carpeting, Xavier," I tell him. He is always puzzled at the extra weight. Not me. You know what puzzles me?

Puzzles. They'd be much easier if the answers were right there, right in front of me. Like the answers you'll find in our feature "Rock Bottom" (page 80). For example: If you were broke and naked and living in a trailer with a minor Baldwin brother (say, Billy, for instance) and your hair was falling out at the rate of 1,215 hairs per day, how long would it be before you started trading sex for Propecia? Six days. You get the answer by asking yourself, "Will I know when too much is too much, or will I continue drinking-drugging-screwing myself into a maggot-riddled oblivion? Will I become just another loser[2] in life's long line of clueless idiots who give up their incomes, their families, their lifelong loves for another snort of blow, another pop of E, another box of Pepperidge Farm Mint Milano cookies, another kiss from Woody Harrelson? Am I, in fact, a *loser*?"

If you're asking yourself these questions, then yes, you are a loser. Specifically, you're the loser called Leonard Bukkake from Belmont, California, whose diary we've been reading. Never leave stuff like that on the bus, Leonard, you little screwball. And that's not just a pet name, either.

Actually, dating is a hardship. If it weren't for the fact that I live right next to New York's famous Port Authority Bus Terminal, which is open all night, I'd never get lucky. What would I do without the bathrooms, without the runaways (those over 18, of course) and without the parents who make them run? It's very hard to catch a runaway. I prefer Luv-a-Lot traps, the humane kind you can use for squirrels (only bigger!) so you can set them free later, far enough away that they won't come back to cause trouble. But what if you live *blocks* from Port Authority? How do you fill the empty cage of romance sitting in your own personal black basement? Maybe you should see our "Sex Survival Guide"[3] on page 58. It's for all us hetero scouts out there—a nicely illustrated handbook that will teach you to locate and lure the fairer sex, even in places where the fairer sex is often hard to find or hard to please. Like, say, in Kandahar. All those hot widows are dropping their burqas (or yanking them up into a tight Taliban wedgie—I love that!) and just waiting for some good lovin' and some good AM radio. (The reception sucks out there.)

It must drive people like Norman Mailer and Oliver Stone crazy to see how well-received our military has been in that faraway Flintstone we like to call Afghanistan. And you know it's only going to get better. Check out "Tomorrow's Killers, Today" (page 74). It's our fashion guide to what the U.S. military will be wearing over the next few decades. It's a 3-D extravaganza: Delightful! Delicious! Deadly! *You* might not be caught dead wearing these, but your enemy will simply drop in your presence! Especially if it's prayer time. In fact, he'll be praying to Allah to become your personal POW!

That's the thing about wandering mullahs. They are so enlightening. You know what? *We're all really just prisoners*[4] *in this jail called life.* That's kind of spiritual, and that's why we give you "The World's Wildest Prison Escapes," on page 96, in which inmates provide tips on breaking out. "Always keep a little Clearasil handy!" another editor might say—but then we'd have to cut him to pieces (slowly). And that could land us in prison. Which is fine by me, sailor, because I find that behind bars, I always feel a little safer. I think it's those big, hairy arms holding me close late at night. Then I wake up. It's the cat—again!

GREG GUTFELD EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

How to Get Published at *Stuff*

Recently I received a résumé and cover letter from a young man named Matthew Abrams. In his amusing cover letter, he boasts: "I am a dynamic figure, often seen scaling walls and crushing ice. I have been known to remodel train stations on my lunch breaks, making them more efficient in the area of heat retention. I translate ethnic slurs for Cuban refugees...." Funny stuff. But what's even funnier is that this essay has been floating around the Internet for years, attributed to one Hugh Gallagher. Hugh evidently wrote the piece for the 1990 Scholastic Writing Contest and won.

Matthew, I'm stupid, but not *that* stupid.

Anyway, you got what you wanted: your name published in *Stuff*. Feel free to use this clip when hunting for a new job!

Another Phone Message From My Mom

"Thanks for the magazine. I just found it on the porch. It had been there for three days. I just went outside today, though, and there it was. I should get out more. How were the holidays? This new issue is one of your better ones. I read your letter. How is your blood? You don't have to drink so much. How is the no smoking? I'm glad you picked Laurie Dhue in your contest. What a funny name. She is good-looking...not like that other woman. I heard *Time* may put that bin Laden guy on the cover. That's terrible. All those poor families—and they're making him into a *big Joe*! That's just what he wants. I sent you some candy—share it with your friends. Anyway, back to your magazine. I'm still reading it."

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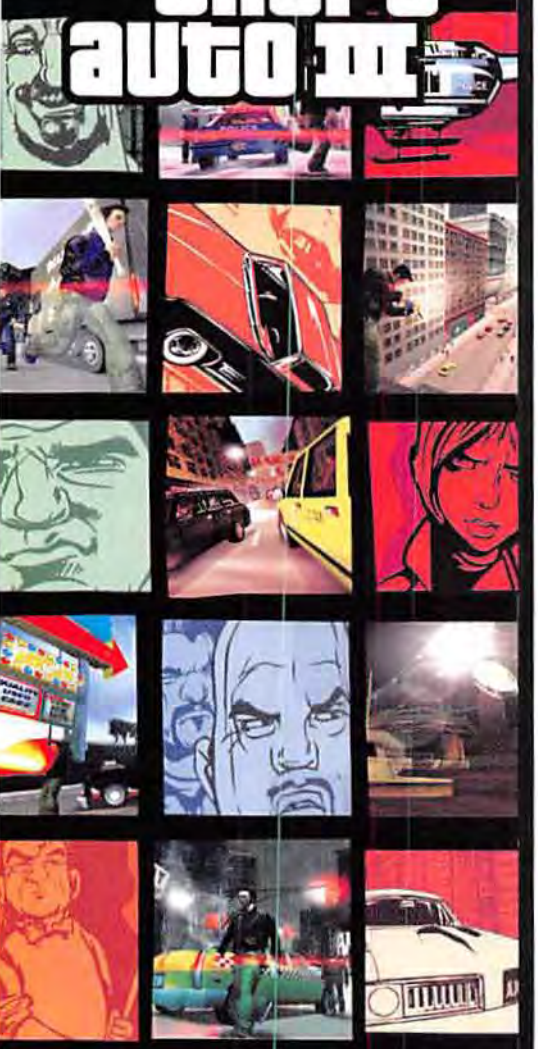

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Senior Editors Dan Bova, Mark Remy *(Entertainment)*, Dawn Yanek
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Digital Editor Gene Bresler

FASHION
Fashion Director Kelly Rae
Fashion Editor Richard Stewart

CONTRIBUTORS
Editors Dave Bennun, Stuart Matranga, Kirk Miller, John Parrish, **Copy** Adriana Morandin, Mark A. Rhyne, **Fashion** Rachel Gilman, **Photo** Libertee Muzyka (Intern), Liaht Pashayan, **Research** Natasha Dalanah, Bill Keith, Dan Nemet-Nejat, **Editorial Intern** Andrew Bottomley

Group Creative Director Andy Turnbull

WEST COAST OFFICE
West Coast Editor Laurie Kantor Finn
Editorial Assistant Gabriela de Broux
Office Coordinator Jonathan Fine (310) 859-9700

ADVERTISING
Group Publisher Jamie Hooper
Advertising Director Michael H. Provus

Fashion and Grooming Manager Carrie Glaser
Senior Account Manager Tatiana S. Verenicin
Account Manager Jeremy Bletterman
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Northwest Manager Shawn O'Meara (415) 749-0293
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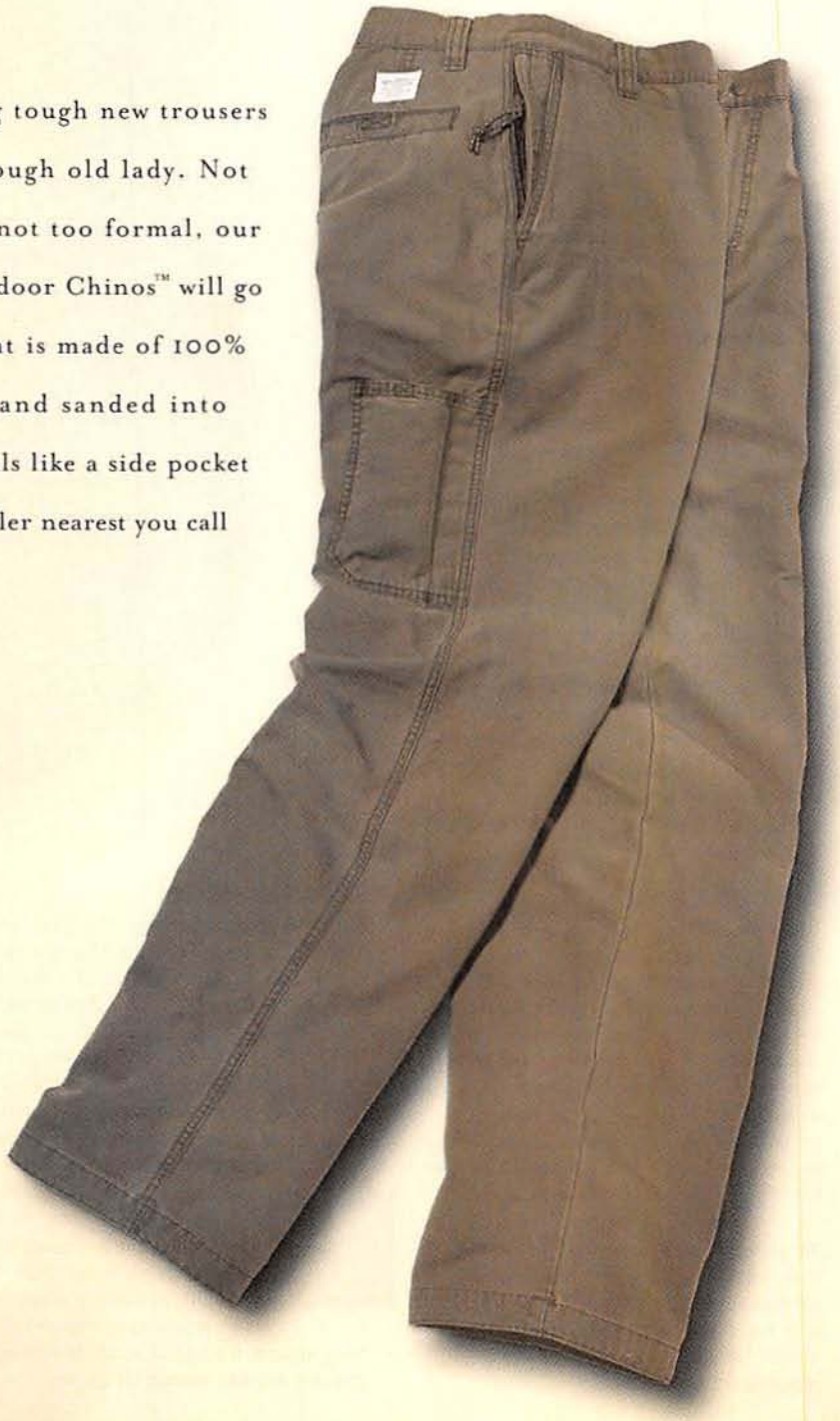

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Dear Stuff

The more you write, the less we have to.

Totally has Tony Danza's cell phone number.

Alyssa, we'd love to kiss ya

The boys around the fire station love that I bring your magazine to work. The fact that Alyssa Milano graces December's cover is just the icing on the cake. We would love to see some of her pictures that didn't get used. We cannot get enough of her. From the bottom of our hearts, the boys from Station 40 in Omaha would like to thank you!

—Captain Bret Reynoso, Omaha Fire Department, Station 40

Leave it to Alyssa to start a fire in a firehouse. She starts fires everywhere. In fact, she burned down our house once. It's OK, though, 'cause we cleaned up on the insurance.

Rudolph the blood-red-nosed reindeer

Reading your "Rudolph's Web of Evil" in the December issue, I was surprised that you did not mention the *murder* that takes place at the end of the show. You see, on the Island of Misfit Toys, there is a bird that cannot fly but swims instead. At the end of the show, the toys are dropped from the sleigh with the assistance of an umbrella to slow their descent. That is, all except the *bird that cannot fly*! That little bastard elf looks at him, shrugs and tosses his soon-to-be-corpse over the side with no umbrella! I can't help but imagine his little bird body plummeting toward the ground.

—Jeff Carter, Cincinnati

Yes, the bird plummets. But if you watch the tape carefully, you'll see that he lands on a grief counselor, killing both of them instantly. So it all works out.

Lamest letter ever

Thank you for the latest spread of Alyssa Milano. I like to think she was going *Commando* under that little dress she had on. Don't worry about me asking for you to set up a meeting with her for me—I know she wouldn't be *Charmed* by a guy who only wants to show her *Who's the Boss*. You guys were right that she should stay away from Tony Danza—he doesn't need to save a buck or two, but I'm sure he still wants to dial down the center, if you know what I mean.

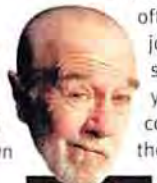
—Matthew Garcia, via e-mail

We agree, *There's Something About Mary* that's definitely *Gone with the Wind*. Our photographer said, "For a *Night of the Iguana* with her, I'd gladly give *My Left Foot*, for *Shoah*!" And did you get a load of her *Magnificent Ambersons*?

Carlin's biggest fan

You know what tops my list of grievances? Assholes who get rich in the entertainment industry, blow their money on coke and then bitch about the society they've leeched off of for 30 years. Carlin, I have a joke for you, seven words you can't say in a letter to the editor: Fuck you, you shit-eating, whiny little cocksucker! OK, that's only three of the words, but that's all I needed.

—Mark Edward Behr, Lansing, Mich.



"Hmmm, never seen blood *there* before. That's no good."

Ouch, someone got up on the wrong side of the bed this morning! Actually, it was us. Not sure why we keep those rakes lying around. It's just an accident waiting to happen. Anyway, thanks for writing.

Corn hole

I often hear people say, "If you knew what was actually in creamed corn, you wouldn't eat it." How 'bout letting the cat out of the bag and doing a Know What You Eat article on creamed corn?

—Alex Anthony, Kingston, Ontario

Dude, it's just plain corn that's been creamed and thrown in a can. Next!

Mutual fun!

I was wondering if your company had stocks? I'm really interested in investing my money, and I thought that maybe *Stuff* would be a good place to start. If you guys do have stocks that I can buy, please e-mail me back.

—Jonathan, via e-mail

Jonathan, Dennis Publishing is a privately owned company, and therefore ▷▷▷

Photography (Alyssa): Sheryl Nields. Styling: Dana Maraska for Celestine. Hair: Robert Sterbkin for Celestine. Makeup: Antonella Renyer for Clautier

There are worse things than missing the game-winning free throw.

Like having to call your roommate "Daddy" for a week.

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uninvestable. [Editor's note: *Uninvestable* is not an actual word, but we're betting Jon will use it in conversation for months to come.]

Doin' vacation time

In your December issue's "The 20 Best Times You'll Have in 2002," you recommend the Sturgis Motorcycle Rally in the Black Hills of South Dakota for a great summer destination. I offer this warning: Do not come to South Dakota unless you plan to stay a long time. These corn-farming sheep ranchers will throw you in the slammer for any petty offense. The prison inmates here have a saying about this state: "Come on vacation, stay on probation."

—Brian R. Klein, South Dakota State Penitentiary

We came on vacation once. It was awesome!

Man rides bike!

I am a 42-year-old ultraendurance cyclist. In the last three years, I have cycled more than 90,000 kilometers. This included breaking the world record for cycling around Australia, a 14,200-kilometer race route, and then breaking my own record and posting a personal-best of 41 days, five minutes. Both of these efforts were assisted by support crews. On April 2, 2002, I will once again set out to best my time. However, this time I will be going it alone and unsupported. I wanted to know if you would be interested in the details of this challenge and if you would like live updates during the quest?

—Perry Stone, via e-mail

Sure, call us anytime. Let it ring. We like to take long baths.

Radical to the max!

The Hype! article you wrote on *Tony Hawk's Pro Skater 3* in December was really lame. The author clearly had never played the game. When he referred to the function known as "manualling," he said, "the all-new capability to revert between air and ground tricks." He was probably using info from an article about *Pro Skater 2*—when manualling was actually a new capability. Also, his description of the L.A. setting was so generic that he could've been writing about almost any game with an L.A. setting. I mean, c'mon, "annoying traffic delays" sounds so ridiculous after you've already played the game and realized that traffic delays are not problematic or annoying—they're nonexistent.

—Nick Nilen, via e-mail

You caught us, Nick. We did not, in fact, play *Pro Skater 3*. Guess we got so wrapped up in going out and talking to girls and having fun, we just never found the time. We're such pathetic losers.

Letter of the Month

I've been an avid reader of the magazine for a while, and I often wonder why you haven't had a profile/article/photo shoot of Steve Kmetko. Yes, he's gay, but if only every gay guy looked/carried himself like he does, the straight concept of gays would be very different. He happens to be one of the classiest and nicest celebrities around.

—L.T., Los Angeles

Hold everything—Steve Kmetko is a celebrity?! For that invaluable piece of information, we'd like to award you a Dakota REQ watch worth $175.

Two plus two equals negative fun

I'd like to point out an error in your December issue. On page 90, the "What Women Want" article says that 34 percent of women expect to pay for half of dinner (but only the good ones). However, in the picture where the check is being divided, the bill is for $236.25, yet the numbers total $113 each, which would add up to $226. Unless you don't like the date you've chosen, it seems to me a surefire way to get her to stand up and throw the remainder of whatever she's got in her glass in your face.

—Thomas Croon, Chicago

You know what else is a surefire way to get her to throw a drink in your face? Try setting your face on fire. It's worth it just to see her expression.

That Time of the Month

I was greatly offended by the October issue of *Stuff* magazine, in which a moron spent several useless pages attacking the earth's current prophet, David Icke ["World's Greatest Conspiracies"]. Ironically, after you printed this article, Icke's publisher went out of business and his books were removed from shelves. Now Americans cannot hear his side of the story, and that isn't only cruel, unjust and retarded—it is also dangerous. We warn you that we have purchased several copies of your magazine and plan to burn them in a public protest against you. This will be filmed. And you can thank that piece-of-butt-waste reporter, Dan Bova, for initiating *Fahrenheit 451* and causing our book-burning protest.

—RTS, points unknown

No! Dear God, no! Please don't purchase multiple copies of our magazine! You'll wind up boosting our circulation and giving us all raises! Just please think it over before you do anything crazy.

Dissed and dismissed

I went out with a girl for nearly seven months until we broke up just recently. Actually, she dumped me. She attends an Ivy League University and likes some guy named Henry who plays lacrosse or something. I just wanted to say that preppy guys like Henry are pieces of shit. Thank you.

—Bill F., International Falls, Minn.

Henry may be a piece of shit, but you know what? He's probably nailing your ex even as you read this. Try not to think about it.

Breast wishes

On page 32 of the December issue's Hype!, "How I Spent My Summer," you depict an Orc from *Lord of the Rings* at "Walt Disney World." Clearly the castle in the picture is not Cinderella's castle in Orlando, but Sleeping Beauty's castle in Anaheim. So, technically, the Orc is at Disneyland. That annoyed me until I turned a few pages and saw that you chose *Emmet Otter's Jug-Band Christmas*, my favorite movie of all time, as DVD of the

WIN! Autographed Jay-Z CD and a Skateboard

We ran across rap star Jay-Z the other day. It's OK—we immediately pulled over and took him to the hospital. But only if he agreed to autograph his hit CD *The Blueprint*. So send us a letter and if we really, really like it, the CD is yours, along with a matching skateboard made by his clothing company, Rocawear. We know what you're thinking: *A rapper with a clothing line?* Yes, it's finally happened (see page 116).

Send your words of wisdom to: Letters, *Stuff*, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018; or e-mail 'em to: letters@stuffmagazine.com.

For rules, consult a corporate attorney or the Where to Buy page.

Photography: Damien Dorsch

month! My undying loyalty to *Stuff* lives on. Every year when I pop in the video and hear Emmet and the boys belt out the all-time classic song "Barbecue," my spirits rise a little. Thanks for making a lonely housewife whole again. And, by the way: 36D.

—*Courtney Netta, Orlando*

No problem, Courtney! And, by the way: 10 inches uncut.

Björk you!

I was disappointed by what was said about Björk in your November article on Svala [First Lady]. First of all, Björk may be weird, but underneath it she's very gorgeous. You're way off base to say Svala holds a candle to Björk's exotic beauty. Second, Björk is the most talented female solo artist in the world right now and is without a doubt the native artist Icelanders are most proud of, as well as their most famous export. Svala's OK and all, but I think you overdid it. Don't compare her with a legend. Freaks.

—*Kelleen Krawford, via e-mail*

Combs her hair with a fjörk.

We love Björk. He was a great tennis player.

Leprosy is a-peeling

I thought I knew something about leprosy, but after reading your article ["So a Leper Walks into a Bar...," December], I was quite surprised. Who knew that people with psoriasis and eczema were once considered lepers? Leprosy is a horrible disease, but I am glad that some people who have it are living with it in a positive way. On another note, I was surprised at how good Brittany Holberg looked ["Femme Fatales"]. She is gorgeous and on death row? What a terrible waste.

—*Landon Gerard, Vallejo, Calif.*

You're right. She'd make a great baby-sitter.

Stop bugging us

In the Blitz! section of the December issue [Bizarre!], 18-year-old WeirdAnimals.com Web master Tom Robinson makes the claim that animals will always be around—even those stupid cockroaches. *Stuff* then erroneously says, and I quote, "Uh, cockroaches are bugs, Tom. Who's stupid now, bitch?" Well, the answer to that question is, of course, you. You see, the animal kingdom contains the phylum Arthropoda, which are critters with segmented bodies, and insects are included within this phylum. As every 18-year-old from England knows, cockroaches are insects and insects are animals...bitch.

—*Dave Schultz, via e-mail*

And as every 18-year-old girl from England now knows, you are an absolute dork.

In the Navy

Greetings from the Indian Ocean. The only time I get off this ship is to fly, and the only land I see is the wasteland that is Afghanistan. After 60 days at sea, the ship had its first Beer Day (we're supposed to get one every 45 days). On those sacred days, the ship allows each crew member to partake in only two cans of the golden nectar. Then [they flew] in the Miami Dolphins' cheerleaders. It turned out to be more depressing than it was uplifting. Let's think about this one: I'm on a ship with almost all men and we get a brief glimpse of gorgeous *cheerleaders*. It was like showing a starving man filet mignon and giving him one sip of Dom Perignon. By the way, you guys should do a little cheerleader layout in *Stuff*.

—*D.Q.*

Fun fact: Cheerleaders are mammals. Just like those delicious dolphins!

Lonely man uses e-mail

Your December issue contains a factual error. On page 24, Randy the Helpful Pineapple states that Alaska is the 50th state, which is incorrect. Hawaii is the last state to be admitted to the union; Alaska is the 49th. Why don't you guys get your facts straight before you print them as the truth?

—*Bob, via e-mail*

Randy the Helpful Pineapple responds: "A pedant is someone who makes an ostentatious show of his knowledge, also known as a braggart or an insufferable git. That's the gist!"

Stuff's Art Corner

By Shekeitha Scott of Texas. She says she's a lesbian artist who reads *Stuff* to follow the trends. She even designs dresses! Where does she get the time?

Stuff answers other magazines' letters

From the November 2001 issue of *Gear*

I've been a satisfied *Gear* subscriber for about two years now, and *Gear* is everything I want in a men's mag. I buy *Maxim*, *Stuff* and *Details* magazines from time to time if the cover looks interesting, but obviously they spend more time editing nipples out of pictures than writing their articles.

—*Chris Selin, Boston*

Chris, we tried to contact you to discuss your views. However, upon calling information, we were told that there is no Chris Selin, living or dead, in the greater Boston area. Damn. We always wanted to meet an actual *Gear* reader.

Corrections

- In our December feature "Eating for Hardbodies," our food pyramid erroneously recommended a steady diet of steamed fresh vegetables. We actually meant bourbon. Whatever.
- All Lithuanians are not "dirty, child-stealing arsonists," as was reported in our feature story "50 Ways to Please Your Woman." We meant to place that information in our "Lithuania Sucks!" feature. We apologize.
- Our executive editor is not "huge," as he announced while flexing his pecs in the bathroom mirror this morning.
- Turns out those weren't veggie burgers. Sorry. We're not quite sure what the green chunks were all about.
- Our December issue's "What We're Reading" column included several book titles. We actually just read the titles–not the books.
- In the September issue, we stated that we were full and couldn't possibly have another bite. The truth is, we really didn't like your cranberry sauce.
- Jesus did not actually say, "You haven't lived until you've shot a man," as reported in the February article "Live to Shoot, Shoot to Kill."
- Due to a spelling error in our blowfish recipe ("Go Fish!" November 2001), several hundred readers died last month. New spell-check software should prevent this from happening again. Unfortunately, we cannot afford said software.
- The tumor pills advertised in our November issue are *not* effective in the prevention or treatment of tumors. But because laughter is truly the best medicine, it can't hurt to give them as gag gifts.

"She Wasn't Fat– She Was Pregnant"

And other tales from your twisted lives.

True Lie of the Month

I had been working at the post office for about three months when one day I had to walk a new route. I came to a house with a note on the mailbox that read: COME TO THE BACK DOOR. I figured it was probably written by an elderly person who couldn't walk to the front door, so I went around back. There I found another note that said: OPEN DOOR. DON'T SPEAK. I followed the instructions and, when I got inside, I heard a woman's voice say, "Sit down." I did as I was told. Then I watched in excitement as a woman wearing a blindfold came into the room and stripped for me. When she took off the blindfold, she screamed, "Who the fuck are you?! You're not Craig!" I answered, "No. I'm Chris. Craig will be back tomorrow." It was a great day...until she called my office and tried to get me fired.

—Chris G., via e-mail

Here's a $250 gift certificate from eBay. Use it to buy some long pants.

She's drinking for two

One night I was out drinking with my roommate. Things were a little bit boring, so we wagered over who would be able to take home the largest lady in the bar. Since it was ladies' night and fat chicks like the free sauce, we almost had too many options. We found two candidates sitting together, so we joined them. My friend sat next to the tall one, and I sat next to the meatball. After a few drinks, we got them to come with us to our pad. We drank some more until my lady friend began complaining of severe stomach pains. We took her to the hospital and sat around waiting to find out what was wrong. Finally, the taller one came out and invited us into the hospital room. There was my attempted conquest, propped up in a hospital bed cradling a newborn baby! I still owe my buddy five bucks.

—Michael Croteau, Bruce, Fla.

What a deer!

I was dating this chick in high school, and one night we were doing the nasty in my car, in the midst of a cornfield. We were hot and sweaty—and so were the windows. When it was over, we rolled down the windows to let the smell of sex blow out of the car. While driving back to her house, two deer jumped in front of us. I missed one, but the second one hit just above the passenger wheel well. Its body slammed against the side of the car. Unfortunately, the impact knocked the crap right out of the deer—literally. Its hind end was just in front of my girlfriend's window. Deer shit splattered everywhere—in her hair, her eyes, her mouth. After some screaming and crying, we finally got to her parents' house. When her dad opened the door, he was at first pissed but soon understood the situation. Oddly, he told her to not wash it off. Instead he took her out hunting—something about the rut and the fresh stool. Anyway, she had to stand under a tree for two hours, but her dad picked off a 12-pointer.

—S. Williams, Neshkoro, Wis.

Ship of fools

I live on the island of Maui in Hawaii. One afternoon my girlfriend called to say she just won a radio contest—a weekend cruise for two. It was scheduled to leave within the hour on the other side of the island, so I quickly packed my things and picked her up. We hit terrible traffic, and when we arrived at the dock, we watched helplessly as the cruise ship headed out to sea. Reluctant to give up on two days of free mai tais, we began waving our arms and yelling to the boat. To our surprise, it actually turned around, and we boarded the boat, laughing. The other passengers looked at us strangely, but we figured they were just drunk. As we started to drift from shore, we searched for the band and the bar, but they weren't there. Suddenly the captain's voice came over the loudspeaker and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, in about 10 minutes, when we are farther out to sea, you may begin to pay your last respects, throw the flowers and sprinkle the ashes." Wrong ship.

—Joel Kupihea, Kihei, Hawaii

Mother knows best

My ex-girlfriend was in town for a visit and wanted to spice things up. So we went to the local smut store and bought some anal beads. Never having used these things, I asked her what I was supposed to do with them. My ex said to pull them out when she's about to have an orgasm. Easy enough, right? Wrong. About two seconds after seeing them go in, they really went *in*. In other words, they disappeared. After a few minutes of grunting and groaning, we managed to fish those bad boys out. Two months later I was moving back home from college, and my father came to help me move. Upon realizing that the anal beads were still under my desk, I threw them into my shorts pocket and drove the 19 hours home. The next day I tossed my clothes downstairs to get washed and, sure enough, I forgot to take out the beads. My mom came to my doorway holding them, saying, "Are these what I think they are?" I couldn't even look at her. But the really disturbing part of the whole thing is: How did Mom know what they were?

—M. Stanton, via e-mail

WIN! Tracy McGrady's Clothes

Last month, when we interviewed the Orlando Magic's superyoung superstar Tracy McGrady, we drugged him and stole all his clothes. He's still dithering along the East River, naked and confused. Much like us! Send us a funny True Lie that's the written equivalent of a 360-degree slam dunk and you could win $250 worth of McGrady's Adidas T-MAC gear, including a pair of basketball sneaks, shorts and a warm-up suit. Everything matches, so feel free to wear it at weddings, bar mitzvahs and funerals.

For rules, see the Where to Buy page.

Send your stories to: *Stuff*, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018; or letters@stuffmagazine.com.

Check out more True Lies at www.stuffmagazine.com.

Photography: Damien Dovick. Illustration: Jason Johnson

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Blitz!

A FULL-FRONTAL ASSAULT ON YOUR SENSES

Workers finally removed the wreckage after it sat idle on the beach for more than two days. And the plane wasn't wearing an inch of sunscreen.

We Love To Float, and It Shows!

And you thought the only thing that washed up on Florida beaches was bingo cards.

Floridians were rudely awakened from their senile sunbathing when this twin-engine cargo plane crashed onto the briny beach last December. The plane narrowly missed several beachfront properties before picking the scenic shores of Sunny Isles Beach just behind the Driftwood Hotel to make its emergency landing. Both pilot and copilot emerged virtually unscathed from the watery wreck. The only real loser in all this? Little Johnny Monroe's smashed sand castle. The poor guy spent an hour on the thing!

Photography: (Main Image) Reuters. (Others) AP.

Take a picture—it'll last longer. Oh, you're doing it right now? Carry on, then!

We mummified our neighbor. You don't see us bragging about it.

THIS SHARK IS DEAD IN THE WATER

Looks like it's safe to go back in the water! At least according to Egyptian enthusiast Rob Keller, who is quite a fan of mummification–so much so that he's practiced the technique on possums, chinchillas, deer and this superdead hammerhead shark. And it's more than just a hobby for the former veterinary technician. He takes the process seriously enough to gently (read: grossly) place various objects within each animal's sarcophagus so they can carry them to the afterlife. Did we mention that Rob Keller is one strange fuck? We didn't? Well, consider it done!

IT'S A SICK WORLD AFTER ALL

BIZARRE!

Our regular roundup of a world gone wrong.

NAIL-GUN FUN

A 58-year-old construction worker recently walked into Houston's Ben Taub General Hospital complaining that a fellow employee had accidentally fired a three-inch spike into his head. And, as you can see by this here X ray, he wasn't fibbing. "It was amazing!" proclaimed Anne Hayman, M.D. "An eighth of an inch in any direction and he would have been killed." In fact, the whole nasty mess didn't even impair his vision, 'cause he sure as shit saw the exit–and promptly used it only a few days after the removal procedure. The abrupt farewell left many of the hospital employees to speculate that he may have been an illegal alien. But perhaps he just went out and got hammered! Ha-ha-ha! Oh, why do we even bother with you people?

THIS AIN'T YOUR FATHER'S REST HOME!

The orderlies at Denmark's Thorupgaarden nursing home are saying no to Thorazine drips and yes to such cinematic offerings as *Shaving Ryan's Privates*. These Copenhagen-based caregivers have found that porn movies–coupled with multiple subscriptions to *Swank*–have proved to be a much more tranquil, and cheaper, method of medicating the residents than regular drug therapy. The issue of sex and seniors is often overlooked at nursing homes, notes department head Maj-Britt Auning. "It's time we show the elderly some respect and take their needs seriously, including the sexual ones." Auning claims that both the male and female oldies enjoy watching the many body-slappin' videos from the home's video library. Now that we've placed that image in your head, feel free to puke on your shoes. We have!

Adolf knew what the girls said about him behind his back. All he could do was prove them wrong by leading the best damn cheer this crowd had ever seen!

PUTTING THE *SS* IN "SCHOOL SPIRIT"

When it comes to the raised arm that was Hitler's hello, look no further than America's purveyors of all things pep to find the instigator. According to an unearthed CIA interview with Adolf's good buddy Ernst Hanfstaengl, the square-'stached psycho "adored American football marches and college songs. The *Sieg Heil* used in political rallies is a direct copy of the technique used by American football cheerleaders." Our community college's head pom-pom girl spurned our requests for an interview, claiming to be too busy burning yearbooks and placing all dorky-looking freshmen in internment camps.

USELESS FACTS

Giacomo, Randy's Italian pineapple cousin, says:

"On February 14, 1929, Al Capone's lackeys gunned down several rival gcombahs in what would become known as the St. Valentine's Day Massacre. Sigh. It's *paesanos* like that who give Italians a bad name. Either way, enjoy this special for-lovers-only Valentine's Day Useless Facts. *Ciao!*"

In London, it's illegal to have sex on a parked motorcycle. ▷▷▷

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Do these guys ever travel separately?

THE LINEUP

DIRTY ROTTEN SCOUNDRELS

Our monthly ranking of the truly rank.

1 Jiang Zemin

Ever since the World Trade Center was attacked, the Chinese president's state-sponsored Beijing Television has been producing DVDs that splice images of the towers crumbling with clips of 1998's *Godzilla*, in which New York buildings are destroyed. Ongoing DVD commentary states, "We will never fear these people again!" The government has been defending the footage as an educational film. Hear that, Wang Fat Delivery? *That's* why we never tip you guys.

2 Michael Jackson

In a wise PR move, Jacko is set to direct his first feature film about–you guessed it!–a small boy. The tentatively titled *Home of the Angels* is about the ordeals of an eight-year-old orphan and will be shot in Canada. Jackson liked the movie's childhood themes from the start: "Some of his favorite films are *Boys Town* and *Oliver*," claims codirector/new pal Bryan Michael Stoller. Memo to whoever nabs the part of the orphan: Our prayers are with you, tiger!

3 Aaron Sorkin

The executive producer of *The West Wing* excreted some political genius recently by warning whoever would listen, "It's happening all over again. The patriotism police should be kept at bay." You'll remember that Sorkin has had difficulties with the *real* police after getting arrested in Burbank Airport with a carry-on bag containing pot, mushrooms and crack cocaine. Sork is no doubt worried that the fall of Kabul might reduce the export of Afghan heroin to Los Angeles.

4 Robin Hood

Says Stephen Knight, professor at the University of Cardiff in Wales, Robin and his "merry men" were banished to Sherwood because they were self-loathing homosexuals. Knight says that while writers wouldn't have actually said that Hood liked wood, "the story does contain a great deal of erotic imagery." Knight points to references of arrows, quivers and swords. Jeers to Hood for not owning up to it. Rob from the rich and give in to your desires, you sword-lovin' scamp!

5 Gene Hackman

Hackman recently reenacted *The French Connection*, with comical results. Mean Gene collided with a Volvo on Sunset Boulevard and quickly went from worried to enraged when one of the passengers insinuated that Hack is gay. Gene repeatedly punched the passenger who outed him into submission. No charges were filed–so we filed one ourselves: We the jury find Gene Hackman guilty of grand larceny...for stealing every scene in *Heist*! You, sir, are a national treasure.

Seven-foot, seven-inch former NBA center and *My Giant* star Gheorge Muresan was born on February 14, 1971.

IN A NUTSHELL

ISLAM

Explained in 50 words or less.

Islam is based on the teachings of the prophet Muhammad, who died in A.D. 632. Muslims believe in Allah, ritual prayer, almsgiving, fasting and hajj, a pilgrimage to Mecca. Apparently, some extremists prefer jihad ("struggle") to hajj–the lines are shorter. And the female-to-male ratio in Muslim heaven is 72:1.

Only humans and horses have hymens.

Actress Meg Tilly was born on February 14, 1960. ▷▷▷

Photography (Nutshell) Jens Mortensen. Illustrations: Ollie Bland, Gary Brandham and Simon Brown.

Vending Machines

From Around the World

We hate people. That's why we like vending machines–we can get what we want without talking to anyone. The following is a salute to some of our favorites. Now get lost.

This one makes other vending machines look more attractive.

BAIT

Where: USA
Why: Because watering holes are open 24 hours, and bait shops ain't.
The Lowdown: The Cadillac of these fishermen's friends is the Bait King. The contraption is able to hold more than 160 containers of live minnows, maggots, leeches and crickets–all kept alive within plastic baggies that each contain an oxygen tablet. (Wish we'd thought of using that tablet the last time we wrapped a shopping bag over our brother's head!)
Slogan: "Twenty-four-hour live-bait merchandiser."

ALCOHOL

Where: Germany and Japan
Why: What the two cultures lack in their ability to spread fascism throughout the civilized world (see World War II), they more than make up for in skillfully positioning alcohol so as to be readily available to their youngsters (see their notoriously lax drinking laws).
The Lowdown: In Germany, those looking to stock up on both fuel and DUIs can find beer machines at gas stations. Meanwhile, Japan provides beer, whiskey and sake. Unlike their friends in the Fatherland, these most honorable suppliers of suds are nothing if not responsible: Fujitaka's liquor machines have sensors that can read the birth date on a driver's license and spot fake IDs. The machines remain unmoved even when you yell "That's me! I just gained a little weight is all. Oh, and I'm no longer black."
Slogan: "Drink up! Enjoy refreshing time." *–From Kirin liquor machines*

With this in the break room, Joe's diet doesn't stand a chance!

Wang tried to get Mom on the line. Unfortunately, he did.

PORN

Where: Japan
Why: Finally, a video clerk that doesn't judge. Or breathe.
The Lowdown: Come nightfall, Tokyo's neon-lit porn machines spring to life and start selling raunchy videos, "plastic pussies" and smut comics. Looking for secondhand panties? You're fresh out of luck. In 1993, the Tokyo cops shut down an operation that offered underwear "guaranteed to have been worn by a Japanese schoolgirl." The real crime? They were being sold for $50 each.
Slogan: "High-quality masturbation goods...Please insert your dick as soon as open this [sic.]" *–From a "jerk-off device" sold in a Tokyo vending machine*

DRUGS

Where: USA
Why: Boatloads of meds without the suspicious glare of a pharmacist.
The Lowdown: Insty-Meds will soon dispense all kinds of wonderfully numbing drugs. Inventor Ken Rosenblum has created a machine that, after receiving the necessary prescription and credit card, will provide all kinds of codeine craziness. Er, you know, for that very legitimate toe ache you've been grappling with.
Slogan: "Dispensable pills and prescriptions, whenever you want or need them." *–Stephan Talty*

"They were out of heart medicine, so I got you pinkeye drops."

Illustrations: Jovanjovic.com

Every time Granddad gave him a dollar, he blew it on bait. Sigh. Will that boy *ever* learn to manage money?

WEIRD GESTURES OF THE PAST NO. 12

The "Oops, I Forgot Something!"

Because even in the olden days, people could be scatterbrained scamps.

- Walk out of your house.
- Stop dead in your tracks.
- Flick your thumb and middle finger together to produce a snapping sound.
- Voice a telltale "Oops!"
- Turn on your heel and go back to your place of residence.
- Reemerge with previously forgotten firearm.

Next month: The "Talk to the Hand"

In Middle Eastern Islamic countries, it is a crime to eat any lamb you've had sex with.

Gregory Hines was born on February 14, 1946.

Jazz fans, gun owners and those who lack confidence in the president are some of the most sexually active Americans. ▷▷▷

Wrong!

We're thinking that loyal reader and Philly resident Thomas Duddy isn't one to keep kosher. We base this theory on the assumption that he's not Jewish, but more important, because he sent us this here can of pork brains in milk gravy. "I've only ever encountered the enclosed product in Southern states," writes Tommy. "I guess the appeal of pork brains is that you can get 1,170 percent of your daily cholesterol in one little can. And that doesn't include the eggs called for in the suggested serving listed on the label." No, Tom, you insightful little freak, it most certainly does not.

We consider Duddy to be our buddy. And as our buddies are prone to do, Tom has sent us a wonderfully horrible item that we quickly consumed. For his efforts, he's now the proud owner of a $150 Nike stretch laminate jacket. Wanna win one, too? Send us your wrongest item–along with your name, number and return address–and if we print it, you'll have something to cover up your naked, naked chest. We kick it hard-core at: Crap Editor, Stuff, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018. For rules, see the Where to Buy page.

POP QUIZ

Gallagher or Gallagher II?

One is an annoying comedian whose trademark is the Sledge-o-Matic. (It makes watermelons go blammo!) The other is his brother, Ron, who stole the act and billed himself as Gallagher II. The former filed a lawsuit against his sibling, citing "consumer confusion." You tell us: Did he have a case? More important, shouldn't both of them just go away?

1. Gallagher II; 2. Gallagher; 3. Gallagher; 4. Gallagher II; 5. Gallagher; 6. Gallagher II

27 YEARS AGO IN STUFF

An Interview with George Lucas

June 1975 Issue

STUFF: *American Graffiti* was great.
LUCAS: [*Solemnly nodding, while tugging at facial hair*] Well, yes. I'd have to agree.

What are you working on now?
It's a movie about a duck. And he can talk.

Hmmm.
What? No good?

Well, our guess is that the moviegoing public is hungrier for something more groundbreaking.
A space-age adventure, perhaps. Something that pits good vs. evil in an intergalactic setting. With robots.
It's no talking duck, but continue.

You could call it *Planet Wars*–or maybe *Star Fight*. You know, that young actor Harrison Ford was great in *American Graffiti*. Maybe he could be like...
Wait, let me grab a pen.

Male capuchin monkeys greet one another by showing off their erections.

Actress Florence Henderson (aka Carol Brady) was born on February 14, 1934.

On February 14, 1989, Iran's Ayatollah Khomeini ordered his followers to kill Salman Rushdie, due to passages he found offensive in the author's *The Satanic Verses*.

Photography: (Pork brains) Damien Donck.

WHERE STUFF COMES FROM

Fish Sticks

If we had our way, *all* food would come in stick form. Even butter!

The northern coastline of Hokkaido, Japan, was once dotted with fishing villages. Fishermen lived there, on the Sea of Okhotsk, for many generations. They were a simple people, untouched by time.

Each day they prayed for abundance, then dredged the sea with crude nets fashioned from old fishnet stockings provided by local whores. (See "How Stuff Is Made: Fishnet Stockings," May 2001, page 33.)

In a single day, one fisherman might have brought home 400 pounds of fish, eel and squid. What a haul!

These are the very villages that the Mrs. Paul's corporation razed to make room for its colossal fish-processing plant. Mrs. Paul herself did much of the work. She is a stout, strong woman of Norwegian descent.

Most of the local fishermen fled when their homes were demolished. Some became cab drivers. Others simply starved. But a few remained behind for jobs at the fish-stick plant. The only nets they use now are hair nets.

Toddlers and old people love fish sticks. They're easy to grasp.

Illustrations: Simon Brown.

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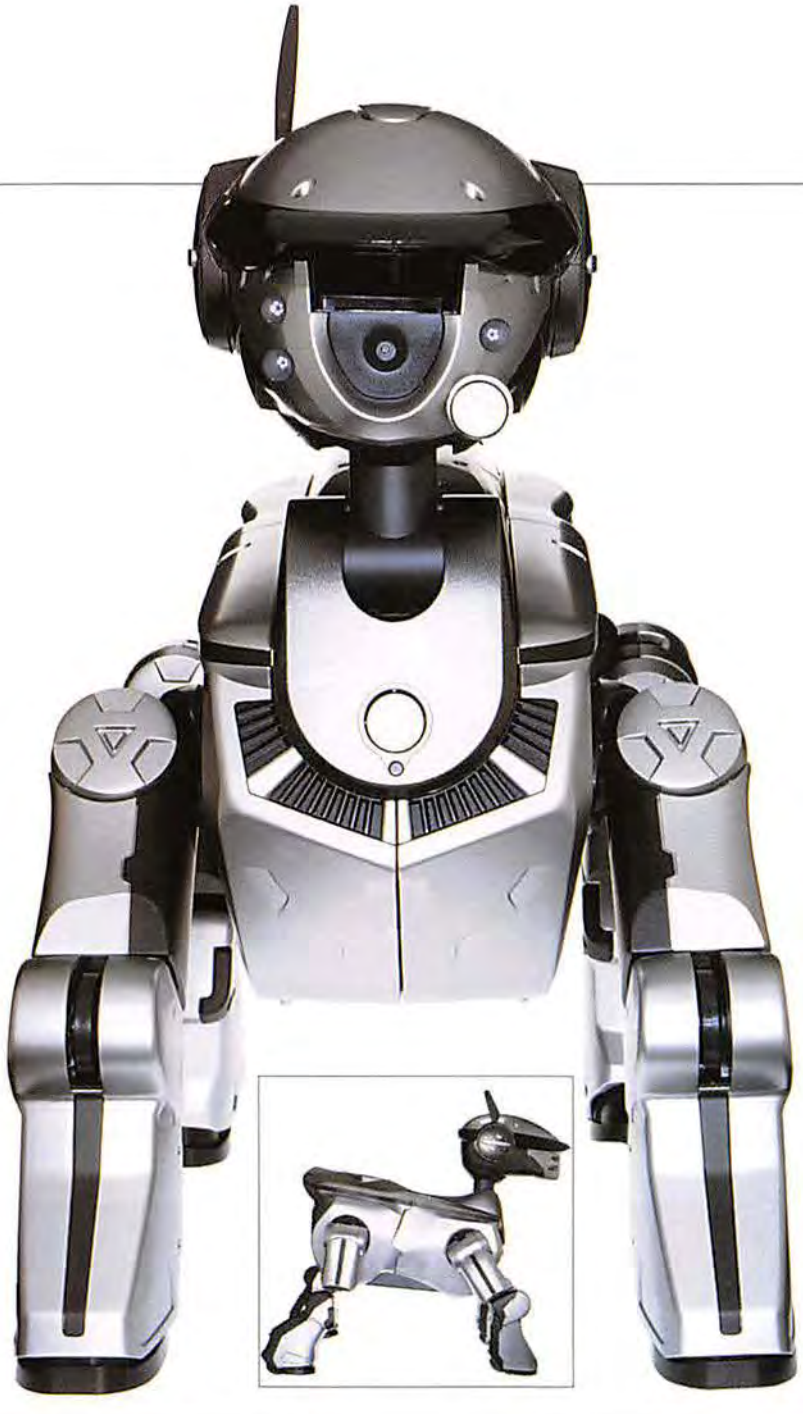

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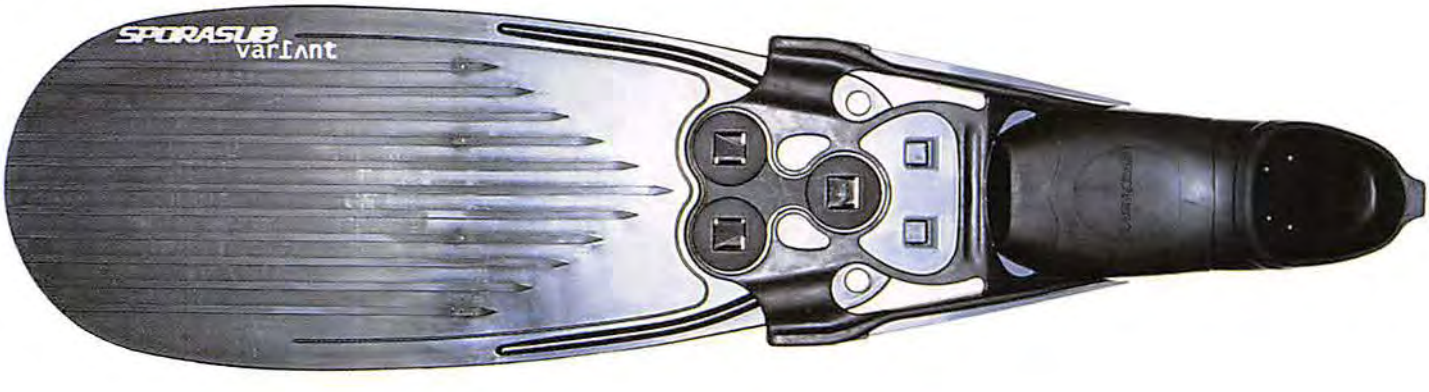

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Home
Audio
USB Device

2

3

Ranger Girl
PREMIER
SNOWSKATE

4

StreetPilot III GPS
ColorMap
LAKE MICHIG
SCHAUMBURG
SCHILLER PARK
CHICAGO
AURORA
N
Speed
Time
10:48
Locating
Satellites
PAGE
QUIT
MARK
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ZOOM
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ROUTE
VOL
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GARMIN

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PHILIPS
MATCH III LINE
DVD

6

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CONVERTIBLE ROADSTER
(CIRCA 180 A.D.)
Long ago, there was nothing like the feeling of wind running through your toga. See the evolution of pricey cars, 007 gadgets and other stuff that turns men into boys.
MODERN MARVELS
BOYS' TOYS
THE HISTORY CHANNEL.
WHERE THE PAST COMES ALIVE.
JAN 28TH–FEB 1ST AT 9PM/8C
PRIVATE JETS • PLEASURE BOATS • JAMES BOND GADGETS • REMOTE CONTROL
MILLION DOLLAR TECH • MILLION DOLLAR CARS • POWER TOOLS • GADGETS • 4X4

FLAT SCREEN TELEVISION
(CIRCA 30,000 B.C.)
Cavemen once sat around staring at pictures on walls, while grunting. Times haven't changed much. See the evolution of high-tech stuff, remote controls and other things that make guys act like, well, Neanderthals.
MODERN MARVELS
BOYS' TOYS
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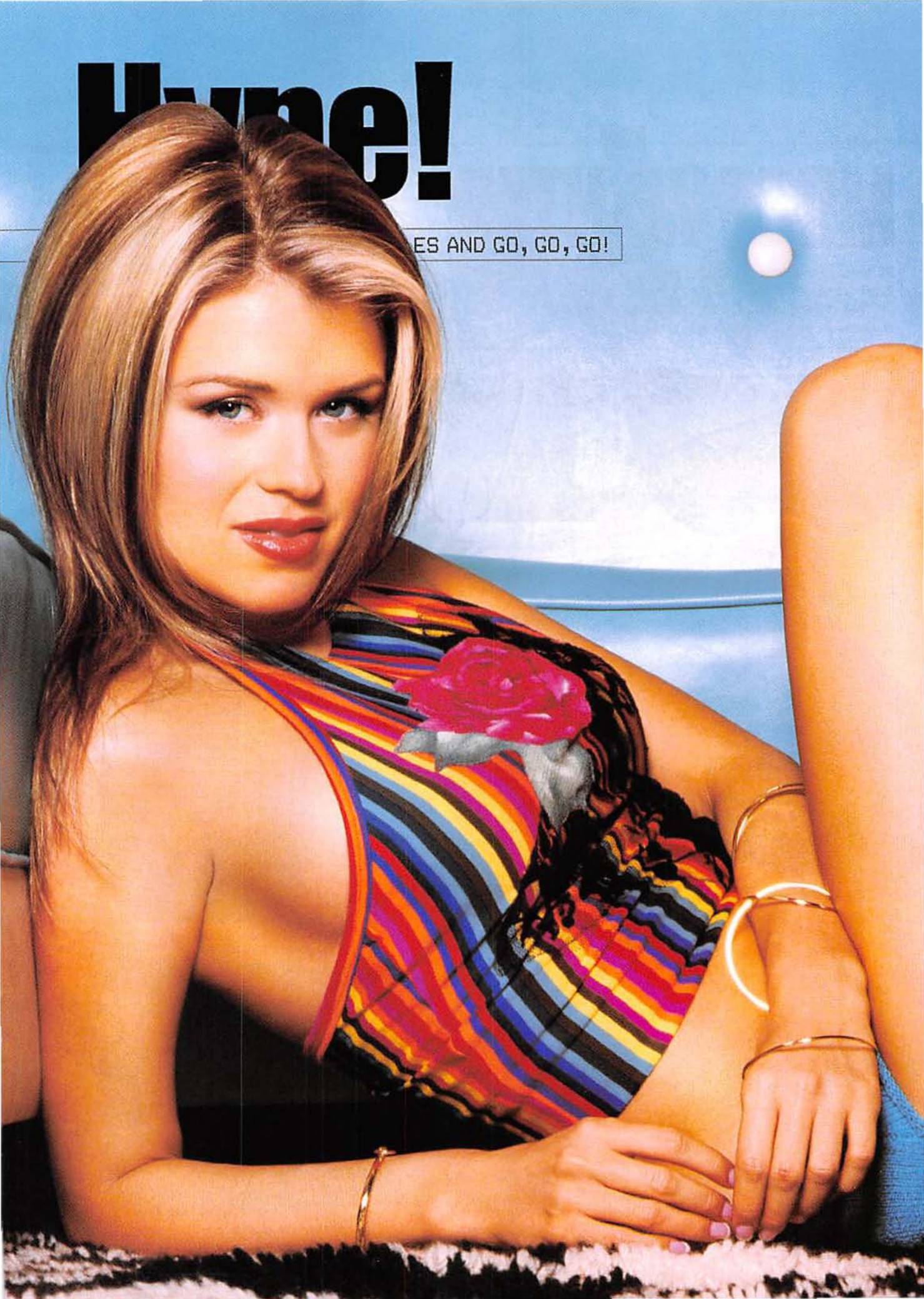
Hype!
ES AND GO, GO, GO!

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1 Phat Chopper Bike ($2,500)
Roll up to a pack of women on this sweet ride and watch them gasp. Not so much at how cool it looks, but mostly at the fact that you're a grown man riding a bicycle.

2 Terapin Mine ($600)
Like a portable hard drive, the Mine can be used to store digital photos, PC files and MP3s. With its 10 GB storage capacity, there'll even be room for that dinette set you've had your eye on!

3 Sony SDM-N80 ($1,700)
What is 18 inches diagonal and turns itself on whenever you sit in front of it? No, not a sex-starved dwarf. This new flat-screen, high-definition computer monitor. Duh.

4 Danger Girl Snowskate ($99)
Take snowboarding, subtract the bindings and lift ticket, then divide by 12, then... shit, what were we talking about? Ah, yes, snowskates! They're like wheel-less skateboards built for gliding over snow-covered golf courses, schoolyards and confused senior citizens.

5 Garmin StreetPilot III ($999)
Lost? Then pick up this navigation system whose capabilities include turn-by-turn directions and voice prompting. Ask it questions and it tells you where to go! So why aren't you out buying one? Oh, right, you're lost. Good luck with that.

6 Philips DVDQ50 ($500)
Its razor-sharp picture comes from its Crystal Clear Pro Progressive Scan technology and DCDi chip from Faroudja. Apparently they're industry leaders in video. And here we thought they just made kabobs!

7 Toshiba PDR-M71 ($499)
The PDR-M71 packs a 3x zoom lens and a plucky 3.2 megapixels of resolution. Add a 128 MB SmartMedia card and it can store up to 1,800 pictures. But are you *that* lonely?

8 Sony Aibo ($1,500)
The robot dog has been revamped with new software and can take pictures in JPEG format. We send ours into women's bathrooms.

9 Xbox Memory Card ($30)
This doodad lets you save your game level, so you don't have to waste time starting all the way from the beginning next time you play with your little Xbox. What can you do with that newfound time? Well, bathing would be a good idea.

10 Orvis T3 Fishing Rod ($580)
Carbon-fiber technology makes this rod incredibly strong and light. Much like our cousin Steve. Remember him? We don't either.

11 IntelliMouse Explorer ($75)
Optical technology gives this baby more control than standard roller-ball mice, whether you're playing video games or shuffling through the Internet looking for gardening tips. Yikes, it's almost time to start potting the crocuses!

12 Fortune Cookies (Free)
Fun fact: They were invented in America. The Chinese can claim gunpowder, acupuncture and Kung Pao chicken, but chalk up these babies to the good ol' U.S. of A. Suck on that one, Jiang Zemin!

13 Sporasub Variant Fins ($400)
Was coupling carbon fiber with hydrodynamic engineering to produce the most advanced swim fins really necessary? No. But neither was eating that last deviled egg at the dinner party. Yet you still did it, didn't you?

14 Spyderco C64 Meerkat ($50)
"You'll pick it up once," say the makers of this knife, "then mysteriously find it in your hand all the time without reason, explanation or remembering how it got there." Write that down. You'll need it when the trial begins.

15 BUGZ Batz Goggles ($50)
The thermoplastic frame adapts to the shape of your face. Yes, even yours, Elephant Man....God, will that guy just die? He is dead? Oh, OK.

16 Fujitsu LifeBook ($2,199)
The S Series weighs less than four pounds, sports a DVD/CD-RW combo drive and a second bay battery that extends its life up to eight hours. That's just enough time to write a threatening letter to that bow-tied creep on *Crossfire*.

17 MegaWorks 210D ($300)
This system's 270-watt digital-hybrid amp delivers amazing sound to any audio device with a digital output. Our digital output? About nine, since the accident.

18 Creative PC-CAM 300 ($150)
Use it to broadcast live video feed from your PC, or detach the PC-CAM and take and store up to 255 digital photos. Hell, use it to club baby seals-at a 150 bones, you can't afford not to!

19 FreeStyler Bike ($50)
This PS2 bike-game controller has pressure-sensitive throttle and brakes. Not realistic enough? Walk onto I-95 and get T-boned by a Geo. Then you'll really feel like a biker.

20 M3 Cap Wide 156 Board ($450)
Got big feet? Well, stop dragging your toes in the snow and get one of these wide-bodied boards, which come equipped with full-wrap metal edges that make for great park riding. After that, it's hot toddies in the lodge for you and your big, stupid feet.

21 Homemix DJ System ($500)
The fully portable DJ mixing table has dual CD-mixing stations, a built-in amp, an equalizer, freeze-frame cue and plenty of other bells and whistles that'll keep you mixing like...Betty Crocker, yo! Jeepers, could we be more white? Didn't think so!

22 Gillette Mach3Turbo ($9)
What makes it Turbo? Its Anti-Friction blades, which reduce the amount of force needed to slice through your stubble. Any more questions? Good. Because, frankly, you're trying our patience.

23 Marantz Duetto (Receiver, $380; CD Player, $380)
It treats the eyes to a sleek design and wows the ears with a stellar performance. It-what's that? It can't provide meaningful companionship? That's what the robotic dog is for. Now stop-you're being clingy again.

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22

23

MOST WANTED

No, you're not seeing double. This month, we bring you four—not the usual two-pages of the coolest gadgets on the planet. You see eight? Oh, then you *are* seeing double. Enough with the absinthe.

BY DAN BOVA AND SETH KELLY PHOTOGRAPHS BY SHIN OHIRA

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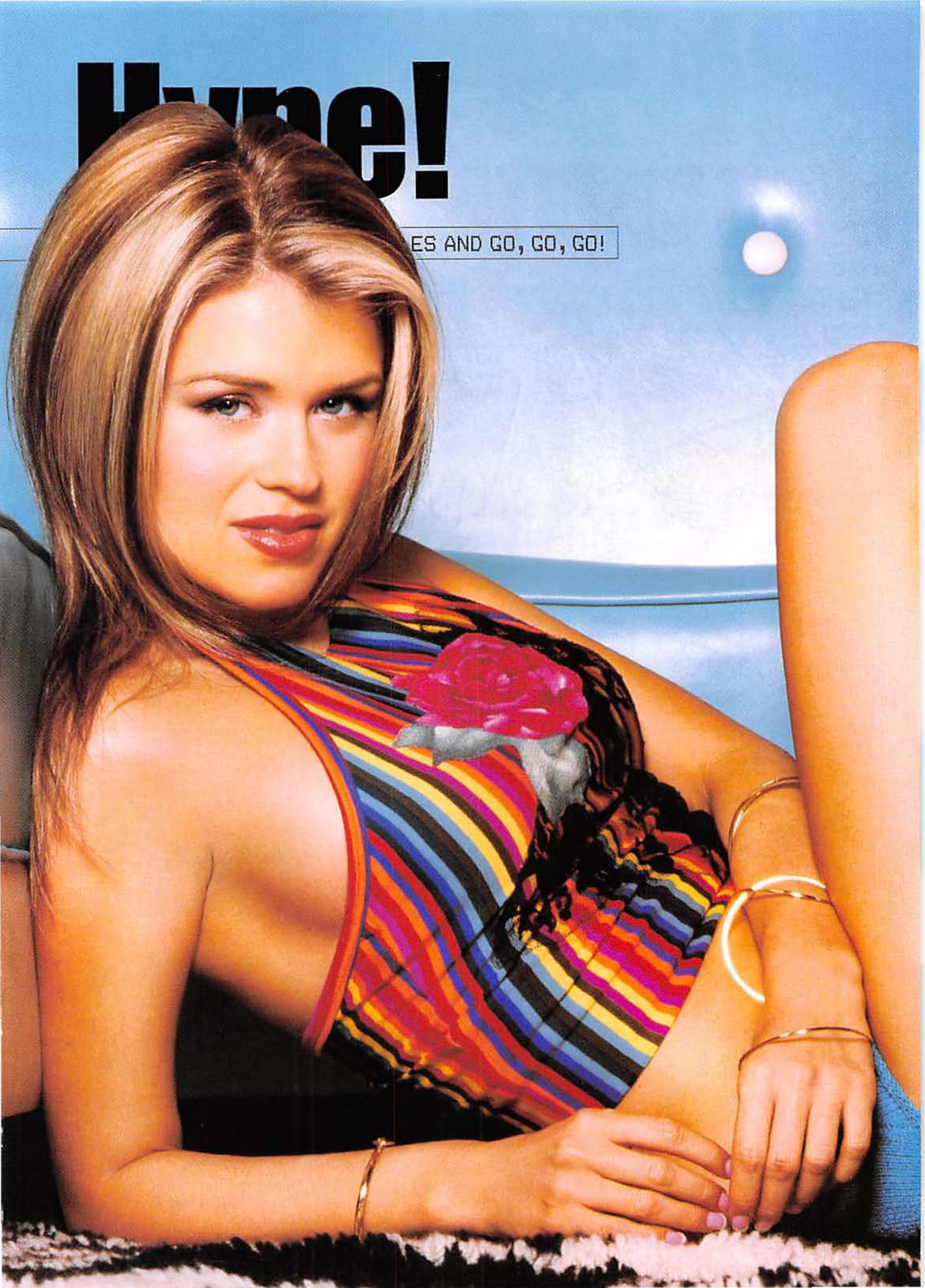

Hype!
ES AND GO, GO, GO!

First lady

Australian for Hot

Pop songstress Valeria is Australian. And hot. Which explains the headline.

PHOTOGRAPH BY PATRICK HOELCK

Up-and-coming pop star Valeria has had a life fuller than Drew Carey's pants. To wit: As a young Australian immigrant, she tried and failed to appear on *Ed McMahon's Star Search*. Now, after a few years and the release of her album, *Freshly Squeezed*, she's cohosting *Ed McMahon's Next Big Star* on PAX-TV. Talk about coming full circle! Now stop talking and read this interview.

STUFF: Being a young, blond, sexy pop star, do you often get compared to Mel Tormé?
VALERIA: Mel Tormé? That's too funny to answer.

Thanks! So, your parents are divorced. Do you blame yourself?
No! No, sir.

When you go out, are you loud and liquored or weak and wine-coolery?
Um, neither. My friends and I would get into clubs when we were underage. We wouldn't drink, though. That'd be *too* bad.

How about drugs? Just say no, or...
No, no, no, no. Next, next, next, next.

Were you to write a tune about losing your virginity, would it be a happy, sad or rather painful song?
It would be the best song of all time. Actually, it was on my 18th birthday. Oh, God! I'm divulging too much.

Stay on target. Stay on target....
That's all I can say. Seeing kids go out and have sex like it's no big deal—I didn't want that. But when it's the right person, it's magical and lasts for hours. I'm really a private girl.

I'll call you PG, for short. What's the most awkward sexual situation you've ever been in, PG?
No comment! You're so naughty. Is this almost over?

No. Sex toys: better than a man or not a big fan?
Oh, Bill.

I will not take "Oh, Bill" as an answer.
How about, Oh, Bill! Oh, Bill! *Oh, oh, oh, Bill!*

[*Long pause*] If a First Lady is too focused on the interviewer, my editor gets mad.
No, that's a fantastic answer! We're in this together, anyway. That's a great answer. Put that in.

Wow. I'll try. As soon as I throw some cold water on my shorts. *–Bill Schulz*

Styling: Tanya Gill for aRTmiX the agency. Hair: Steven Lake at tuxe. Makeup: Lidna Vasquez for Fred Segal Beauty. For clothes, see the Where to Buy page.

"Is it growing yet?" asked Jeffy as they watched the little sapling. "Yes, Jeffy," replied George. "It's growing. You just can't *see* it growing, is all." And inside, he wept.

ALBUM OF THE MONTH

The Chemical Brothers

COME WITH US *Astralwerks* ★★★★★

The annoying thing about the last Chemical Brothers album was all of the voices. Not the ones in our head (they talk a lot about sponges), but the ones from the guest vocalists. They're so distracting. Fortunately, on *Come with Us*, the guest stars are reduced to a mellow Beth Orton piece of psychedelia ("The State We're In") and a throwaway rock track ("The Test," with ex-Verve man Richard Ashcroft). Otherwise, all that you love about the Chems—the buildups and drop-offs, the percussive frenzy, the way they kiss that spot just behind your ear—is there. "It Began in Afrika" layers bells, bongos and jungle beats into one propulsive mix. Even when the band mimics its peers (the Daft Punk-ish "Star Guitar") and idols (the New Order-ish "Hoops"), it does so with more panache. And verve. Pizzazz, too. Our thesaurus is really good. —*Kirk Miller*

CUSTOM "HEY MISTER"

Daddy's Little Girl

"It's about every guy's most dreaded moment—sitting down with the father of the girl you like," says singer Custom (yeah, that's his name). "You're saying, 'Oh, I'd really like to go skiing with your daughter' and you're thinking, *I'd like to eat her like ice cream.*"

MUSIC TO YOUR EARS		DID YOU KNOW?	WE SAY
	Bad Religion THE PROCESS OF BELIEF *Epitaph* ★★★★	The 20-year vets of political punk reunite with a three-guitar assault on all things non-p.c. That'll show those fat-cat corporate polluters!	There's an entire Web site devoted to the esoteric lyrics of lead singer/Ph.D. Greg Graffin. Esoteric? That's just a fancy way of saying recondite.	Still a bit preachy ("Kyoto Now"), but the hard-core-with-melody thing actually made us care. Briefly. Then *BattleBots* came on, so we watched that instead.
	Starsailor LOVE IS HERE *Capitol* ★★★★	"She Just Wept," "Way to Fall," "Alcoholic"...in our time of need, England sends us a semi-acoustic bit of suicidal alt-rock. Very *pretty* suicidal alt-rock.	The band recently defeated the Strokes for a major Best New Artist award. Can you say hype? That's right: Don't pronounce the *e*.	This could be the soulful answer to Radiohead, thanks to James Walsh's gymnastic vocals. How gymnastic are they? They haven't had their period in months!
	X-ecutioners BUILT FROM SCRATCH *Loud* ★★★★	Four turntable champs join Dan "The Automator," Everlast, Xzibit, Linkin Park and others to produce an old-school masterpiece.	The cover is an homage to Public Enemy's *Yo! Bumrush the Show*. Today, you can find Public Enemy mostly at garage sales. They love to browse.	Their DJ skills alone make 'em the Yngwie Malmsteens of turntables, except they're not Swedish. And not metal. Eh, forget we mentioned it.
	Cornelius POINT *Matador* ★★★	The Japanese producer mixes everything from psychedelic disco ("Point of View Point") to mock-Slayer ("I Hate Hate") into his savory sonic stew.	He's named after his favorite monkey in *Planet of the Apes*. Monkeys are funny. Cornelius = monkey. Hence, Cornelius = funny. It all adds up!	Too often, weird experimentation takes the place of actual songs. This pissed us off so much, we punched a stranger. At least, that's what we told the cops.
	Nine Inch Nails LIVE: AND ALL THAT COULD HAVE BEEN *Nothing* ★★★	Think of it as NIN's greatest hits, but with more swearing and crowd noise. Better yet, think of it as a toaster oven. Mmm...mini bagel pizzas!	Trent lies about his height. Just like that time he lied about making us lasagna. When we got to his place, he made us hook up his new VCR. No lasagna!	Get the DVD and see the pretty visuals. Or just listen to this while eating week-old pork. Same effect, but with the pork you'll also lose some weight!
	Princess Superstar PRINCESS SUPERSTAR IS *Rapster/!K7* ★★★	Underground NYC rapper goes for shock value on her fourth record with sex, drugs and actual electric shocks. Or was that just our shoddy wiring?	Despite all the murderous, XXX-rated rants found on the album, her publicists warned us not to call her the female Eminem.	Thanks to some jazzy, trip-hop beats and a guest appearance by Beth Orton, this female Eminem is bringing some much-needed filth to electronica.
	Sneaker Pimps BLOODSPORT *Tommy Boy Music* ★★	The electronica-rock hybrids that broke out in the wake of Prodigy return four years later, hoping we remember them. Do we? Of course we do! Come here, you big lugs!	For kicks, ask a stranger, "Will original singer Kelli Dayton's departure sink the Sneaker Pimps?" Then skip home and blow your brains out.	Indistinguishable from any other guitar band with beats. And it'll never make us forget that one hit of theirs. You know. Whatever it was called. –*K.M.*

Illustrations: (Song pulse) Margaret Cusack.

www.scea.com

Choose Your Battle

Nowhere is safe. From the caves below to the skies above, evil will attack from all sides. As Rynn and Arokh, you'll fight the forces of darkness that threaten civilization. So sharpen your swords and prepare for battle.

Drakan: The Ancients' Gates is a trademark of Sony Computer Entertainment America Inc. Developed by Surreal Software, Inc. © 2002 Sony Computer Entertainment America Inc.

MATURE M CONTENT RATED BY ESRB

Blood and Gore
Violence

DRAKAN
THE ANCIENTS' GATES

PlayStation 2

Pharrell waited patiently for the cheese fries, but they would never come. He probably should've ordered them from the waitress.

Q&A

The Neptunes

Finally, the producers behind everyone from Jay-Z to Britney Spears have an album all their own. We asked 'em about it, they answered, etc.

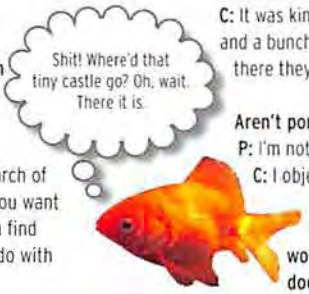
Ask around the *Stuff* office for a favorite artist and you'll hear everything from Incubus to Jerry Vale to "Holy shit, I'm bleeding!" This is because we're wiseasses, and also because our telephones are incredibly sharp. One thing we all agree on, though, is that the Neptunes–aka producer duo Chad Hugo and Pharrell Williams–are the driving force behind everyone from Limp Bizkit to Britney Spears. Now, with their childhood friend Shay, the 'Tunes have branched out on their own as N.E.R.D., whose debut CD *In Search Of...* has enough guitar and groove to please rappers, rockers and geeks alike. Even our dog is smiling. And he's been dead for weeks!

STUFF: You're kind of all over the place on the album, with the rock and new wave and '70s R&B....Don't you think you'll confuse your fans?

CHAD: We hope not. If they want, they can check out the first album. We consider it a collector's edition.

What does N.E.R.D. stand for?
SHAY: No one Ever Really Dies.

Tell that to my goldfish! I flush at least three per week. So, your album title...*In Search Of*...what exactly?
S: In search of life, man. In search of love, in search of everything you want in the world....You've just gotta find out how to get it and what to do with it when you find it.



Cool. So you guys weren't geeks or anything when you were growing up?
S: We were all in a band together. I was a pervert. We were just all different kids that got together.
C: Even though we're older now, we still act like kids.

You mean you live at home?
C: We bike, and we've got sneakers with little wheels on the bottom of them–we roll around during studio sessions. We just have fun.

You have a weird tale of being discovered, no?
S: We were discovered at a high school talent show by Teddy Riley.
C: His studio was right across from the school.

Well, that's not so weird then, is it? Your video for "Lapdance" has a lot of nudity, but the girls don't look very much like hip-hop girls.
PHARRELL: They were porn stars.
C: It was kind of a surprise. The director got a house and a bunch of porn stars, and when we showed up, there they were. And we filmed it.

Aren't pornos great? I like the ones with a story.
P: I'm not a big fan of porn.
C: I object to porn.

What is this, *Law & Order*? You've worked with so many different artists. How does that happen?
P: We just put the word out that we like doing it. I think it's a challenge for them: "You wanna do this? OK, here you go."

Porn, Britney, platinum records...Must be rough.
P: You know what? I want my life to turn like Chevy Chase's did in *National Lampoon's Vacation*. I wanna go across the country in my Winnebago. I want a son just like Rusty, a daughter like Audrey and a wife like his wife. That's the truth. That's life, man.
S: I don't want that. I want five wives.

Britney–real or fake?
P: Very real. Wait–her personality or her boobs?

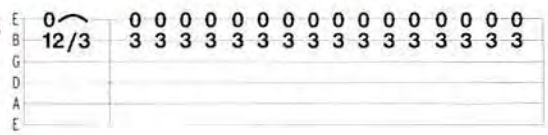
Is there a difference? *–Kirk Miller*

HOOK OF THE MONTH

"Helter Skelter"

Forget sappy, crappy "Yesterday"–this is one Beatles tune that really rocks. Charles Manson couldn't get it out of his head. Now he's famous!

Each horizontal line represents a string, and each number represents a fret.



SELECT A TITLE

SELECT A MODIFIER THAT ALLUDES TO YOUR DOPENESS

SELECT AN EQUALLY DEF SUBJECT, AND MIX...

DX-1700 NAMING UNIT

TITLE: DJ, DR., ▶MC, MR., MS., SAINT, SIR, UNCLE — MC

MODIFIER: SAD, SILKY, SLOPPY, SOMBER, SPECIAL, SULKY, SUDSY, ▶SOUR — SOUR

THING: MONEY, ▶MONKEY, MOOSE, MOP, MOPED, MUDBALL, MULLET, MUMBLE — MONKEY

LINE

HOW TO CREATE A DJ NAME THAT FITS YOUR MAD MUSICAL SKILLZ.

LOCATOR · MEMORY · GAIN · FLANGE · MIX · FILTER · MIX · LINE · SET-UP · AUTO · TRACE

LIST 1 · LIST 2 · LIST 3 · LIST 4 · LIST 5 · LIST 6 · LIST 7 · LIST 8

NEXT · THING MONKEY 237 LIST 6

REV · FWD

ON/OFF · ON/OFF · ON/OFF

MIN · MAX · SEND · LEFT · RIGHT

TIPS

BE SHORT
PEOPLE CAN'T REMEMBER MORE THAN THREE WORDS.

USE YOUR INTERESTS
IF YOUR NAME IS JOHN AND YOU REALLY LIKE HOT-BUTTERED YAMS AND PING PONG, WELL, TRY AND USE THAT.

SEQUENCING · PROG. · TRACK · TASK · STEP

RUN NAME 3
STATUS
NAMING IN
PROGRESS...
MC SOUR MONKEY

CANCEL · PRE · CREATE NAME · TUNE · TEST

MIN MAX MAIN VOL. · MIN MAX VOL. · PHONES

ONCE YOU'VE MASTERED THE ART OF REMIXING TRACKS FROM ARTISTS LIKE FUNKSTAR DE LUXE, DJ Q-BERT, THE CRYSTAL METHOD AND NO DOUBT, YOU'LL NEED A NAME THAT YOUR MOTHER DIDN'T CHOOSE FOR YOU.

FREQUENCY™

PlayStation.2

HARMONIX

EVERYONE E CONTENT RATED BY ESRB

Mild Lyrics

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"I'm sorry, that's it. I won't field any more questions about my complexion."

DVD OF THE MONTH

Groundhog Day Special Edition

If you could live one day over and over again to correct a mistake from your past, what would that mistake be? Striking out in Little League and costing your team the big game? Being too shy to ask Cheryl Connors to the junior high social? Getting brain cancer? In 1993's *Groundhog Day*, Bill Murray undoes years of egomania, cockiness and emotional greed by going on a quest for true love–and in the process teaches us some lessons that we've long since forgotten. Directed by Harold Ramis and costarring *Green Card*'s Andie MacDowell and *Snow Day*'s Chris Elliott, it's our favorite movie based on a minor holiday since 1936's *Arbor Day* starring the Little Rascals.

ANOTHER DVD OF THE MONTH

My Bodyguard

Bullies are mean. Sure, they may gush over your new overalls or notice you've done something different with your hair, but right when you let your guard down, they attack. That's what happens to Clifford Peache (played by Rudy from *Meatballs*) in *My Bodyguard* (1980). When Cliff transfers to a new school, a bully (Matt Dillon) starts stealing his lunch money. So he hires a large, quiet misfit (Adam Baldwin–no relation to Adam West) for protection. Watch as their relationship of convenience blossoms into a strong friendship that no one else gets. It's *Lean on Me* meets *Stand and Deliver* with a bit of *Heathers* and *The Breakfast Club*, minus *Dangerous Minds*. (Hey, we're movie maniacs!)

Why are we running this picture? Because...well, that's a hell of a good question.

The line for cocaine was always a bear. But it was *so* worth the wait!

Hype!Movies

FLICK PICKS

		THE PITCH	WHAT YOU'RE THINKING
	Black Hawk Down JANUARY 18 EWAN McGREGOR, JOSH HARTNETT, JEREMY PIVEN, WILLIAM FICHTNER, TOM SIZEMORE, JASON ISAACS DIR: RIDLEY SCOTT	In the 1993 Battle of Mogadishu, 120 U.S. Delta units and Ranger soldiers are sent to nab two lieutenants of a Somalian warlord. Surely the mission will go smoothly. Or will it? Considering that they made a movie about it, probably not.	*I should join the Army. It'd be cool to be a Ranger. You just know they get all sorts of tail. You'd have to stress you're an Army Ranger, though, or she might think you're a park ranger. Like the guy in the Yogi Bear cartoons. Those were funny.*
	Snow Dogs JANUARY 18 CUBA GOODING JR., SISQÓ, JAMES COBURN DIR: BRIAN LEVANT	A big-city writer (Gooding) follows in the footsteps of his dogsledding and oddly Caucasian father (Coburn) by racing in Alaska's grueling Iditarod race. Sisqó plays Gooding's cousin, because the Baha Men weren't available.	*God, thongs are hot. The only thing hotter than a thong is when a girl isn't wearing any underwear at all. And then she leans over and whispers in your ear that she's not wearing any. That is awesome!*
	Slackers FEBRUARY 1 JASON SCHWARTZMAN, JAMES KING, LAURA PREPON, JASON SEGEL DIR: DEWEY NICKS	When weirdo Ethan (Schwartzman) discovers that three fellow students are cheating their way through college, he blackmails them into helping him woo the beautiful Angela (King). But one of the cheaters falls for her, too. Uh-oh!	*Didn't I already see this movie? By that Linklater guy? Either way, I sure could go for some pudding.*
	Collateral Damage FEBRUARY 8 ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER, JOHN LEGUIZAMO, JOHN TURTURRO, FRANCESCA NERI DIR: ANDREW DAVIS	When Colombian terrorists blow up Arnold's family, he's out for revenge. When he gets it, he returns home, yet still feels empty inside. So he takes up photography. Terrorists blow up his favorite photo and Arnold is absolutely delighted.	*Hey, I saw this exact same movie listed on page 64 of the October 2001 issue of* Stuff. *Hmmm. Maybe it was bumped from its original release date due to the September 11 tragedies and the Hype editor was too lazy to write a new review.*
	Rollerball FEBRUARY 8 CHRIS KLEIN, LL COOL J, REBECCA ROMIJN-STAMOS DIR: JOHN MCTIERNAN	In 2005, a made-for-TV sport experiences boosted ratings as it grows more violent. A remake of the James Caan original, it's the best rollerskating flick you'll see all year, with the possible exception of *Star Wars: Attack of the Clones*.	*There's no rollerskating in* Star Wars! *I'd better write these guys a smug letter and correct them. I can't believe they'd print such a dumb mistake. Hey, look...a funny bug. Ha-ha, look at him go!*
	40 Days and 40 Nights MARCH 1 JOSH HARTNETT, SHANNYN SOSSAMON, VINESSA SHAW DIR: MICHAEL LEHMANN	A young man (Hartnett) breaks up with his gal (Sossamon) and gives up girls for Lent. Then his ex tries to seduce her way back into his life. You can imagine how tough that would be! And because you can imagine it, there's no need to see the movie.	*The title is a Bible reference, isn't it? When was the last time I was in church? Man... probably for a wedding or something. You know what's really stupid? People getting married on the beach. Morons.*

True Romance

You've Got Mail, The Shipping News, Love Story...they're all love stories, according to Hollywood. "Bull poopie," according to us. Wanna score this Valentine's Day? Treat her to a *real* romantic movie, like one of these. Then score!

She always ruined photos. Usually by spilling coffee on them.

Psycho *1960* ♥♥♥

Norman loved his mom so much.

The Fly *1986* ♥♥♥♥

Everything Brundle Fly did, he did for Geena Davis, whose character was named Veronica Quaife. Seriously. And she loves him, too–even when she discovers black, stiff insect hair sprouting from his back and when he spews mucus all over his food. Just like Uma Thurman and Ethan Hawke.

The Love Bug *1968* ♥♥

We never actually saw this movie, but the car is just so cute! We caught a love bug once, on a class trip to Mexico. Still flares up occasionally.

Henry: Portrait of a Serial Killer *1986* ♥♥♥

Nothing like a few grisly, random murders to make you appreciate that "special someone."

The Shining *1980* ♥♥♥♥

Jack Torrance won't allow anything to come between him and his loving, terrified family. Not even locked doors!

"These Amish girls are great in the sack," said a farmer before putting her in a sack.

PORN BLOOPER OF THE MONTH

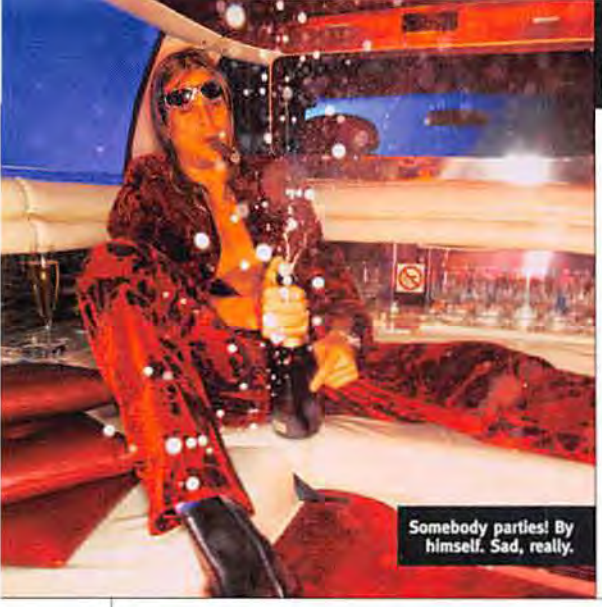
Amish Daughters

The box says that this 2001 flick "will shatter your perceptions of Amish women." But are we to believe that a young Amish woman would be found posing topless in front of a mirror, asking aloud, "You wanna *fuck* me? *You* wanna fuck *me*? There's no one else here, so you must wanna fuck me." To anyone who's seen *Taxi Driver*, it's an obvious reference. But how would the Amish–who shun modern conveniences such as electricity and DVDs–know it? They wouldn't!

Randy the Helpful Pineapple says: "Porn makes me blush. But Porn Blooper of the Month makes me laugh. And now it's back!"

Christine *1983* ♥♥♥♥♥

Stephen King's greatest love story: A beautiful car loves its owner so much, it kills everyone who threatens their relationship. Awww.



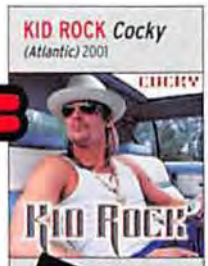
Somebody parties! By himself. Sad, really.

ADD IT UP

Herschel, Randy's kosher pineapple cousin, says:
"My people read right to left. But for best results, you should read this left to right. Shalom!"

Kid Rock

Kid Rock is a musical chameleon. And not the kind we paid to see at the fair last summer, which was really just a lizard glued to a harmonica. Kid is the real thing, second only to Madonna in his ability to reinvent his sound, bouncing from straight-up hip-hop to rap-metal to Southern rock. On *Cocky*, his first album in three years, he delivers down-home ballads ("Picture," featuring Sheryl Crow, and "Midnight Train to Memphis") without neglecting his rap-metal roots ("Forever" and the title track sound like a jiggy Fred Durst sporting a Confederate-flag baseball cap). Some people might say that *Cocky* is Kid Rock's most mature and subdued work to date. Those people work at *Spin*. *–Dan Shumate*



KID ROCK *Cocky*
(Atlantic) 2001

LYNYRD SKYNYRD
Pronounced leh-nerd skin-erd
(MCA) 1973
The boys from Jacksonville, Florida, led by former singer Ronnie Van Zant, produced gritty blues-rock that speaks to down-home Southerners. "Hey," it says, "are y'all gonna finish them chitlins? Yee-ha!" No one ever accused gritty blues-rock of being original. On "You Never Met a Motherfucker Quite Like Me" and "What I Learned on the Road," Rock sounds like the bastard son of Van Zant after an illicit night with a toothless swamp queen. Which is to say, he sounds like Marc Anthony.

TED NUGENT
Cat Scratch Fever
(Epic) 1977
Before he became a card-carrying NRA member, Nugent was rocking stadiums full of dope-smoking, cheap beer-guzzling, Camaro-driving teenagers with such screaming guitar jams as "Wang Dang Sweet Poontang," "Workin' Hard, Playin' Hard" and, of course, "Cat Scratch Fever." Fellow Detroiter Kid Rock carries on with "I'm a Dog" and "Drunk in the Morning"–both guaranteed to be themes for herbal ecstasy-popping, Pabst Blue Ribbon-drinking teens who drive tricked-out Ford Escorts. [NOTE: Not an actual guarantee.]

BEASTIE BOYS
Licensed to Ill
(Def Jam) 1986
The Beasties were the first white guys to get away with rapping (with the exception of Gerald Ford). *Licensed to Ill*'s "Fight for Your Right" and "No Sleep Till Brooklyn" pack enough posturing and frat-boy antics to fuel hours of drunken sing-alongs at urban wakes. Kid's *Cocky* is a nod to his past as a B-team rapper, marrying guitars with crotch-clutching sex rhymes. "Forever" is less about sexual prowess than chest-beating: "I make punk rock/And I mix it with the hip-hop/Gets you higher than a treetop/ You wanna roll with the Kid Rock." Rhymey!

RUN DMC
Raising Hell
(Profile/Arista) 1986
DMC went triple-platinum on *Raising Hell*, bridging the gap between rap and rock on "Walk this Way" with Aerosmith, and sampling the Knack's "My Sharona" on "It's Tricky." In short, they were crossover artists of a genre that previously had only urban appeal. Before Bob Ritchie was the Kid we know today, he was rapping and DJing in obscurity. You can thank Run DMC for helping Kid discover the electric guitar. But you probably won't, Mr. Too Busy to Thank Anyone or Even Pick Up a Phone to Call His Mother.

DOUBLE-WIDE TRAILERS
Emblematic of Kid's white-trash appeal, the double-wide is the Mercedes of trailers. Literally twice the width of the normal trailer–hence the name: Rosie–this luxury prefab unit is *the* hillbilly dream home. Trade groups prefer the term *manufactured housing* to *trailer*–which is just one reason we live in one of these babies ourselves. The other reason is that we're dirt-poor.

An in-your-face rock star? Now we've seen it all!

SHAMELESS PLUGGING

With Banner & Yvette

PART TWO:
South of the Border

Banner: "Would you look at that."

Yvette: "Oooh, a new Applebee's!"

Banner: "Ha ha. Patience, sweetie."

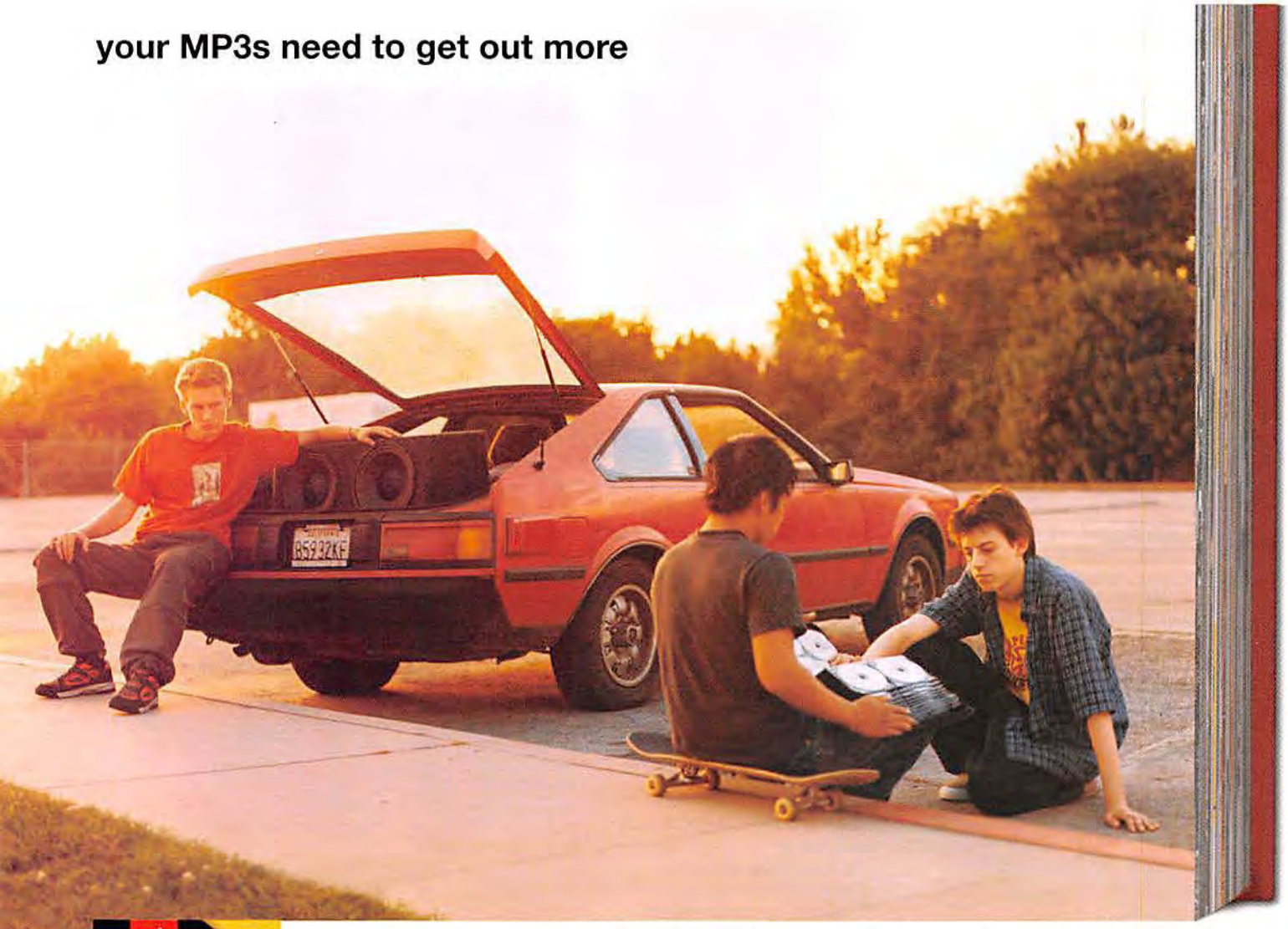
Yvette: "But their quesadillas are to die for!"

Banner: "So is the song 'Frontier Psychiatrist' on the Avalanches' latest CD, *Since I Left You*."

Yvette: "You got that right! Let's roll."

Photography: (B&Y) Damien Dyck

your MP3s need to get out more



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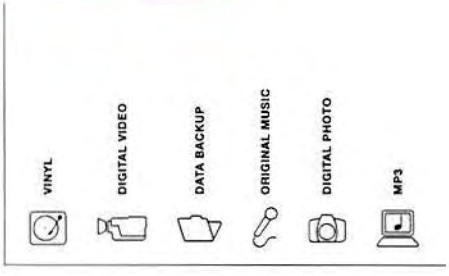

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Jamie and Chad were about to pull the triggers when the coach abruptly entered the locker room. "What in sam hill are you boys doing?!" he shrieked. "Get out of those fatigues, put on your shin guards and get on the soccer field!"

GAME OF THE MONTH

Metal Gear Solid 2: Sons of Liberty *(PS2)*

Sneaky guys worry us. Especially when they hang around in bushes, have unhealthy obsessions with military hardware and disguise themselves as cardboard boxes. Cardboard freaks us out. It's so...*brown*! So what is it that makes *Metal Gear* man Solid Snake so acceptable—heroic, even? It's because he's the archetypal lone man on a mission.

In the opening sequence of *Metal Gear Solid 2*, it's you (as Solid Snake) against an army of terrorists taking over a boat in New York Harbor. They're out to grab a big nuclear weapon called Metal Gear Ray—because they're terrorists, and that's the sort of thing that terrorists do when they're not being bombed into tiny bits. Anyway, this contraption makes the previous Metal Gear weapon look puny by comparison. And it's up to you to keep it from falling into the wrong hands.

There are too many enemies to face head-on. To succeed, you need to sneak, skulk and resort to all manner of underhanded tactics: knocking people out and dragging them off the boat, grabbing soldiers from behind, even unscrewing the tops of their salt shakers so that they wind up with mounds of salt on their food, making it *saltier than they like*.

The game play of the PlayStation original has come across perfectly to the PS2 sequel. And the PS2's capabilities make *MGS2* even more cinematic than the original could ever be, with razor-sharp graphics, John Woo camera angles and stunning, atmospheric sound. Every footstep, every inch you progress through the game, your heart is racing faster than a jackrabbit in a tiny Formula 1 race car—which, come to think of it, would make an excellent video game itself, or possibly a Disney movie. If they did a sequel, the tag line could be "Hare we go again!" Just an idea. —*Simon Munk*

Vance liked to hide around corners and check out soldiers' asses. It wasn't a great-paying gig, but he loved his work.

THE PLAY LIST

Rez *(PS2)*

Cross a hyperspeed arcade game with an out-of-this-world rave (translation: a rave with free cola–you know, the kind with lemon) and you still don't get close to *Rez*. Release waves of coruscating laser beams while the keyboards and snares pound in time with your actions. Attention epileptics: Wear a sturdy mouthpiece.

Myth III: The Wolf Age *(PC)*

This may seem like just another swords 'n' sorcery strategy title, but one look at the mottled 3-D landscapes and shockwave-producing explosions will change your mind. This is the fastest, goriest wizard game around. In other words: If you want a slow, ungory wizard game, keep looking, friend!

Jonny Moseley Mad Trix *(PS2)*

This ski game is wicked cool, not just because of the action (think of a cross between skiing and snowboarding) but also because of the locales: D.C., San Francisco, even Mount Everest. Last time we tried skiing on Mount Everest, we lost four Sherpas. Oh, it's OK. We didn't even know their names!

Super Smash Bros. Melee *(GameCube)*

This latest Mario Bros. joint is a barrel of laughs. All the classic characters are here, duking it out in crisp GameCube graphics. See Donkey Kong throw Mario off a cliff. See Zelda pummel Metroid. See your thumb swell to three times its normal size after a marathon playing session. See a doctor.

RLH: Run Like Hell *(PS2)*

Alien mold has taken over a deep-space mining station. (Didn't know about alien mold or deep-space mining? Pick up a newspaper, pal.) You must use objects around you to solve puzzles and outsmart it. Think of it as Pictionary–but with alien mold.

Drakan: The Ancients' Gates *(PS2)*

It was a time when women fought in leather jerkins and magazine readers knew what jerkins were. *Drakan* has the usual swordplay, but with stunning vistas that help you forget you're in your basement. Oh, yeah, and the lead character has big boobs. Enjoy! –*S.M.*

Aren't we about due for a new movie, Chris? Chris?

Where *Metal Gear* Comes From

Join us as we trace its ancient—and surprisingly hilarious!—origins.

Extinct carnivores

We're preprogrammed to sneak. Blame the sabre-toothed tiger. It was a foot shorter than a lion, but twice as heavy—like Mike Tyson, only not as horny. Taking one on with a club wasn't an option, especially after the tigers started using clubs, too. Man quickly learned to tiptoe.

Annoying emperors

If you can't beat 'em, stab 'em in the back. Caesar, the seemingly invincible Roman emperor, was killed in 44 B.C. by a shitload of Roman senators and his closest advisor, Brutus. This inspired the now-famous phrase, "*Et tu, Brute?*" which translates loosely as, "Ow! Fuck!"

Ninjas

Japanese tribesmen developed the deadly martial art of ninjitsu around A.D. 900 to combat hostile government agents. These men in black originated the phrase "silent but deadly." They also farted constantly. Why do you think they always wore those masks?

Drive-in movies

In 1933, Richard M. Hollingshead Jr. invented the drive-in movie. Soon after, men everywhere rediscovered long-dormant stealth impulses as they faked a yawn, stretched and snaked an arm around their dates. Armless guys felt the impulse, too. They just couldn't act on it.

The Great Escape

This and other classic World War II movies made sneaking around seem cool. They also reinforced the idea that men in uniform spend their time crawling under barbed wire, defusing mines and grabbing Nazis from behind—often playfully, when the Nazis were washing dishes.

Escape from Colditz

Stealth games made an evolutionary leap when Gibsons launched this board game in the 1970s. The idea was to collect essential equipment while eluding the Germans—such stealth and military fetishism is found in all today's games. And in today's military fetishists. *—S.M.*

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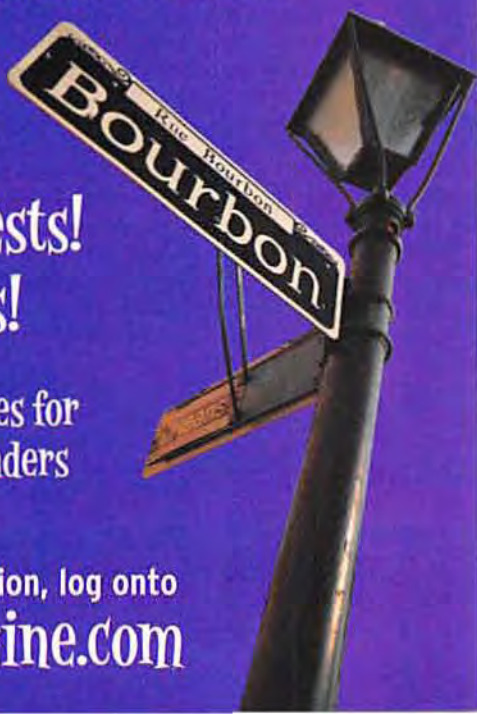

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GREATEST AMERICAN HERO NO. 25

Alice Cooper

The godfather of shock rock is now just a PTA dad. Well, a blood-chugging, snake-tonguing PTA dad, at any rate.

He wanted to be taken seriously as a performer, but if he kept doing things like this, he'd never get ahead. Ironically, Alice felt the same way.

Before Marilyn Manson ever slapped on a set of breasts, there was a man named Alice Cooper. Born Vincent Furnier on February 4, 1948, in Detroit, Alice was the son of a preacher. The family moved to Phoenix when Vin was 10, to ease the anguish of the little guy's asthma. As a teenager, he gave birth to a band that would come to be known as Alice Cooper. "There were a lot of heroes in rock 'n' roll, but no real villains," he says. "I was the one to fill that role." (Merv Griffin was busy.)

The band probably would have died a quick death if it weren't for the "chicken incident." While performing in Toronto in 1969, a live chicken was thrown onstage, and Vincent picked up the bird and tossed it into the crowd—who ripped it to shreds. Rumors spread, and soon the story had Alice biting off Tweety's head and chugging its blood. This, apparently, was a good thing.

The band now had hype—all it needed was a hit. That came in 1971 with "I'm Eighteen," the pubescent anthem from the chart-topping album *Love It to Death*. Follow-ups such as *School's Out* and *Billion Dollar Babies* were even bigger hits. As with all bands, success breeds discontent, and Vincent left the group in 1974. A legal battle ensued over who would get to keep the good Cooper name, but Vince ended the war by legally changing his name to—you guessed it—Alice Cooper. The band was forced to go with Billion Dollar Babies. Remember them? They don't either.

"Mom, Dad...open up. I'll wait here as long as I have to."

Life in the '70s was pretty good to Alice. The chicken incident taught him a lot about showmanship. But his performance was more Bellevue than Broadway, featuring songs about sex with blow-up dolls. Alice sucked face with a boa constrictor, donned a straitjacket and was tortured by a sexy nurse. Every show climaxed with Alice's "execution"—either by hanging, electric chair or his favorite, the guillotine.

"There were a lot of heroes in rock 'n' roll, but no real villains. I was the one to fill that role."

He also raised the stakes by slamming a bottle of whiskey a day, and he once accidentally lanced his leg with a, um, lance. Another time, while performing "Welcome to My Nightmare," he fell off the stage. Coop wound up with a concussion and a standing ovation. It wasn't the only way he hurt his brain: "When you throw up blood onstage, great! But when you throw up blood in the morning because of all the whiskey you drank, you need help." And a good detergent.

Soon, however, Alice's shock value began to wane. KISS stole his act, and punk came along and made everything else seem tame. So he did what every rocker does under such circumstances: He drank like a middle-aged divorcée. How he remembers the '80s: "The scariest album we ever did was *Dada* [1983], because I can't remember doing any of it." In 1984, he starred in *Monster Dog*, a movie so bad even *USA Today* didn't like it.

If you can think of a better way to sneak a blow job from a midget, we'd like to hear it.

He finally cleaned up in '86, tapping into the usual ex-rocker resources: golf, family and God. Alice is still touring, but as far as his lifestyle is concerned, he traded in his electric chair for a recliner.

In his twisted version of Take Your Daughter to Work Day, Alice's 19-year-old daughter, Calico, plays a dominatrix in her doddering daddy's stage show. In the end, isn't it always about the family? —*Jacob Kalish*

HOW TO...

Apply Eyeliner

Alice does it to feel pretty. You do it because we're friggin' telling you to.

Dab, dab, dab.

Now smear it all in like a champion.

Hello, gorgeous!

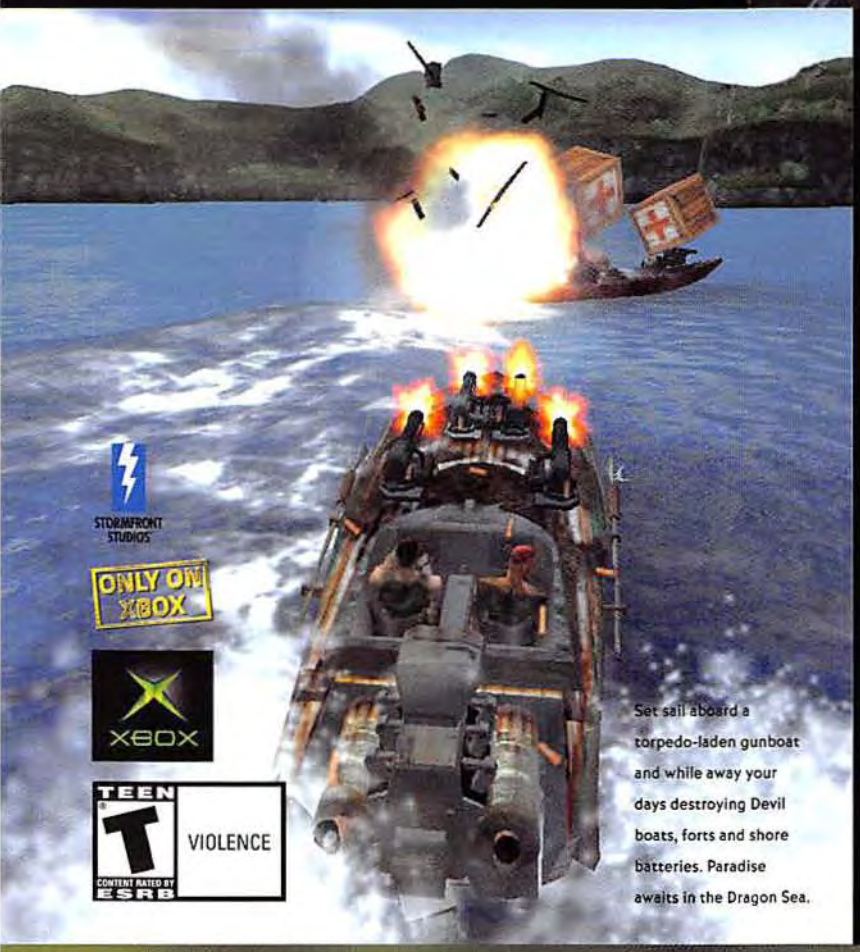
Illustrations: Gary Brandham

Out here,

amongst the clouds

and the sea,

a chain gun.



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A GUY AND HIS STUFF

Jimmy Kimmel

On *The Man Show*, Jimmy reminds us every day that he's a guy. So why stop now? BY DAN BOVA

"Just two more hours and I can buy my insulin," thought the girl with the fan.

1 Ball powder

"Do you know what ball powder is? Many years ago, I shared a hotel room with, like, eight guys, and there was this white cloud coming out of the bathroom. I went in, and my friends Kevin and Chuck were powdering their balls—not each other's balls, their own balls. It is regular baby powder dumped liberally on the testicles. They said it keeps you fresh and, by God, they were right. I do it every day now on the off chance my wife ever gives me another blow job. Still waiting, though."

2 Brick pizza oven

"I always wanted a brick pizza oven, so my wife hired an Italian immigrant—perhaps the only one in the state of California—to build one in my backyard. It wound up costing, like, $14,000. I've had it for, like, two and a half years. If you average it out, my pizzas cost about $385 a pop, not including toppings."

3 Nine TV sets

"This may seem obvious, but there is no invention greater than television. I get sports, Letterman and, most important, pornographic movies. I have nine TVs in the house: in the living rooms, the bedrooms, my offices and in the kitchen. I'm thinking of putting one in the bathroom so I can stop reading altogether."

4 Humidor

"I have a gigantic, custom-made humidor. I rarely smoke cigars, but I like having them. Sometimes, like when Adam Carolla farts in my face—which he just did—I stick my head inside. It is the size of a mini refrigerator. A midget could get trapped in it."

5 TiVo

"It takes, like, 26 hours to set up, but once you do, man, it's magic. I almost cried. You know that shot in the *Shallow Hal* commercial of Gwyneth Paltrow bending over? With TiVo, you can go back and look at that over and over and over."

6 Steve Garvey World Series baseball

"My prized possession is a baseball from Game Six of the 1981 World Series, autographed by my favorite athlete of all time: Steve Garvey. My cousin Johnny is a photographer for *Sports Illustrated*—he caught it at the game and had Steve sign it."

7 Nail clippers

"I clip my nails constantly—otherwise I would chew them. And I floss constantly, because I'm a nervous wreck. If my nails seem to be getting a little long, I get excited. I even clip my kid's nails."

8 Howard Stern's *Crucified by the FCC*

"It's a box set of all the stuff he got in trouble for saying on the air. I've listened to it somewhere in the range of 1,000 times. I was in radio for 10 years, and every time some jackass program director would force me to do some morning-zoo birthday-game bullshit, I would listen to it and know that there was hope."

9 Gillette Mach3 razor

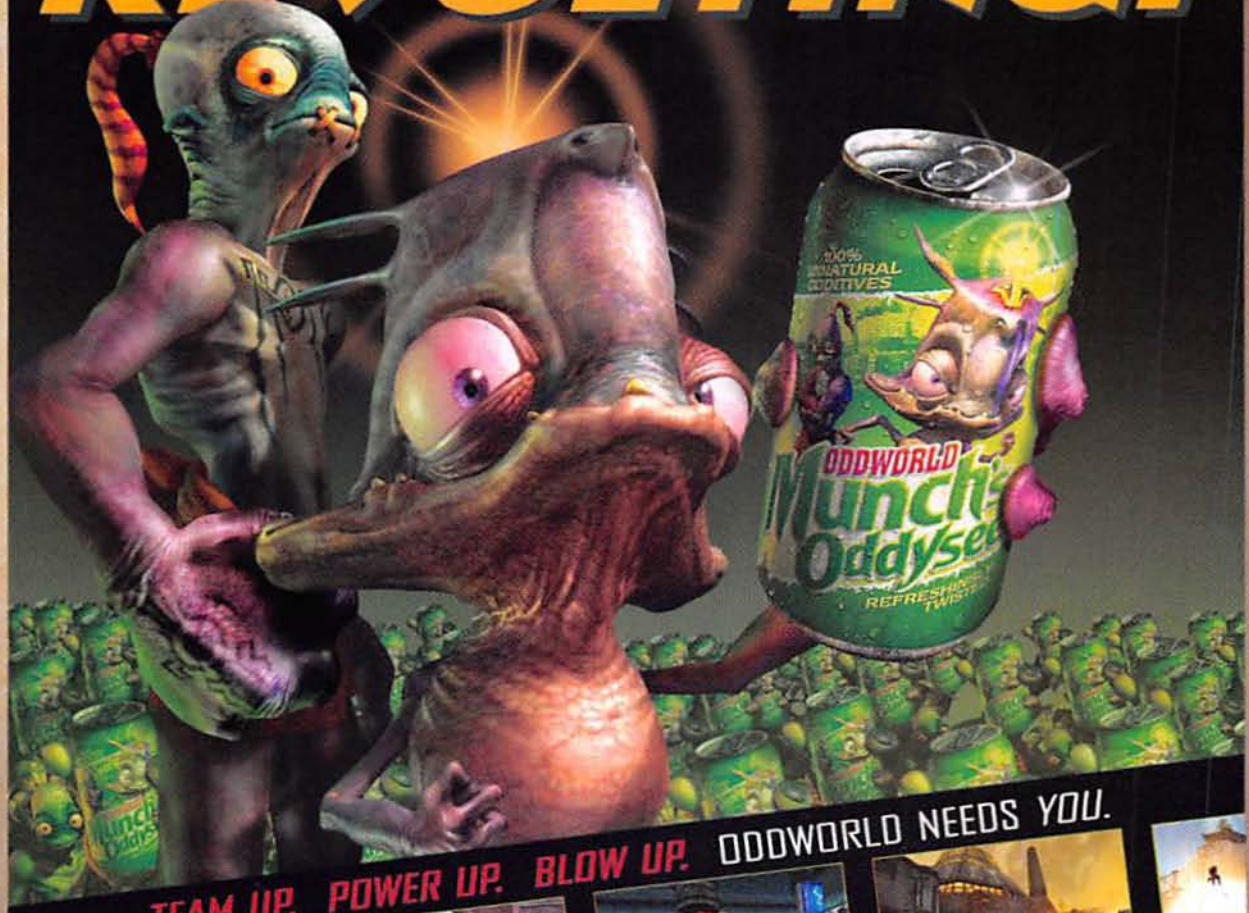
"Hands down the greatest razor ever. You could shave a monkey clean with it—and I have. I'd like to kiss the guy who invented this razor on the forehead."

10 His penis

"It is my prize possession. I am gonna call my mother and thank her again. But there have been problems. I was ejaculating blood. And I had to have a rod inserted to open up the hole once. It was a nightmare, but it seemed to bring everyone a lot of glee. The hole was closing up. It's a genetic thing. It is like your urethra is closed for business. Suddenly you're peeing like a sprinkler head, and then you're not peeing at all. It's really bad, actually. They insert a series of metal rods that graduate in size, one larger than the next—it is not a good thing. But the cool part about having a small urethra is that I can pee really far distances. I can back up to the wall of the men's room. I can go a good 20 feet."

Photography: (Baby powder, nail clippers, razor) Damien Donck.

THEY'RE REVOLTING!



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BEST BETS

Odds by N.A.S.A. Sports Betting. Picks by betting guru Aaron Marshall.

Who will win the 2002 NCAA Basketball Tournament?

DUKE	2-1
KENTUCKY	5-1
KANSAS	12-1

It's tough to bet against Duke (they look so darn cute in those shorts), but the Dookies are due to get dumped. If you're looking to mount a dark horse, see a therapist–or drop your dough on the Kansas Jayhawks. They have a dominant inside game, a seasoned backcourt of upperclassmen, and high school All-American point guard Aaron Miles. Throw in Roy Williams, one of the NCAA's most sought-after coaches (he makes a nice salary, ladies), and the Jayhawks may be cutting down the nets on April 1 in Georgia. If not, look for the team to be cutting Williams' grass come May.

Which celebrity will pose nude before the end of 2002?

JESSICA SIMPSON	10-1
JENNIFER ANISTON	12-1
HALLE BERRY	12-1

After providing the only two reasons to see the fly-attracting mess that was *Swordfish* (dramatic range and an impeccable sense of timing), it's clear that Halle isn't afraid to bare her...soul for her art. She's being considered for the next James Bond movie. It's rumored to be the first one to flaunt a topless babe, so we're putting our money where our mouth so desperately wants to be.

TWO STUPID JOKES

Ha...

A doctor came to see a patient to check on her the day after a procedure. She promptly asked him just how long it would be before she could resume her sex life. "Uh, I hadn't really thought about it," admitted the surgeon. "You're the first person to ever ask me that after a root canal."

–Jim Miller, Philadelphia

Ha!

A guy and his date were parked on a back road some distance from town, doing what couples do on back roads some distance from town, when the girl stopped him and said, "I should have mentioned this earlier, but I'm actually a hooker, and I charge $20 for sex." The guy paid her, and they did their thing. After a cigarette, he just sat in the driver's seat looking out the window. "Why aren't we leaving?" asked the girl. "Well, I should have mentioned this earlier, but I'm actually a cabdriver, and the fare back to town is $25."

–Brandon, Fort Myers, Fla.

Send jokes. Win cash!

Ever make a prison guard convulse with laughter? Now you can use that power for good–as in money! Send your jokes to: Jokes, *Stuff*, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018; or go to www.stuffmagazine.com. If we use your joke, you'll score $50.

THE PRANKS

WALKING THE COIN

THE PREGAME
Set up shop on a tablecloth by placing a dime and two quarters on the table. Put a glass, mouth down, over the dime with the glass edges resting on the quarters. Find a rich guy.

THE EXECUTION
Bet Mr. Wonderful that you can remove the dime from underneath the glass without touching it. He will scoff at such a notion. Inside, however, he will feel sad and empty.

THE HAPPY ENDING
Scratch the tablecloth toward you and the coin will "walk" its way over. Grab your cash, and flip the dime to your foe. Later, at his apartment, hog all the blankets!

CHEAP SHOT

THE PREGAME
Ask the bartender to lend you a large bowl. Scan the bar, looking for an unsuspecting sap. Note: Most bartenders will happily lend you a large bowl. It's just that no one ever asks!

THE EXECUTION
Place your bowl over his glass. Bet him 25 cents that you can consume his drink without touching the bowl. He'll think you're nuts, then wonder where he could get a nice bowl, too.

THE HAPPY ENDING
After he takes the bet, lift your bowl, chug his drink and slap down a quarter. Say, "You win," belch loudly and run away giggling. Another option: prancing. Prancing is good.

Illustrations: (Joke) Jason Johnson, (Pranks) Gary Brandham.

> Pranks by Erik L. Buckman, www.gagbook.com

What's that smell coming from the woodshed? That's none of your concern. Any other questions? Send 'em straight to **Heinz Krankelschnit,** newly appointed Professor Emeritus of Applied Taxidermy at Stuphette College of Undertaking in Backwater, Virginia.

Hey, hey, easy, you two! thought the horse. He had to learn how to speak, but how?

Still without a clue? Habitually mistake your ass for a hole in the ground? Your suffering is over! Send your questions to:

Professor Heinz Krankelschnit, *Stuff*, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018, or via e-mail to letters@stuffmagazine.com.

Whaddaya Know?

Why does scratching your nails on a chalkboard irritate people so much?

–Jake Milwood, Hamlin, Pa.

Infuriatingly *hoch*-pitched sounds, such as those in the range of 5,000 to 7,000 hertz, cause *ze* pain because they vibrate at a very high frequency. Even your girlfriend's favorite vibrator would be as appealing as a dentist's drill at that frequency, *mein* Marathon Man. Perhaps we should send sadistic high school teachers equipped with chalkboards to Iraq as a kind of early-warning blitz for Baghdad. By the way, you can achieve the same effect by scratching the inner thigh of an aging German professor. Try it *und* see!

How come we still have blue laws? Don't they violate the separation of church and state?

–Ron Martinez, Los Angeles

That is exactly what I said to the officer who arrested me last Sunday morning. *Richtig,* I did accidentally expose myself to an entire Episcopalian congregation. But it was an accident–*und* anyone could make such a mistake. Assuming he was still *eine kleine* tipsy at 10 in the morning and misheard the word *vestry* as "rest room." These blue laws, such as making it illegal to buy *bier* on a Sunday morning, regulate a person's conduct both in public and private. They date from the 17th century Puritan colony of New Haven, where they were written on blue paper. They fell into disuse after the creation of the U.S. Constitution but remained on many states' books–*und* in some areas have even been revived. The Supreme Court has ruled that this does not comprise the establishment of a legislated religion. *Und* neither does releasing *Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone* on 25 percent of the nation's movie screens at the same time or playing a Matchbox 20 song 5,000 times a day on every *Gott*-awful Top 40 radio station.

"You know what? I love my beard. Taliban or no Taliban, I'm keepin' it!"

How can we tell the difference between the Taliban army and the Northern Alliance?

–Christopher Mullen, Athens, Ga.

One is a ragtag rabble of beardy, bloodthirsty madmen, and the other...*Jawhol!* I see your point. But since the Northern Alliance became *our* beardy, bloodthirsty madmen, they have been issued combat fatigues from neighboring Iran. Actually, a major difference between the two groups has more to do with *who* they wear: Northern Alliance types carry pictures of Ahmed Shah Massoud (see above right), the military leader of the Northern Alliance who was killed two days before the September 11 attacks, as opposed to the *arse loch* Taliban poster boy, Osama bin Laden. Meanwhile, to confuse matters once more, the Taliban leaders have issued military uniforms to a small number of their own *soldats*–probably the ones who look silliest in suit jackets and smocks.

Why do we cross our fingers for good luck?

–James Coyle, Queens, N.Y.

Once more, this is an archaic religious holdover. It is like making an instant cross to ward off pesky evil spirits, ghoulies, ghosties and long-leggedy beasties and things that go bump in the *nicht,* like Tom Arnold, that imp. Of course, when you feel sufficiently threatened, you will try any old superstition, like a drunk Methodist in a foxhole. When I get *der* spooked I sometimes cross my legs. It doesn't ward off evil *geists*–but it does keep them in my briefs.

"We're outnumbered!" cried Suzanne. Suzanne was very bad at counting.

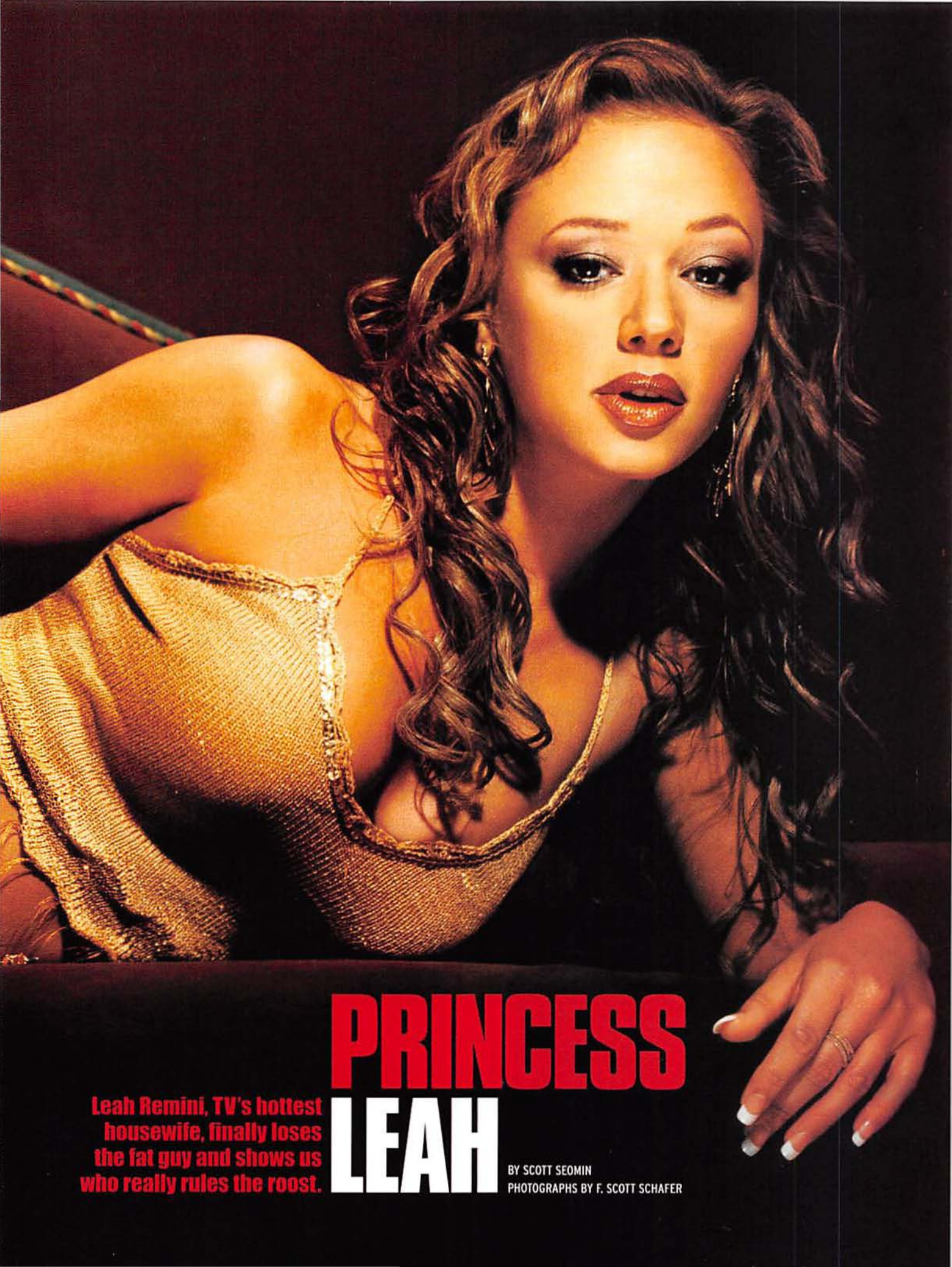
Why is the world's population 52 percent female and only 48 percent male?

–Jacob Rossmer, River Edge, N.J.

Sounds good, *nicht wahr*? Like a *frau*-happy anti-sausage *festspiele*? But sadly, the reason is simple: Men die sooner. On average, around the world, the *frauen* outlive their menfolk by four years–largely, I suspect, out of spite or some secret Wiccan *hexerei* curse. Here in the U.S., average men check out at the age of 74 while women sail on alone and unencumbered until 80. I have decided to make the best of this situation by dating women in their late seventies. The sex is not so *wunderbar,* but the fringe benefits are worth it: Already I have been left $703,540 in wills–and counting.

Photography: (Pod) Warren Sallowe.

Leah Remini



PRINCESS LEAH

Leah Remini, TV's hottest housewife, finally loses the fat guy and shows us who really rules the roost.

BY SCOTT SEOMIN
PHOTOGRAPHS BY F. SCOTT SCHAFER

Today is a good day. Leah Remini—the adorable Brooklyn-born star of CBS' *The King of Queens*—is massaging my foot. "I'm cuddly, but only to a point, so rubbing feet is good," says the girl next door—that is, if you live next door to the Playboy mansion. As her character Carrie Heffernan, she's smart, sexy and tough enough to tear my foot off. Nestled on her comfy couch with my tootsie precariously perched in her paws, I proceed cautiously. It's a long hop home from her house in the Hollywood Hills.

STUFF: They've done an E! *Celebrity Profile* on you. Do you watch that stuff? The Richard Simmons one was great!
LEAH: Of course! I especially loved my mother's shitty comments. Let me refresh your memory—though I'm sure you taped it. She said, "When Leah was hired for *Living Dolls*, a show about models, I said, 'Leah? A model? Where are they going with this show?!'" And here's my older sister on E!: "Leah got conceited when she got *Living Dolls*, but I kicked her in the face—and let me tell you, she never did it again." This is the shit that my family tells people.

My family thinks no woman could ever love me. What do you think?
We have little checklists, us gals. First, you have good shoes and hopefully you have cologne on—I can't tell because of my allergies. And you're not trying too hard to look cute. And then you were very at ease when you arrived. You weren't trying to be someone you're not. You didn't think, *Leah's a feisty New York girl, so I'm gonna go, "Hey, bitch, what's up with you?"*

You swear a lot. What if I were to start talking all potty mouth in front of you?
Although I do have a sailor's mouth, it's not attractive to me to hear men cursing. That kinda talk is not charming. And I hate when men say "titties." As in, "Show me your titties."

I didn't know sailors had such pretty mouths. Any other useful etiquette tips for me—um, men?
You should have a silent power. You should know when to allow your woman to get the best of you. You should know when to say, "Yes, my love. I was wrong, and you were right." There's so much power in that. When you *have* to be right—just to be right—you make yourself look like an idiot. I love men who know when to put their foot down and when not to.

What mistakes do most men make?
Men stop trying after a while and get lazy. It manifests in watching ESPN and pulling shit out of their ears. They'll stop seeing you as somebody who should be wooed or somebody they should shower for. You've got to ask, five years after you've met, what would you do if you just met her today?

What can we do to improve relations with the fairer sex? And by fairer, I mean hotter.
We're at a time when men have been de-balled, because women can make the same amount or more money than them. So you've gotta step it up with consideration. It's so simple. Do something fucking charming for your woman when you *don't* wanna get laid.

Do you get a lot of that "wait till the game's over" treatment, or do guys treat you like a queen?
Men have just come up to me and asked for my number right away. That doesn't work. You have to know somebody and have a conversation. I was in Starbucks with my sisters, and a guy said, "Hey, you gals are cute, and I'm from Texas." Like I'm gonna say, "Texas? You're not from around here, so I should have sex with you." It was so obvious that he was trying to get sympathy that he was new in town. He asked me for my number—when I refused, he asked my sister for hers.

Do you have any favorite stops along the male-anatomy tour?
Well, there's the obvious part, which, frankly, is the only reason we keep you around! The trapezius muscle, the shoulder, is very sexy to me. When you see a man in a robe and it's exposed, it's very, very nice.

Exposed? This is a good start. What else do you find sexy?
Cleanliness, cologne, genuineness, attentiveness, integrity—all very sexy to me in a man. Compliments that come out of nowhere are sexy. I love a man in a suit. Men should stay clothed, even if they have nice bodies. I love police officers, firemen, the usual girl stuff. But I'm not into fantasy role-playing, like I want my guy to dress up and arrest me. And I like talking dirty—I do.

So you want a clean cop who talks dirty. What turns you off?
Men who wear big socks and high-tops. Men should not wear sneakers unless they're going to work out. And men who forgo underwear. You gotta know what's going on down there.

Aside from tube-sock shopping, what are your ideas for a perfect date?
A perfect night is when I would have my period. Because men do really sweet things when they wanna get laid. So all the sweet things he'd be doing would be done with me knowing he's not gonna get any.

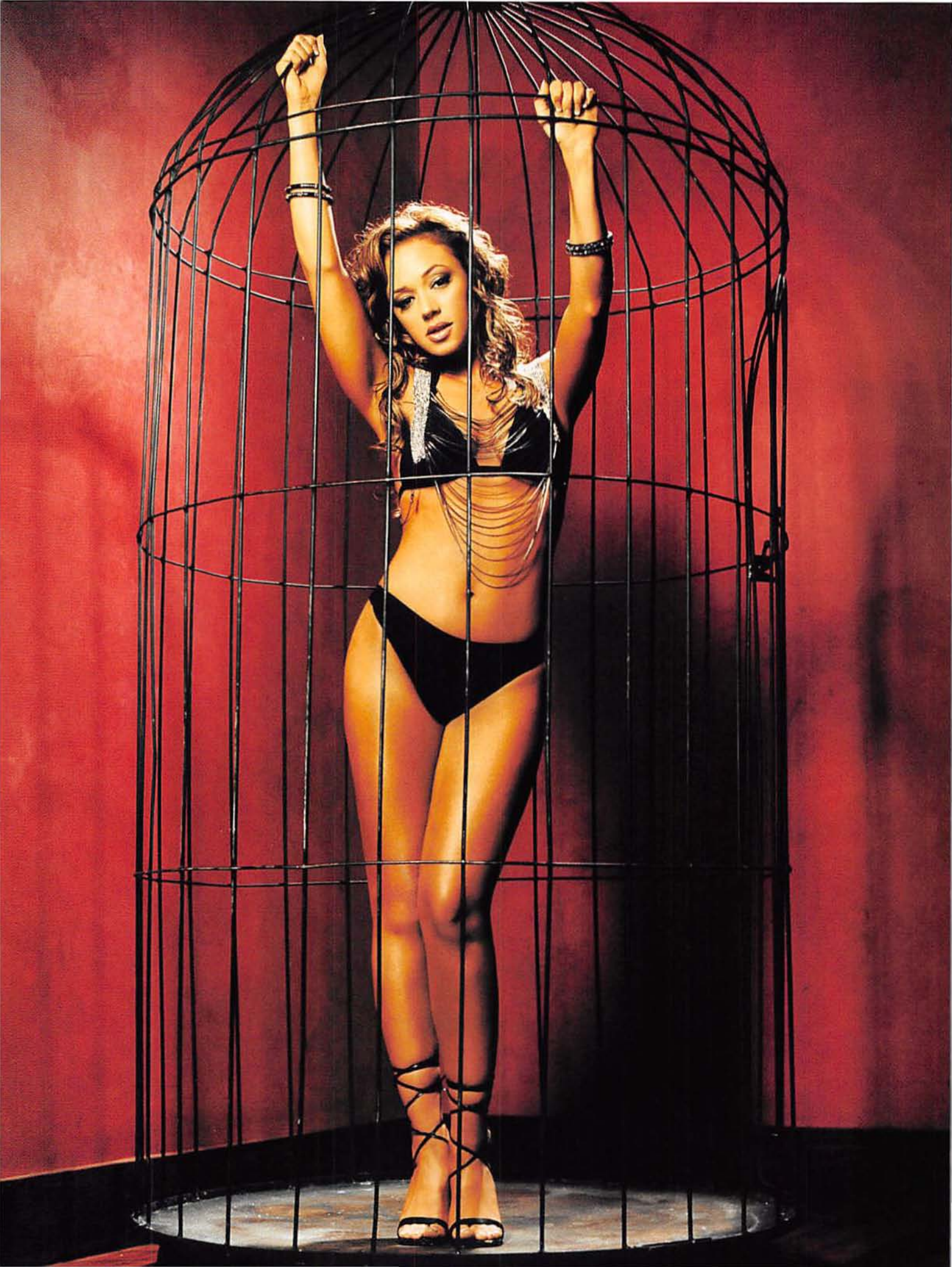
I guess there's only one logical follow-up question: Why do women spend most of their lives in the rest room?
There's a lot involved in going to the bathroom for women. You guys just whip out your dick, and then you may or may not wash your hands. When I'm being gazed upon by you across a table, I wanna know that there's nothing hanging outta my nose or that my lipstick isn't on my teeth.

Do you find men to be as meticulous as women are?
Why do men need to scratch their balls in front of women while they watch *SportsCenter*? Why? That hand is eventually gonna get to me. Every time I've started a relationship, I think, *This one's not a ball scratcher—he's different*. But all of 'em turn out to be ball scratchers, big time. You guys save the cologne-wearing and the nice part of you for strangers, but we get the ball scratching at home.

So you're saying that women are always on their best behavior?
Maybe at first. When we meet someone and are in love, we show that guy that we match our bra and underwear every day and always have our toenails done. And then after a year, we start wearing our ugly underwear and our bras don't match. Then we stop shutting the door when we're peeing. >>>

Styling: Tanya Gill. Hair: Diana Schmidtke for Celestine Agency. Makeup: Corina Duran. For clothes, see the Where to Buy page.

Leah Remini
"I'm not into role-playing.... I like talking dirty."



That's something to look forward to. Besides the underwear, what are some of the other perks of being a woman?
We get to pass shitty stuff off to men. The guy has to kill the spider and get the dead mouse outta the pool.

You're the latest hot sitcom wife, so to speak. Who were your role models?
I loved *I Love Lucy*. I loved their relationship, because he was so tolerant of her. And *The Honeymooners* because Alice didn't put up with Ralph's shit.

Were there any you didn't like?
Jane Jetson—I didn't respect her. She allowed her daughter to be kinda slutty.

What would you be doing if you weren't a big, fancy TV star?
I would be an investigator or a lawyer, because I love to interrogate the shit out of people. I do it on a daily basis.

What's the one thing our readers shouldn't do if they run into you after this comes out?
Approach me and say, "Hey, I liked your titties in the magazine."

Impossible. That would have meant they didn't read the article.

Motormouth

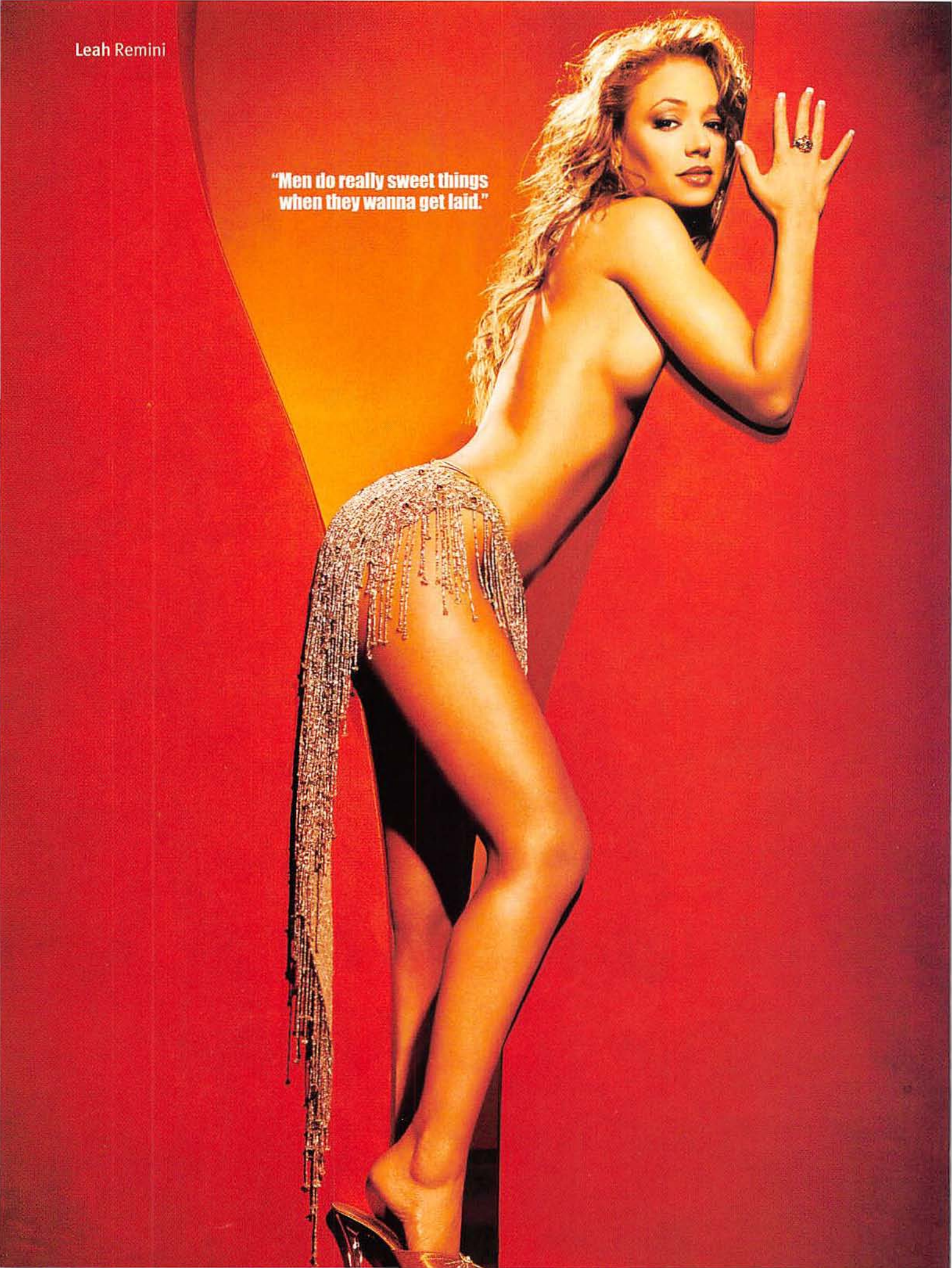
Leah is the Quaker State motor oil girl. But what does she *really* know about cars? Apparently, everything.

STUFF: What's a fuel injector?
LEAH: It's a mechanism that delivers gas evenly to the engine. Before electronic fuel injection, there was the carburetor. Cars with carburetors can still get their engines flooded.

Lucky guess. "Head gasket" has a nice ring to it. What the hell is it?
It's part of the block, between the two halves of the engine.

Anybody who took shop would know that. What is oil viscosity?
This refers to the oil's thickness, its ability to flow. Old motor oil becomes thicker, like tar. You certainly don't want that. You want one that will keep those pistons and cylinders moving easily.

Being smug is not an attractive quality. How much will you charge me to change my oil while wearing nothing but overalls?
I'll fax you a quote, and then our people can have a conversation about it. We're becoming friends now, and I don't want money to come between us.


"Men do really sweet things
when they wanna get laid."

CONFIDENTIAL 11/6

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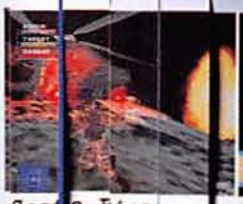
OBJECTIVE: Clear name of
falsely accused crimes.
Save world from Syphon Filter virus.

RECOMMENDED WEAPONRY: X-ray gun, nightvision rifle, taser, M-16, proximity mines and others

ASSIGNMENT LOCATIONS: (SEE ENCLOSED PHOTOS)

SPECIAL INSTRUCTIONS: Failure is not an option. Watch your back.

pssw rd: arsenal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Tokyo

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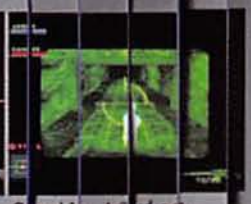
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PlayStation

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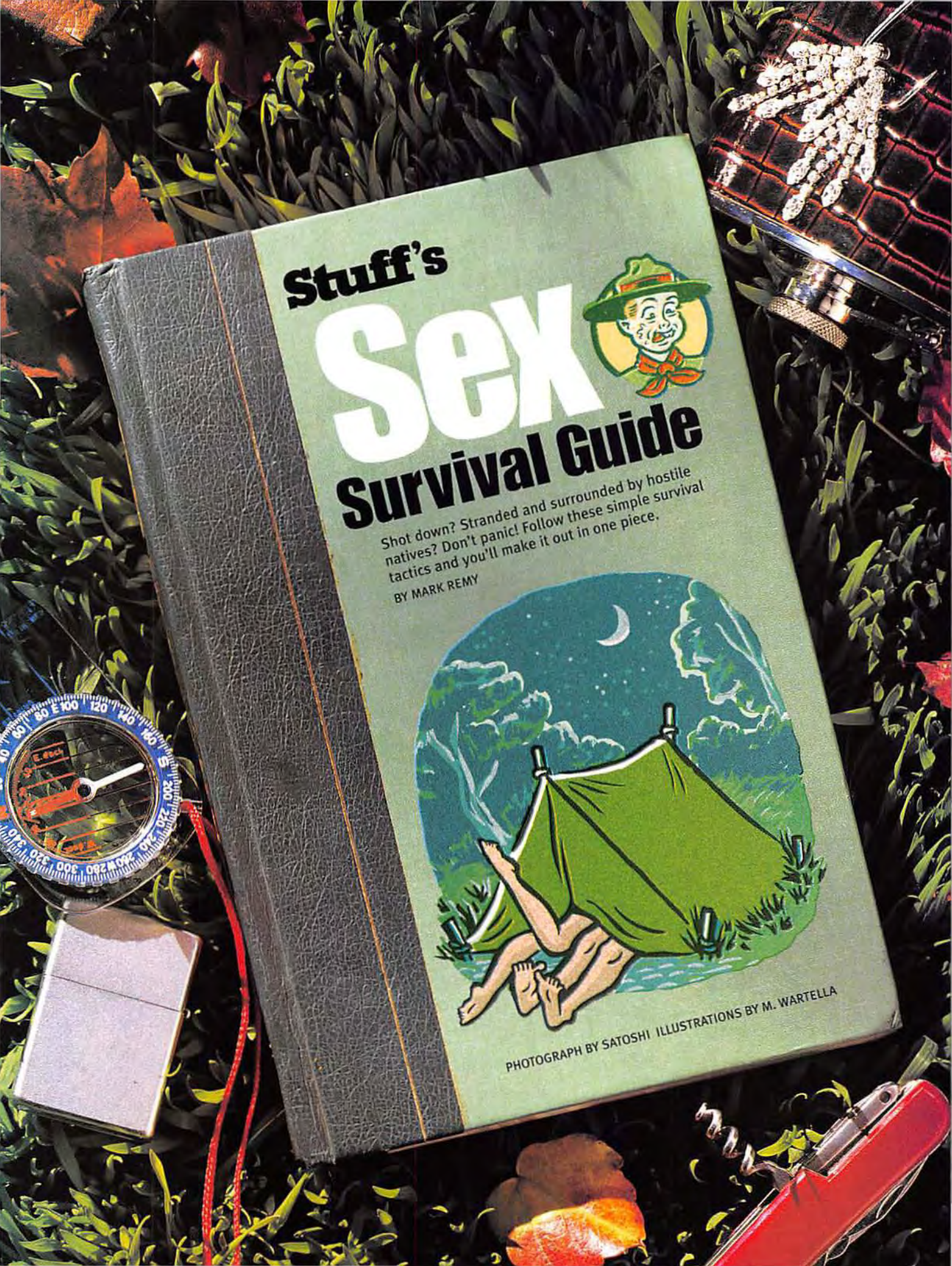
MATURE M CONTENT RATED BY ESRB

Blood
Violence


Stuff's
Sex
Survival Guide
Shot down? Stranded and surrounded by hostile natives? Don't panic! Follow these simple survival tactics and you'll make it out in one piece.
BY MARK REMY
PHOTOGRAPH BY SATOSHI ILLUSTRATIONS BY M. WARTELLA

The great outdoors can be a bitch. But you know what? There's one environment that's even more hostile: the bar scene. You face fierce predators, dehydration, exotic diseases...and that's just in the bathroom. When you step back out into the barroom, things get *really* harsh. You say you could use a little guidance? You say you could stand some survival advice? Maybe you should keep your thoughts to yourself. It's not like we can hear you, and you're starting to scare the folks nearby. Regardless, welcome to *Stuff*'s official Sex Survival Guide. It's everything you need to know to get in, get out and get on with your life—all in one handy, stain-resistant package. It also makes a jaunty hat, if torn out and folded properly. You know, into a hat.

Part I Prepare Yourself

When going into a wilderness situation, you must "be prepared," to coin a phrase. First, be aware of what kind of women are common to your area, where they congregate and what their grooming and mating habits are. Armed with this knowledge, you'll know how to dress, how to approach them and how best to start a conversation.

FOR EXAMPLE: Sports bars may offer excellent prospects, contrary to popular belief. Women at a sports bar are rarely there to watch sports, if you catch our drift. You don't? Er, just keep reading.

Provisions and Tools

A short trip out can turn into an extended stay—so never venture into the wild without these essentials.

- **Cigarette lighter**
  The ability to make fire is invaluable. Even if you don't smoke, she might.
- **Condoms**
  They can be used to carry water, keep gear dry and make tourniquets. They can even be used during sex.
- **Cell phone**
  An invaluable tool when you're stranded in a lame spot and need to be rescued. Also handy for cracking nuts.
- **Map and compass**
  They make for good conversation starters.
- **Dental floss**
  To get embarrassing bits of food out of your teeth. Or out of her teeth. She'll thank you for it later.
- **Breath spray**
  It masks your natural scent, which may scare off women.
- **Pocketknife**
  In case you want to cut something.

NOTE:
A fanny pack is a handy way to tote the above items. It also makes you look like an idiot. Leave the fanny pack at home.

Important! Read This First!

Just because women gather at a bar, it doesn't mean that the locale is hospitable. Especially if the bar is called Meow Mix or Grrrrl Bar and the clientele keep dropping hints that they're not interested in you, such as "I am a lesbian" or "I am actually a man" or "I am not interested in you."

Dress for Survival

- Wear something dark. Research suggests that women prefer men who wear dark colors. A basic charcoal-gray sweater or black T-shirt always works. Plus, they hide pie stains.
- Keep it simple. Using your wardrobe as a way to stand out is a bad idea.
- Don't neglect your shoes. They aren't just a great way to protect your feet—women often notice them first. It's not fair, but shoeless guys rarely get action.

OUTDOORSY TERMS THAT SOUND DIRTY

Prickly pear
Door plug
Fur-bearing
Fletching
Honeysuckle
Shepherd's purse

Part II Survey the Landscape

You've got your condoms, your lighter, your shoes—you're prepared. Time to locate your prey. Climb to a high position, such as atop the bouncer, and scan the area. Where's the bar at? Where's the bathroom at? Where's the jukebox at? Once you've established these landmarks, thank the bouncer and go down for a closer look.

Once you have your prey pegged, the next step is snaring her. This can be done with a traditional snare **(see Fig.1 and Fig.2, right)** or with sparkling conversation and lighthearted humor. We recommend the snare.

Be smooth. If you're too loud or clumsy with one woman, you may frighten others away. Then you're screwed, and not in a good way. Behavior that will frighten away women includes:

- **Being rude to the staff. For example, undertipping the bartender, raising your voice with the waitress or forgetting the DJ's birthday.**
- **Bragging or focusing the conversation on yourself.**
- **Ignoring her friends.**
- **Hitting on her friends.**
- **Being vulgar or presumptuous—that is, assuming that you're, like, totally going to nail this chick. And telling her so, using those exact words.**
- **Unwanted, lingering physical contact, such as spending the night with her when she never even invited you into the apartment.**
- **Vomiting on her grandmother's antique bracelet. Especially if her grandmother is still wearing it.**

Dealing with Boyfriends

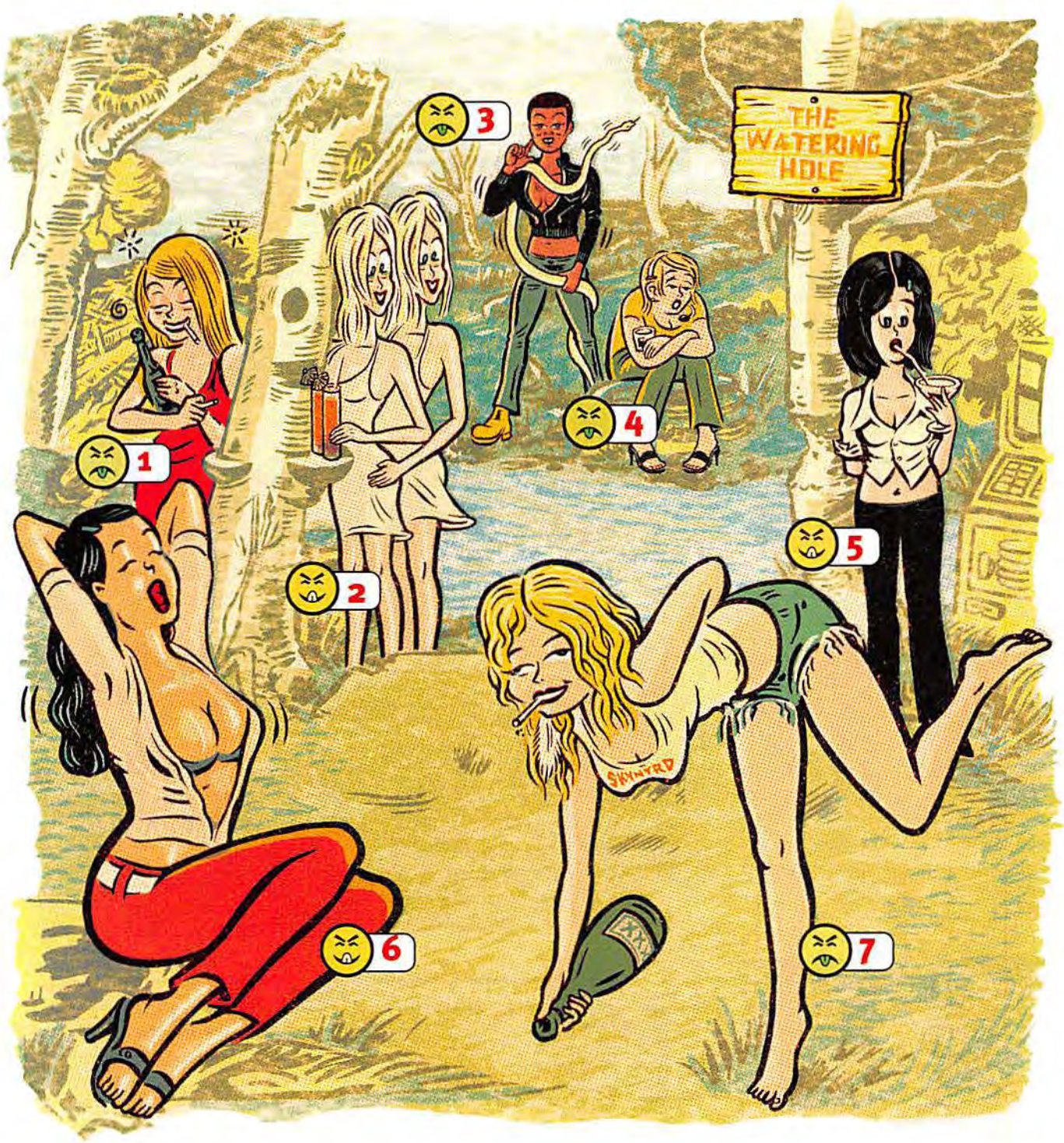
Wondering if she's spoken for? Buy her a drink. If she's there with a date, he'll appear instantly. If this happens, do not show fear and do not run. Draw yourself up to your full height, stare him in the eye and slowly back away. Many boyfriends—especially in the South—will charge when they feel threatened. They can be scared away by a loud noise, such as a whistle or a beer bottle smashed on the head.

Fig.1

Fig.2

Start a Conversation Without Matches

1. First you need a spark. Pickup lines rarely work. Instead, use honesty and humor. For example: "Hi, I noticed you when you came in. Do you enjoy humor? You don't? OK!" Or comment on the music (a jukebox provides a nice excuse). Or make fun of someone in the bar who's acting like an ass.
2. Once you have a flame, feed it with the right fuel. Ask about her job, or her nice sandals, or her webbed toes.
3. Avoid talking about money, politics, sex or ex-girlfriends—especially if your ex-girlfriend happens to be a sexy, rich politician. These topics will only fizzle and produce smoke.



Edible or Poisonous?

Poisonous | Edible

Some women look beautiful but are actually poisonous and will sap your strength. Some are vicious and will chew your ear off when cornered. Here's a handy visual reference.

1 The girls'-night-out chick: Poisonous. This woman is just looking to have a good time...with her friends. Even if she seems flirtatious.

2 The hot chick with the hot friend: Edible. Each is the other's wingman. They're out to meet guys—despite the fact that they're huddled in conversation. Two girls sans guys are a much better bet than even three girls.

3 The girl who just got dumped: Poisonous. Her pleasing looks attract victims, who don't find out until it's much too late that she's filled with venom.

4 The after-work happy-hour receptionist: Poisonous. She'll show you a good time—and then proceed to make your life a living hell as she calls you every day for weeks.

5 The wallflower: Edible. The chick bumping and grinding the pool table may appear to be looking for action. She's not. She's looking for attention. See the unassuming creature at the bar sipping a vodka tonic? Move in on her while all the other guys ogle bump-and-grind girl.

6 The low-cut-shirt girl: Edible. If she weren't hungry for attention, she wouldn't be wearing that shirt. This doesn't mean you should stare; it's just a sign that she may be feeling randy. Randy is the guy with the Jaguar.

7 The girl with the jealous boyfriend: Poisonous. Her bright eyes and pleasant scent lure unsuspecting guys. But her overprotective mate is waiting just out of your field of vision, ready to pounce.

Warning Signs

It's usually pretty clear when she's interested in you—she touches her hair repeatedly, looks directly at you, removes her shirt, etc. But it's equally useful to know when she's sending distress signals. All of the following signs mean you need to change your tactics—fast.

You offer to buy her a drink and she refuses.

She goes to the bathroom and doesn't return.

She acts bored or distracted. (Whistling is also a bad sign.)

She pulls a friend over to join the conversation.

She looks away from you to scout the room for more promising prospects.

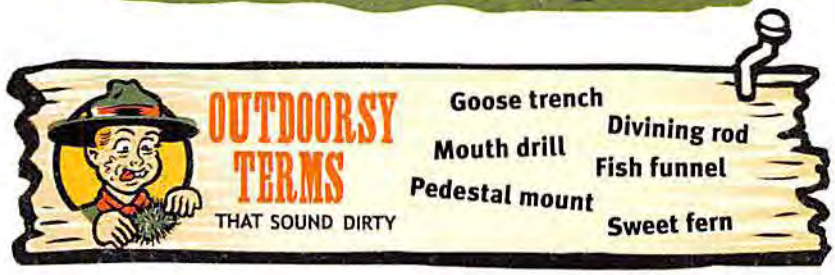
She won't touch you, even if you ask nicely.

She puts her head down and pretends to nap, occasionally peeking out of one eye to see if you're still there.

Part III Get Out Alive

You can survive for weeks without food, days without water and indefinitely without sex. Just ask the editors of *Gear* magazine. At the end of the night, your most pressing need is going to be shelter.

Look around and take stock of your environment. What raw materials could be used to construct a shelter? Are there pine boughs, saplings, driftwood? Of course not. You're in a bar. In a pinch, you can seek emergency shelter in the rest room—but this is only a temporary solution, and the bathroom attendant may prove distracting. An easier choice is to head to someone's pad. We recommend her place, since it offers your best bet for quick extraction when the time comes.



More Tips

- Go near the music. Loud, thumping tunes trigger something called beta-wave frequencies in her brain. This heightens her arousal.
- Take it easy on the cologne. Her sense of smell is keener than yours, particularly when she's ovulating. Most women prefer a clean, soapy, fresh-showered smell to cologne anyway.
- Resist the urge to dance. Sudden, jerky movements may frighten her away.
- Be direct. Most women have keen eyesight and hearing, so sneaking up on them is not a good idea. If a woman feels spooked or creeped out, she will flee. Just go up and talk to her.
- Touch her: a simple hand on her shoulder to emphasize a point, or a playful jab at her arm. This is not the time to be showing off your pocketknife.
- Say nice things about her legs. One survey showed that 80 percent of women think their legs are as important as their hair when it comes to their appearance. Do not squat down and say nice things *to* her legs. She will bolt.

First Aid

1 Band-Aids
Want to appear caring and sensitive? A small piece of folded gauze and a Band-Aid on your arm will suggest that you recently donated blood, as will wearing a sticker that says LOVE ME. I GAVE BLOOD TODAY. Swipe one from the local Red Cross. Or just give blood.

2 Broken Bones
Your arm doesn't *have* to be broken for you to sport a splint. It's a guaranteed conversation starter. Make one out of two pieces of wood (or a rolled-up newspaper) and gauze or fabric torn into strips.

3 Blisters
Blisters will quickly put an end to your fun. Always wear a condom.

4 Hypothermia
To treat this dangerous drop in core body temperature, share a sleeping bag. For best results, get naked and snuggle close. Warning signs of hypothermia include a pleasant "buzzed" sensation, loss of coordination, slurred speech and a lowering of inhibitions.

5 Burns
If you've been burned before, don't commit too quickly. Play it cool.

Find Your Way Home

Waking up in a strange place can be disorienting. Remember: The sun rises in the east. So if you live in the East (say, in New Hampshire or Massachusetts), walk toward the morning sun. And moss grows on the north side of trees. So if you live in the North (North Dakota, North Carolina, etc.), then simply find a tree with some moss and go from there. If you live in the South or the West, just call a cab.

Hand Signals

A Final Tip: Don't Panic!

Running out of a girl's place after a one-night stand is not nice. Besides, you could sprain something. Keep your wits about you. Thank her for a lovely time, kiss her and locate the exit. Then *walk* out.

Those basketballs never saw it coming. They would later blame their complete lack of eyes.

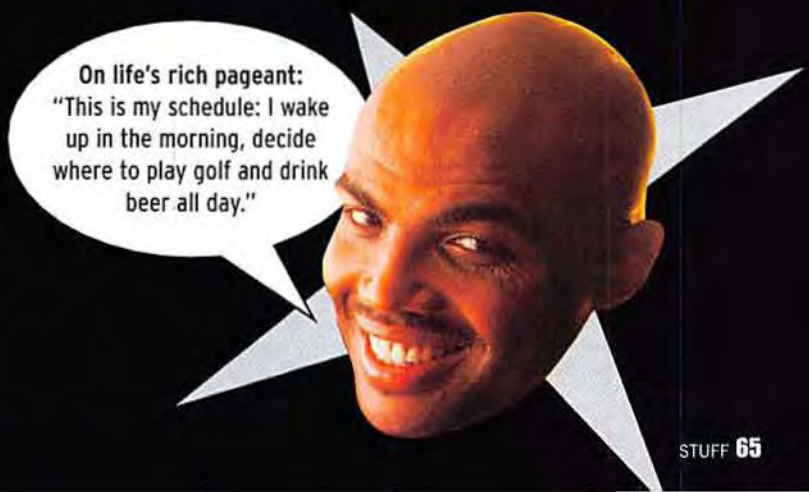
ANOTHER UNEMPLOYED BLACK MAN

That's how Charles Barkley likes to describe himself. And that doesn't even come close to covering all the crap on his mind.

BY MIKE HAMMER
PHOTOGRAPH BY CHRISTIAN LANTRY

It's never too hard to figure out what's bubbling under Charles Barkley's bald dome. That's because it pours out of his cavernous mouth the moment his synapses start percolating. Loud, fast and funny, the stuff Charles comes up with in two seconds often makes more sense than the crap philosophers have taken lifetimes to figure out. Example: "I've been rich and poor. Being rich is better." Take that, Karl Marx.

Tonight, the future NBA Hall of Famer arrives five minutes *after* tip-off for his second-year gig as a studio analyst for TNT games and immediately rocks the production room with mega-decibel diatribes about anything and everything. "Damn Ted Turner! Whose idea was it to start these games at nine ▷▷▷



o'clock? That's some sad shit! When I own this network, there's gonna be a lot of changes around here. Number one—all your asses are gonna be *his-to-ree*!" Everyone in the room bursts out laughing—and they'd better, because the announcer formerly known as Boy Gorge is about twice as big as he is loud. "From now on, if Michael or Shaq aren't playing, I ain't showing up," bellows the increasingly agitated center of attention. "We better not be doing the Bulls this year. Man, they suck! Bunch of high school kids with $70 million contracts. *Damn!* I hate my mother for having me too soon. If I had their money, I wouldn't have to work with you dicks!"

You can see why everybody loves him. And why not? He's a die-hard Republican whose friends range from Derek Jeter to Dan Quayle. At the Olympics, he represented his country well, starting an international incident by planting an elbow in the solar plexus of an Angolan player half his size. The wuss deserved it—Angola, after all, is a hellhole. Charles is one of the world's most approachable celebrities, but he won't let that interfere with tossing fans looking for fights through plate-glass windows. He did that once, and who can blame him?

Not his former coach Paul Westphal, who puts it this way: "The world is filled with bad people who try to make themselves look good....He's a good guy trying to make himself look bad." Which explains why even though Charles was gracious to me during the interview, he also warned me that he knew where I lived and I'd better get this story right. So I asked him a few questions, and he gave me his thoughts on...everything.

STUFF: So, how's the leisurely retirement treating you?
CHARLES: I'm just what America needs—another unemployed black man. Unemployment is fine, if you can afford it. This is my schedule: I wake up in the morning, decide where to play golf and drink beer all day.

Don't you think broadcasting is a job?
You can't consider talking about sports a real job. Sitting around talking about sports is the best. I hate regular people voicing their opinions about sports. Because they're just fans—they don't know anything.

Who else doesn't know anything?
I don't like any women sportscasters. I don't like women doing sports—it just bothers me. I have no reason—it's just because they are women. That is my opinion. I just don't think they should do it. I don't like women refs, either. I don't want women in the army. I mean, that is how I feel. I don't like women in the army or doing commentary for NBA games.

"Really? I found *Riding in Cars with Boys* to be an absolute delight. Girlfriend, Drew Barrymore is a total joy, and damn if she don't keep it real like a motherfucker."

"Somebody hits me, I'm gonna hit them back."

You must be popular with women.
Women like men with money.

Have you poured yourself into your television career with the same intensity you had as a player?
I don't need this gig. I'm rich. This job barely covers my expenses in Vegas. I don't need to be on TV. If I had a good agent, I'd be on *Temptation Island*. I wanna be around a bunch of naked-ass girls. That's just good television programming.

"Dear God, thank you for convincing the Rockets to go with pinstriped uniforms. They're so slimming!"

You seem to have a problem with high school kids jumping to the NBA.
I haven't seen those guys do anything yet. I can't believe we're even talking about high school guys being good in the NBA when they average six points a game. I could do that right now, and I ain't touched a basketball in a couple of months. Look at the Chicago Bulls. They're the worst team in the league. They've got all these high school kids. [Bulls General Manager] Jerry Krause must have pictures of his boss' wife having sex with a monkey [for him to still have that job].

So college is important to you. How did you select Auburn?
When I was recruited at Auburn, they took me to a strip joint. When I saw those titties on Buffy, I knew that Auburn met my academic requirements.

What about the academics?
All I know is, as long as I led the Southeastern Conference in scoring, my grades would be fine.

So I guess you think Michael Jordan should clean house in a league that's filled with kids.
Michael's not even one of the top three players in the league right now. Shaq's the best. Kobe's right there, with Tracy McGrady and Tim Duncan behind him. Michael's just another good player now. My main problem with him now is that he's got a real job and I can't hang out with him anymore. I always hang out with people with money and make them pay for everything.

Your broadcast partner Kenny Smith says Michael's going to be a great player again. What does he see in him that you don't?
It must be the crack of Michael's ass where Kenny's lips are firmly planted.

You didn't mention Vince Carter as one of the league's top players.
He played like a girl all last year. TV

How to...

Select a College

Charles Barkley chose Auburn University, one of the most distinguished institutions in the South. Here's why.

The women's studies program.

Individual academic attention.

Quality transportation options.

Grooming: Gina Miles. Illustrations: Jason Johnson

made him a superstar. Now he has to *play* like one and quit whining.

Hey, Bobby Knight is making a coaching comeback this year. You knew him. What do you think of his return to the court?
Bobby Knight cut me, John Stockton and Karl Malone from the Olympic team [in 1984]—what a terrible coach!

People say you called off your own comeback because you couldn't lose weight. How big a problem has weight been for you?
I never had a problem with my weight when I was playing. I only gained weight because I stopped working out. But never when I was playing. When I was playing, I always considered my playing weight to be whatever weight I happened to be when I was playing.

What's your diet like?
I really don't eat that much. I just, more or less, tend to eat all the time.

Did it piss you off when TNT announcer Peter Vecsey called you fat on the air last year?
I told him I'm gaining weight and I can lose weight, but he's always going to be ugly. I am not going to jump him on TV because there'll be witnesses. If I beat him up, it's going to be in a dark alley somewhere. The truth is, I'm going to have to get bigger clothes or start hanging out with fat people to look skinnier.

How did you feel when Tonya Harding designated herself the Charles Barkley of figure skating?
My initial response was to sue her for defamation of character, but then I realized that I have no character.

You've got a mean rep. Do you like being considered a tough guy?
I'm not a tough guy. I don't think of myself as someone who gets in trouble. I'm not a fighter. But if someone throws a drink in my face, I'm gonna defend my damn self. If you bother me, I will whup yo' ass.

Yeah, but a lot of people remember you flipping Shaq to the floor a couple of years ago.
That was just in the heat of the moment. I really like Shaq a lot. I went out with him after the game—he knows I am a big fan of his. You leave it on the court. I had a big fight with Bill Laimbeer one time, but it didn't carry over. Now I play golf with him in celebrity tournaments.

What about the time you elbowed that malnourished little Angolan guy in the Barcelona Olympics?
Somebody hits me, I'm gonna hit him back. Even if it does look like he hasn't eaten in a while.

It's funny—somehow you never seemed to have a great relationship with the refs.
I never listened to refs. I make it a rule to never listen to people who make less money than I do.

Charles? Yoo-hoo! That sounds very Republican—which you are. Why?
My mama asked me the same thing. She said only the rich are Republicans. I said, "Mama, I *am* the rich."

What did you think of the last presidential election?
We wasted a lot of time through the judicial process for a full month after it happened. It just wasted everybody's money. The only good thing about it is, I'm not making any serious money anymore, so I don't have to pay those exorbitant taxes anymore.

So what's your overall opinion of Al Gore?
I compared him to the Washington Wizards' pathetic ex-coach [Leonard Hamilton] on the air last year when I said, "Two losers who live right up the street from each other."

What's all this hubbub about you wanting to run for governor of your home state, Alabama?
I definitely would like to do that, hopefully when I'm 45. I talk to politicians all the time about it. I want to live and help everyone I can. I have been at both ends of the spectrum: I have been really poor and really rich, and I want to help as many people as possible. Payback.

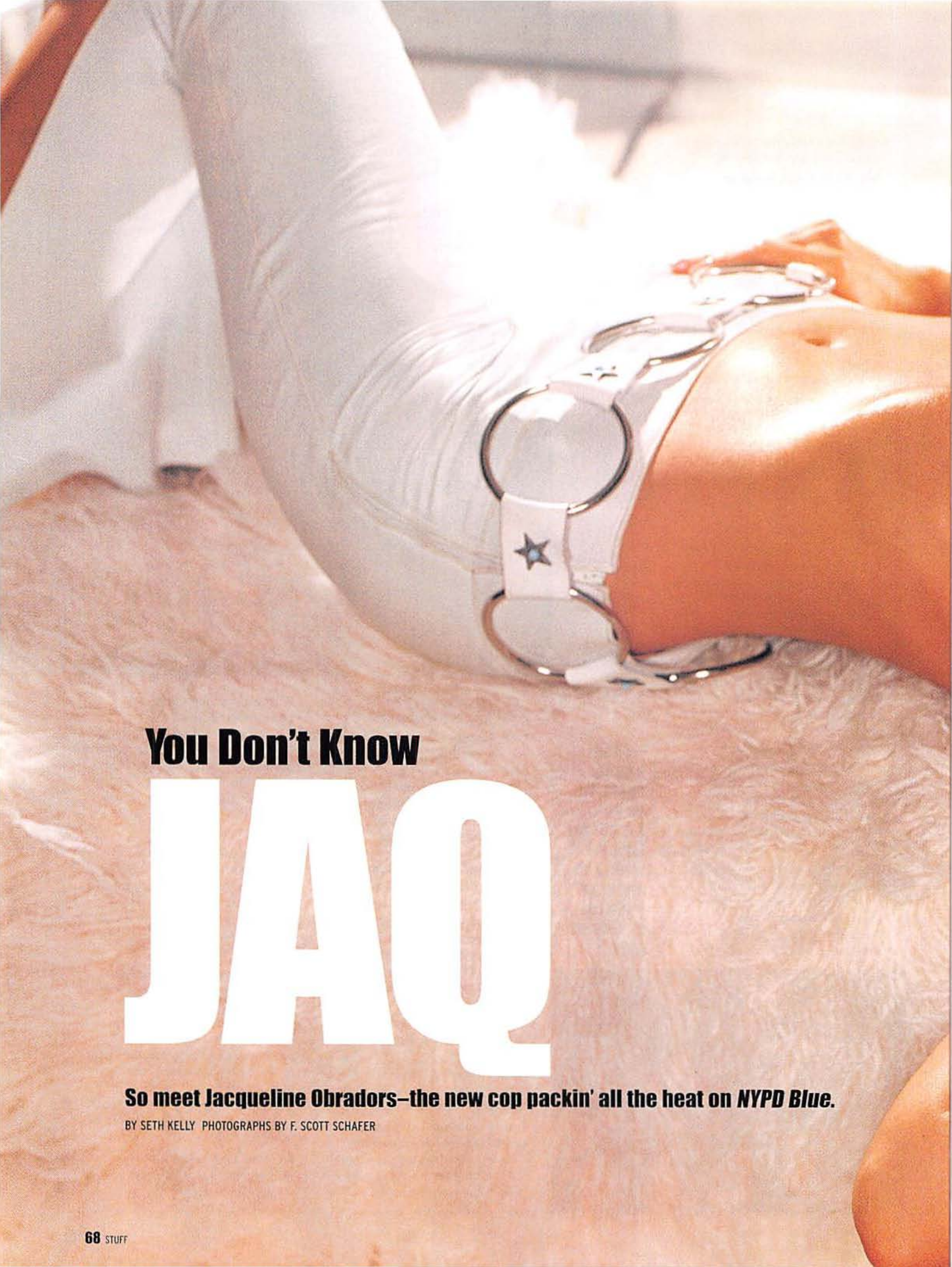
Any other long-term goals?
My goals are to play the piano and get really, really, really fat.

On equal rights: "I don't like any women sportscasters. I don't like women doing sports—it just bothers me."

Get a room, guys! You already did? At the Hyatt? All right, then.

"If I had a good agent, I'd be on *Temptation Island*. I wanna be around a bunch of naked-ass girls."

Charles was a real power in the wheelchair leagues.



You Don't Know JAQ

So meet Jacqueline Obradors–the new cop packin' all the heat on *NYPD Blue*.

BY SETH KELLY PHOTOGRAPHS BY F. SCOTT SCHAFER

The loveliest of Los Angelenos, Jacqueline Obradors, stars alongside Vin Diesel in the upcoming action thriller *El Diablo*, which means "spicy taco." (German is a beautiful language—and so expressive!) You might remember Jaq as the only reason you agreed to see *Six Days Seven Nights*, other than the crystal meth you were promised afterward. We caught up with this Latin bombshell when she was fresh from the back lot in Hollywood after filming another installment of her latest show, *NYPD Blue*. Well, it wasn't so much "caught up" with her as "connected with her over the phone via her publicist while at my parents' house." Hey, I pay rent! And I do my own laundry, and I can come and go as I please!

STUFF: I have to begin by saying that I am doing this from my parents' bedroom. It's just something I have to get off my chest right now.
JACQUELINE: You sound like you're whispering! I love it!

So, what do you do to while away your time on movie sets?
On my days off during *Six Days Seven Nights*, when I wasn't playing around with Harrison Ford and taking my dance lessons, I basically just laid out in a G-string to get tan.

Ever catch any looks from Anne Heche?
No, I never saw her looking, 'cause that's when she and Ellen were just hooking up. They were in love. Maybe I wasn't her type.

After *Deuce Bigalow: Male Gigolo*, your costar William Forsythe went on to make *G-Men from Hell* and *The Librarians* while Rob Schneider went on to be Rob Schneider. Any worries that the *SNL* curse will rub off on you?
After doing *NYPD Blue*, are you kidding me? I am, like, the happiest girl: I have a fantastic job on a drama. I am not worried at all.

My mom cried when Jimmy Smits' character died. I'll never forgive those heartless bastards.
NYPD Blue has always been an awesome show. The truth is, roles for women in film are hard to come by—especially good ones. A lot of the better, stronger roles for women occur in television.

You play a detective. More specifically, a *woman* detective. Any preparation?
I spoke with detectives. There are certain things that are different, like the wardrobe. You have to wear higher-waisted pants to hold all of the gear.

I know. They're a godsend! You'll be sharing the small screen with Mark-Paul Gosselaar. Think he'll be able to shake the *Dawson's Creek* image?
Considering he wasn't on *Dawson's Creek*, I would say yeah.

Check. *NYPD Blue* has a disturbing track record of showing their leading men's derrieres....
You call that a disturbing track record?

Clearly. When are we going to see some equality in the workplace?
They show the women, as well—the show is equal in that respect. They go all out. It's part of the show—it shatters derrieres and pushes the envelope. It's one of the things I love about it.

Any action scenes coming your way?
I hope they have some physical stuff coming up, 'cause I would like to take down some perps.

In *Tortilla Soup*, your character can cook. Can you actually sling the hash?
Sling the hash?

Sling the hash. Know what I mean?
No, I do not.

It means cooking.
Sling the hash...I am so out of the loop.

Well, welcome to it, sister. Do you find cooking sexy or merely a means to gain life-giving sustenance?
Both. I find cooking very sensual. I love getting in there with my hands instead of utensils. With all of the textures and everything, it's very erotic. Also the time it takes to prepare, and the anticipation and the buildup, you know. Then finally you get to eat.

I hear you're into yoga. I just do it because my boss feels silly going to class alone. What's your reason?
It aligns me. I feel in balance: body, mind and soul. If I miss a day or two, I begin to crave it. I love to stretch.

Does it help out in bed?
Yes...ha-ha, this is going to get me in trouble. Of course it does. Yoga makes you feel good about yourself, and when you feel good about yourself, people are attracted to you.

What do you wear when you want to get some attention?
Something tight and low-cut, with a push-up bra. And some sexy heels. I was looking at boots with stiletto heels, and all the guys' heads were turned as I tried them on. It's all in the shoes.

Kinda creepy. What's your frilly underthingie of choice?
Something lacy, a thong, but with something extra on the back, like the thin string that widens at the top. Lace hot pants are really hot, as well.

Franz: country populated by former Nazi sympathizers or portly bald guy?
Very sweet, lovely gentleman.

Diesel: crude alternative to gasoline or muscular bald guy?
Muscular hunk.

Schwimmer: dweeb or total dweeb?
Also a gentleman.

Handcuffs: something you slap on suspects or the headboard?
Both.

Beaver: DeHavilland prop plane or large, dam-dwelling rodent?
I'll leave it to you.

Styling: Tanya Gill for aRTmiX the agency. Hair: Steven Lake at Iuve. Makeup: Lutz for aRTmiX the agency/NARS. For clothes, see the Where to Buy page.

"I would like to take down some perps."

"I find cooking very sensual. I love getting in there with my hands....It's very erotic."

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Ten modes of play. Go on a mission in story mode. Or just get tricky.

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TEEN T CONTENT RATED BY ESRB

Mild Violence
Mild Language

SONY COMPUTER ENTERTAINMENT

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TOMORROW'S KILLERS, TODAY

Descending on a Third World country near you: New war toys that will put the hurt on scumbags in ways modern science had once never dreamed possible.

BY MATT COPPA ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDDIE BOWEN

When it comes to killing, the rest of the world is simply living in the past. Luckily for us, the U.S. military is planning for the future. Inspired by sci-fi flicks (specifically the Arnold Schwarzenegger date-movie *Predator*), the armed forces have designed the next wave in battle gear: killer clothes to be unveiled in three stylish stages. Make way for the Land Warrior in 2004, the Objective Force Warrior in 2010 and the final frontier of modern warfare, the Future Warrior in 2025. As U.S. Army sergeant and equipment specialist Joshua Katz puts it, "These systems will make our soldiers so lethal that the enemy will simply turn and run." And that makes it so much easier to steal their girlfriends!

A HISTORY OF HUMPING

Photos Jason Tanaka Blaney

1775-83

THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION
Cute Nickname
The War of Independence
Gear Per Grunt
50-60 pounds

1812-14

THE WAR OF 1812
Cute Nickname
The Second Anglo-American War
Gear Per Grunt
50-60 pounds

1861-65

THE CIVIL WAR
Cute Nickname
The War of Northern Aggression
Gear Per Grunt
50-60 pounds

1898-1902

THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR
Cute Nickname
The Struggle for Paella
Gear Per Grunt
52 pounds

1914-18

WORLD WAR I
Cute Nickname
The War to End All Wars
Gear Per Grunt
48 pounds

1939-45

WORLD WAR II
Cute Nickname
The Big One
Gear Per Grunt
51 pounds

1950-53

THE KOREAN CONFLICT
Cute Nickname
The Forgotten War
Gear Per Grunt
53 pounds

1964-73

THE VIETNAM WAR
Not-So-Cute Nickname
Second Indochina War
Gear Per Grunt
57 pounds

1991

THE GULF WAR
Cute Nickname
Operation Desert Storm
Gear Per Grunt
69 pounds

2004

THE CANADIAN CONFLICT
Cute Nickname
Bringin' Home the Bacon
Gear Per Grunt
90 pounds

2010

THE WAR AGAINST FRANCE
Cute Nickname
The Battle Against Body Odor
Gear Per Grunt
45 pounds

2025

MOP-UP IN GRENADA
Cute Nickname
The Long Weekend
Gear Per Grunt
30 pounds

Land Warrior

THE LAND WARRIOR

EXPECTED DEPLOYMENT DATE: 2004

This killing machine carries the latest in gutting-edge accessories. All-new doodads allow this smart soldier to pinpoint the exact location of the best area restaurants, his fellow troops *and* the enemy—making it easier to blow their brains out and grab a nice meal afterward. At 90 pounds, the gear is no heavier than what soldiers now bear, despite a slew of enhancements. "It's about streamlining," explains equipment specialist Sgt. Joseph Patterson, "so you can shoot people in the face and be protected." Wish we had that—it's like being in the mob.

HOW HE'LL KILL THEM

The 5.6mm M4 Carbine is standard issue today, but with a major difference: The LW's M4 is equipped with a camera connected by cable to the helmet, which contains a video monitor. In effect, the soldier sees through the barrel of his gun. He can view a target from behind the safety of a wall by lifting his weapon above it and shredding the enemy without exposing himself. Even better, with this high-caliber camcorder, he can play back his favorite firefights!

HOW HE'LL TARGET THEM

Also attached to the gun is a laser, not unlike those endearing key-chain pointers that kids aim at movie screens. Point the gun at a target and the laser calculates its distance, size, weapon capacity and favorite color. The info is then sent to HQ, which airmails heavy artillery. If they don't deliver in an hour, the pizza is free!

WHY HIS HEAD IS A WEAPON

The bullet-repellent MICH (Modular/Integrated Communications Helmet) includes a visual-display monitor—connected to his M4—slung above the right eye. When a soldier peers at the screen, he can use image intensification (to magnify an object), thermal imaging (triggered by body heat), a digital compass and GPS. HBO costs extra.

HOW HE'LL COMMUNICATE

To avoid confusion, today's soldier can only speak directly to HQ or to his squad leader. The LW's communication equipment is contained in a small card and can pinpoint fellow troops in the field with the touch of a button. He can also contact his command to call for air support, extraction teams or medical aid. Typically, all phone-sex lines are blocked.

WHY THE ENEMY CAN'T HIDE IN THE DARK

An easily accessible monocle mounted on the helmet will replace today's cumbersome and, let's face it, hideous night-vision goggles.

WHY HE'S HARD TO KILL

The fetching FLC (Fighting Load Carrier) contains body armor made of interlocking, or reticulated, strips that can stop a shot from an AK-47, yet still allow the soldier to move freely. Also includes an embedded water bladder in case he gets thirsty while killing bad guys. God knows we do!

HOW HE NETWORKS

For the grunt on the go—a portable computer secured to the waist of the FLC and connected by wire to the helmet-mounted display: The SCU (System Control Unit) controls all the thermal imaging, GPS, maps, radio and other goodies in the helmet. May also open garage doors in Iraq.

Objective Force Warrior

THE OBJECTIVE FORCE WARRIOR

EXPECTED DEPLOYMENT DATE: 2010

With gear weighing only 45 pounds, the OFW is electronically linked to his fellow soldiers, command headquarters, robot drones and satellites. This gives him instant access to reconnaissance reports and aerial visuals of the combat terrain. He can also select from the views of each member of his squad—which means he'll get interesting perspectives from all soldiers, including the guy from Iowa who believes in leprechauns.

HIS ROBOT FRIENDS

These *Star Wars*-style drones scout potential target areas and speak with effete British accents. (One of those statements is false.) Embedded cameras allow the soldier to see through the drone's lifeless eyes. Nothing can go wrong. Go wrong. Go wrong.

HIS RELIABLE "HEAD"QUARTERS

Equipped with three cameras, located above the ears and forehead, his helmet offers a spectacular 360-degree view of all the soon-to-be corpses. Contains all features from the Land Warrior model, plus this bad boy is wireless. Also sports a removable face shield that serves as an infrared imaging screen. Afterward, it's a great way to serve the spinach dip!

YOU CAN'T GAS HIM

His mask guards against skin-burning chemicals, biological agents and that old, reliable gas from the Taco Bell in Bahrain. We plan on wearing one when we go see the next Wayans brothers movie. 'Cause you know it'll stink. Ba-dum-bum.

HIS ARSENAL

The OFW's conceptual weapon, the next generation in a new family of ultralightweight firearms, will weigh in well under five pounds. The OFW's firearm has streamlined all its doohickies—such as thermal imaging, laser range-finder and daylight video—into the gun. Sort of a fully loaded entertainment system—for people who'd kill for entertainment. And they do!

HIS KILLER WARDROBE

Suitable for any to-die-for affair. Today's overburdened soldier wears five to seven layers to battle harsh climates or toxically contaminated combat zones. The OFW's single layer repels bullets and nuclear, biological and chemical weapons—even unplanned pregnancies. The precise fiber remains classified, but we're thinking cotton. It's the fabric of our lives.

HIS MEDICAL COVERAGE

Built-in sensors will track the warrior's health status, from heart rate to body temperature, sending the info to a command center, from which a medic can be deployed. But only, of course, if the soldier has Blue Shield.

HE'S HOT, BUT COOL

Remember when we told you how the Land Warrior could see body heat and such with thermal imaging? Good times. But what if some Tali-wag got his unsanitary mitts on the same technology? *Our* guys will be able to mask their own body heat—even in strip clubs—with an outer uniform whose temperature conforms to the climate. Just like Jell-O.

WHERE HE GETS HIS JUICE

The OFW powers his gadgets with rechargeable fuel cells. Do we know how they work? Well, no—the U.S. Army is still working out the bugs. Why are you being so pushy, anyway? What are you, some kind of *spy*? Theoretically, the soldier will never lose power. Unless he catches a glimpse of Camryn Manheim nude. That'll turn anyone off.

SGT. **Joseph Patterson.** Enlisted Liaison Operational Forces Interface Group. **AN ARMY OF ONE.**℠ In the United States Army.

What you see is a Soldier system that gives me 360° vision in pitch black. Makes me invisible to the naked eye. Lets me walk up a mountainside. And run in a desert. You've never seen anything like me. But don't worry. They haven't either. **I AM AN ARMY OF ONE.** And you can see my strength.

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AN ARMY OF ONE

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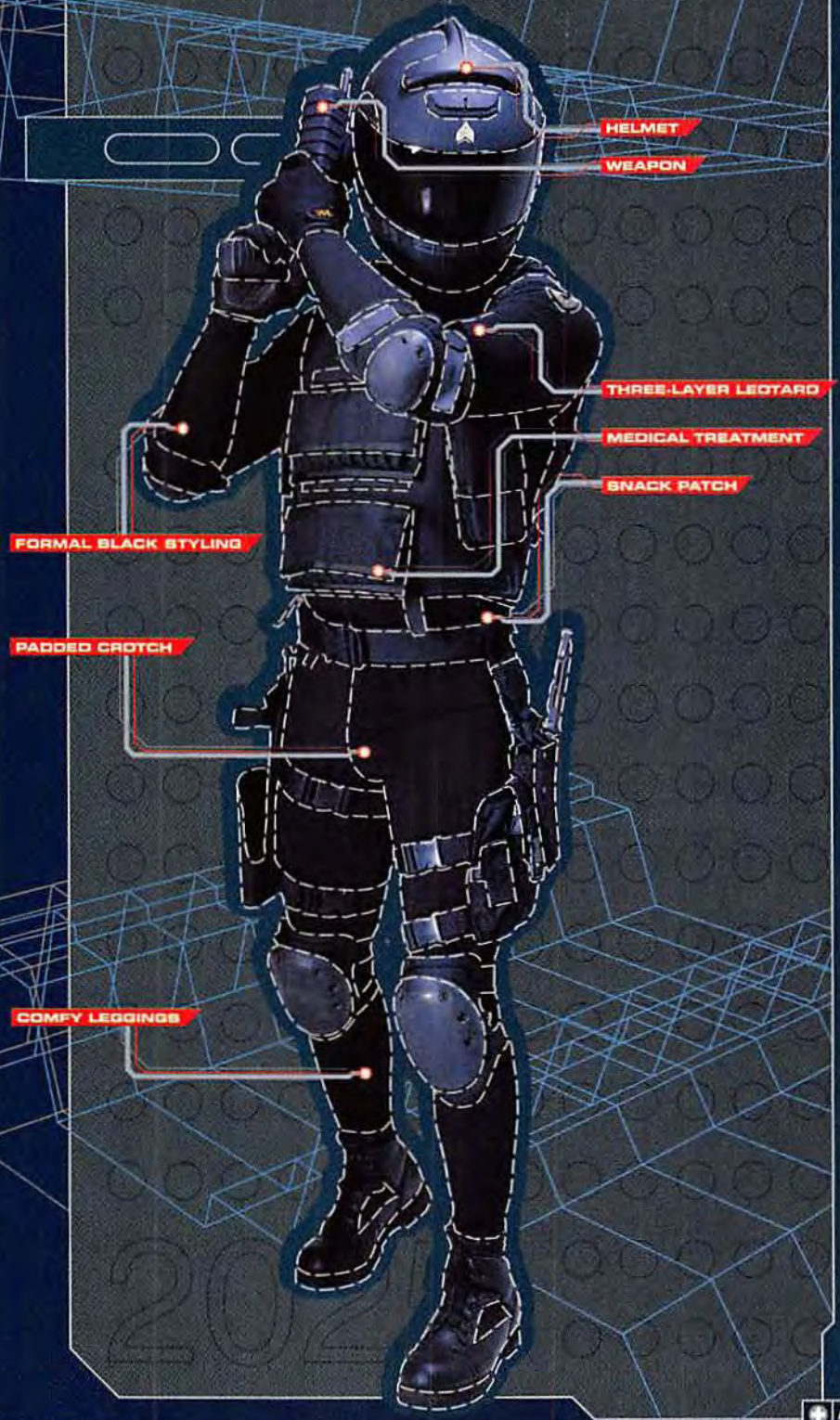
Future Warrior

THE FUTURE WARRIOR

EXPECTED DEPLOYMENT DATE: 2025

The urban chic of combat fashion. The goal here is to equip the fighting man with gear that's no more than 15 percent of his body weight. For poetry majors, that's about 30 pounds per 200-pound grunt. And because 23 of the last 28 Marine combat operations have taken place in cities, the urban soldier needs to be prepared for attack from any angle—not to mention murderous parking fees.



HIS KILLER HEADGEAR

Offers 360-degree visibility with microcameras fused around the perimeter. To avoid unwanted eavesdropping, helmet communications are relayed through vibrations that rattle his encased skull. The stylish face plate displays multiple perspectives of the bad guys from satellites, his fellow grunts and robot drones. He can then lock his weapon's sights on a target with a Terminator-like robotic laser eye and blink said target into the Stone Age. This gives the soldier time to head off to a nearby Borders for a cappuccino.

HIS LITTLE FRIEND

Say goodbye to the rifle. With a wireless connection to the visor, this lightweight handgun fires off mini smart bombs, laser-guided rockets, heat-seeking bullets and bunker-busting shrapnel rounds that rip through walls. So small, yet so angry. Just like our Chihuahua!

HIS OWN AIR CONDITIONER

If the soldier's temperature gets too hot, cool air blows into the helmet. If he gets too cold, heating pads located on the kidneys are activated. When he's just right, he's brought cocktails by babes in see-through burqas.

HIS THREE-LAYER LEOTARD

Like a ballet dancer, the Future Warrior needs to be graceful and fluid. Unlike a dancer, he will riddle you with bullets if you laugh at his tights. Let's have some fun and peel off its three layers:

LAYER ONE
Closest to the skin and laced with chemicals that repel and destroy toxic bacteria—including one's own stank. It also continuously scans the soldier's physiological vitals, noting any changes. Goes great with mittens!

LAYER TWO
Conducts electrical power throughout the wired suit. Though it still consistently overcharges in monthly utility statements.

LAYER THREE
The outer layer features camouflage-changing fibers, which adapt to the terrain like a walking plasma screen. (Let's hope they play *Titus* to enhance our guys' passion for killing.) It also has body armor made of carbon nanotubes as impenetrable as steel—or Bill Maher's skull.

HIS DOCTOR SUIT

When the Future Warrior gets hit, the suit automatically constricts around the wound to stop blood flow—great when he cuts himself shaving.

HIS REALLY FAST FOOD

Similar to the nicotine patch, this baby pumps enzymes and nutrients to combat fatigue and stress. It won't replace the drive-through, but it will keep the busy soldier killing between meals.

Additional reporting by Andrew Bottomley

WHILE YOU'RE ON YOUR KNEES

A LITTLE PRAYING COULDN'T HURT

Flying through curves on narrow tire edges and a thin metal plate is enough to make anyone ask for a little help. Wickedly fast, licensed 500cc bikes, ten world-famous tracks and legendary riders — MotoGP2 is as close as you get to Grand Prix bike racing without a helmet.

Race Le Mans, Mugello and 8 other famous circuits. Riders include Kenny Roberts Jr., Valentino Rossi, Max Biaggi and others. Race against past champions in the new Legends Mode.

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motogp MotoGP 2 OFFICIAL GAME OF MotoGP

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"I remember being tied down and peeing all over myself."

–Chuck Negron

Three Dog Night's lead singer made a fortune with "Joy to the World." Then he spent the next 24 years snorting, drinking and injecting it all away.

How he got hooked

"I started innocently enough. I was 24. My friends wanted me to get into some of the new things that were going on. So I went to this party with them—the Mothers of Invention were playing, and Donovan, Hendrix and the Byrds.

"And there I was with hair so short that this girl came up to me and said, 'Are you a narc, man?'

"'No, no, no.'

"Then she kissed me and dropped something into my mouth, which ended up being LSD. From that night on, all I wanted was more.

"The difference between an addict and a normal person? When a normal person has a drink or a drug, they go, 'Oh, yeah, man, that's great.' But an addict goes, 'Oh, fuck! My life has just changed! I can't believe what I've been missing!' That was me."

"Me and the other members of whatever our band is called would like to thank you for coming out to whatever the hell this place is. Where am I?"

How low did he go?

"The bottom could have been when I sold a million-dollar house for $35,000 cash. But no, there were a *hundred* bottoms. When my wife left me, when my next wife left with the kids, when I lost a million dollars on that one, a million dollars on another one.

"After 24 years, I had burned through all my money, and I was just hustling. I was homeless and living in an abandoned building in South Central L.A. Me and this other junkie were the only white guys in the neighborhood. My life was threatened by the Crips and the Bloods many times: 'Hey, whitey, get the fuck out of here,' they'd say.

"You don't just decide to be homeless one day. Matter of fact, you don't even realize you're making the decision at all. It's the insanity of the addiction—you are so physically and mentally addicted that you're out of your mind.

"So I lived in the abandoned building with this other junkie. We slept on a mattress we found in an empty lot. During all those years, I went through 37 different rehab programs. In fact, I reached a point where the Betty Ford Center wouldn't take me. They said, 'We don't handle junkies of his ilk. He's a real junkie; he needs to go to a real place.'

"At one hospital, I had a seizure and the front right lobe of my brain stopped. The doctors called my attorney and told her, 'If we put a needle and a spoon in his hand, he wouldn't know what to do with it.'

"When they actually put me together enough to let me out of there, they told me that at one point, I attacked a nurse and tried to choke her. They knocked me out just to get me off her. I don't remember that. I *do* remember being tied down one day and peeing all over myself.

"'Hey, what's wrong with you fucking people?' I said, screaming—because I had to take a pee, but I couldn't get up.

"A few months after getting out, I started using again. I stole my attorney's car, so she finally gave up and turned me in. They told me I had a choice: It was either go to prison or go to a place called Cri-Help.

"I went to Cri-Help with no intentions of getting clean. I just wanted to be there to get myself out of harm's way for a little while. I'm 6'1", but I was down to 126 pounds. I had emphysema. I had hepatitis C, and they thought I'd never recover from it.

"I didn't have the strength to stay on the street. I couldn't even walk. Every day, every hour, I was hatching a new plan in my mind: *If I can get to here, maybe I can get this guy to carry me over there, and then I'll crawl down there, and then I can get some drugs.*

"My friend Mike Finnigan, a great bass player—he played on Hendrix's stuff years ago—came to visit me and said, 'I think the only thing that'll save you is prayer.' And I went into the dorm and prayed to die.

"I fell asleep in the middle of this horrendous kick—you know, when there is no sleep, when the body is just craving medication and you're alive like an electric socket, just *Zzzzzzz AHHHHHHHHH!!!*

"When I woke up, I knew I had a window of opportunity. God had done for me what I couldn't do for myself, and I understood things I had heard so many times before. I was relieved enough of the obsession to get through that day and the next. I've put together 10 years with no drugs. No mind-altering stuff. Nothing. No cigarettes. No coffee."

I sold a million-dollar house for $35,000 cash.

WHILE YOU'RE ON YOUR KNEES

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Imagine hitting the depths of depravity and addiction. Now imagine plummeting even lower.

This is a warm-and-fuzzy, feel-good story. Only because after reading the nightmarish tales of these five junkies, drunks, cokeheads and philandering scumbags (meaning: celebrities), your own corrupt life won't seem half bad. These dudes took excess to new extremes. Like driving at night without headlights, they didn't know when to stop until they were way past their exit. Then they kept driving until they crashed into a lamppost. Is there a moral to these stories? Read them and figure it out. BY GREGG STEBBEN

Photography: (Mirror) Satoshi

"The first time I ever got high was on heroin."

–Jim Carroll

The underground poet, musician and author of *The Basketball Diaries* was to smack what Orange Julius was to OJ. And you'd never know it by his beefy good looks!

How he got hooked

"I was hanging around the neighborhood with a bunch of basketball players, and they were all chipping around on the side—and I thought, *If these guys can do it and still play ball, then I can get away with it, too.*

"From the movies or something, I knew opium was addictive, so in my mind, I wrongly associated smoking with addiction. I thought grass was the addictive drug. So the first time I ever got high was on heroin—I was afraid to smoke pot because I thought it would give me a habit.

"This is back when you could get a three-dollar bag. The guy I got it from told me, 'You could get three highs out of that if you shoot it; you're only going to get one high if you snort it. Why don't you just skin-pop it instead of putting it into your vein?'

"So he got some water, and he cooked up the junk. I shut my eyes because I was afraid of needles. He said to me, 'If you're going to shoot it, you might as well mainline it. You can't get the rush if you skin-pop it. To get the rush, you've got to put it into the vein, because then you feel it immediately and you get this unbelievable sense of everything being flushed out of your body.'

"So I said OK, and he tied me up. I didn't feel any pain from the needle. These junkies, they were masters with the needle. He put it in slowly and said, 'You OK?'

"'Yeah...'

"'Do you want the rest?'

"'Yeah. Yeah! *Yeah!*'

"He gave me the rest, and then I felt a sensation that basically thereafter I was chasing for the rest of my life with drugs."

How low did he go?

"At first, I would have other guys hit me up because, remember, I was afraid of needles. Eventually, though, I started doing it myself—and that's when I realized that being in control is a big part of the ritual.

"There are guys who, even after they get off heroin and clean up, are still addicted to the needle. There are guys who shoot water even though they've gotten off drugs. Then there's the whole thing of booting it: The needle's in your vein, you draw back to pull out some blood, then boot it back in again. The logic is that there might still be some trace of heroin left in the barrel of the syringe. So you boot it to get that leftover heroin to mix with your blood, then shoot it back in again.

"But booting's really just an excuse to keep shooting. Some people shoot and boot over and over again for hours. Or they *would* keep shooting and booting for hours, except they nod out with the syringe still in their arms.

"When I think about this now, it is so odious to me, guys just nodding off with syringes hanging out of their arms. I have other images in my mind, too. I remember seeing a guy's head getting blown off when he tried to rob a dealer. I also saw an ax go right into the top of another guy's head and split it evenly like a melon. For some strange reason, I thought to myself, *That was almost perfect symmetry. His head split perfectly, as if he had measured it.*

"This is the shit that actually happened to me. And I have a memory like a fucking elephant. So when I remember this stuff, it's like it's happening right before my eyes all over again. I have other images in my mind that are so abhorrent that, if I'm ever tempted to use again, I can usually count on them to save me at the last minute."

Now, there's a role model, kids. See how he *shares* his smack?

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"I had some cocaine, and I took it down to the men's room—and never came out."

—Richard Lewis

The neurotic comedian who coined the phrase "date from hell" had a near-20-year affair with the sauce.

How he got hooked

"I went to college in the late, roaring '60s, but I hardly drank and wasn't much of a drug person. But I thrust myself into a business where you're literally judged show-to-show, night-to-night, even joke-to-joke. The pressure was enormous.

"Having alcoholism in my genes plus hanging around four different clubs a night didn't help. By the time I got into my mid-thirties, I was an alcoholic. But I was a functioning alcoholic, because I was hell-bent on not screwing up. I would make sure I did my job, then when I had to deal with the rest of my life, the alcohol was my buffer.

"Initially, the alcohol let me avoid getting in touch with bad feelings and fears. Ultimately, it caused me to miss the great things and successes. Not only was my self-loathing washed away, but so was all the good stuff."

How low did he go?

"What happened was that when I was at social gatherings, I would slowly get drunk. It's hard for close friends to confront people on this. So they took a softer approach by sending me books, suggesting that I might be drinking too much. But I was an alcoholic, and I was in denial. I had no intention of not drinking, and friends gave me a library full of books about drinking that I've never read.

"There were times before this when I privately thought I drank too much, and I would try to figure out how to control the disease. I'd say things to myself like, 'If I drink Monday, I'm not going to drink Tuesday.' Then on Tuesday I would say, 'Yeah, I drank yesterday, but God, the Mets are in the playoffs, so I can drink again today.'

"It got to the point where some close friends did what they call an intervention. They just knocked on my door, scared the shit out of me and told me, 'You're an alcoholic, and you have to stop.' But as loving a gesture as it was, they had no game plan. They needed someone in the recovery field who was prepared to say, 'You're going away, and we won't take no for an answer—and we don't give a fuck what gigs you have coming up. Here's your plane ticket—let's go.'

"They didn't have that sort of plan, and I had no desire to stop drinking. And as much as I was totally distraught, I was so controlled by alcohol that I was still in denial. I lied to those wonderful people and told them I was going to stop.

"But I had no idea how to do it.

"In fact, once they put that big banner up in front of me that said, RICHARD, YOU HAVE A PROBLEM. YOU NEED HELP, my first instinct was to say, 'Screw you!' And, as an alcoholic, the best way I knew to say screw you was to drink as much as I wanted.

"So I went into a year and a half where I abused alcohol more, and then started using cocaine for the first time.

"That's when things got out of control for me. I was at dinner with some friends one night. I had a date, and we were at a very high-profile restaurant. I had some cocaine, and the first chance I got, I took it down to the men's room—and never came out.

"Literally, I didn't come back to the table for an hour and a half. I went down to the men's room when the salad was being served, and when I came back, they were having their cappuccinos. There was my date, seated alone, and I didn't care. The only reason I came back to the table at all was that I had hit the bottom of the vial. If I'd had more coke, I'd probably still be there.

"It took a lot of nights like that until a second set of friends did another intervention, but this time with a huge game plan—with a doctor and with places to go. That time it worked.

"I was in a New York City hotel, and they knocked down my door. This time it was like, 'We're not going to see you go down the drain and lose everything, because you're not good to yourself, you're not good to us, you're not good to your career. If you don't listen to us now, it's going to be very hard for us to continue to be in your life.'

"The most important thing about that intervention was that, two blocks away from the hotel room, there was a doctor waiting for me who specializes in alcohol and drug abuse. They threw me into this guy's office, and I was like a crazed man. But he knew how to cut through my fear and anger, and he set me on the right path."

Alcoholism is like being caught in a cast-iron fence—at least, that's how it feels when you're drunk and behind a cast-iron fence.

"I indulged in absolute hedonism: People offered me drugs left, right and center."

–Boy George

You knew him as the fruity front man of Culture Club. Drug dealers knew him as the fruity front man of the cocaine club.

How he got hooked

"The first time I ever took drugs was during that sort-of punk era, when I was 17. I went through a brief period of taking amphetamines, then had a very nasty reaction one evening when I took too many and ended up hallucinating for three days. It was so bad, I had to go to the hospital.

"After that experience, I said, 'I'll never touch drugs again.' Some of the guys in Culture Club smoked joints, and I used to read them the riot act. I was a real hypocrite."

How low did he go?

"I didn't do drugs again until I was 26, when I started smoking the odd joint, and one thing led to another.

"By this time, Culture Club had kind of drifted apart. And I would say I did the rock 'n' roll thing in reverse. When Culture Club was at its peak, I should have been out getting high and sleeping with groupies. Instead, I was in my room writing letters to fans and being quite mumsy. Then, when the band folded, I got an apartment in New York City and started doing all the things I hadn't done while I was riding high on the charts. There I was with a lot of spare time, and the devil finds work for idle hands. So I indulged in a life of absolute hedonism: People were offering me drugs left, right and center. There was an endless supply, and I guess I was a girl who couldn't say no.

"Things really broke when this guy, who was Culture Club's personal photographer, sold a story about me to the press in the U.K. We had been doing a photo session and he'd asked me to get him some cocaine, so I did. The following morning, two journalists arrived at my door and said, 'We are here because there's a huge story running tomorrow saying that you supplied cocaine to this photographer, and it is our understanding that you are a drug addict.'

"I just shut the door. Then I put on 'Morning Is Broken' by Cat Stevens. I sat there listening to this very sad song, thinking, *That's the end of my career. It's over.* But rather than face up to the problem, I just immersed myself in it more and more. I thought, *I don't have a problem. What's it got to do with anyone else?*

There was an endless supply, and I guess I was a girl who couldn't say no.

"More stories started to appear about me, and then it just became this huge thing. I did this big antiapartheid concert in London, and I was really high. Meanwhile, my weight had dropped to about seven stone [98 pounds], and my condition was obvious to everyone but myself. At the end of this concert I said to the crowd, 'I'm not a drug addict; I'm a drag addict,' which got misquoted as 'I'm a drug addict.' There was this big thing in the press saying, 'Boy George Admits to Being a Junkie,' and then things *really* spiraled out of control.

"Everybody started writing about it. Journalists were bribing my friends for stories. There was a big press hunt to find a picture of me doing drugs.

"People close to me—my family—were well aware that there was a problem. They constantly tried to help, but I rejected their offers. At one point, my brother even went on TV and told the whole country I was a junkie. And that pretty much sealed it.

"Next thing you know, the police raided both of my houses. There was a massive debate about it in the House of Lords. And the front cover of the *Daily Mirror* said, 'Find Him!' because I was nowhere to be found. I'd gone into hiding at Richard Branson's house in the country.

"He wasn't there, but I went with this woman who had some kind of drug cure—a cure for addiction that was this weird black box; it was a nightmare. Meanwhile, the police contacted Richard and told him that if he didn't hand me over, he would be prosecuted. So I gave myself up to the police in outlaw fashion."

He'd had it with men. And with women. From now on, it was just him and the hat.

"I would sneak out through the doggie door to get drugs."

–Paul Williams

One minute he was nominated for a Grammy for his song "The Rainbow Connection." The next minute he was crawling around his house with an Uzi and hiding from an imaginary vice squad.

How he got hooked

"I started drinking when I was a kid. I was a construction brat, and I was around it all my life. My father died while drinking and driving. I remember riding in the car with him as a kid when he was absolutely loaded, and the car being all over the road. And I did the same with my kids.

"I don't know when I crossed that line from use to abuse to addiction, but at some point, I did. People ask me, 'How do you know if you're an alcoholic or addict?' and I tell them that if you misplace a decade of your life—like I did—it's a pretty good indication that you might belong to the addict club. The missing decade for me was the '80s. In the '70s I was nominated for six Academy Awards, and I won one. In the '80s, I wrote the songs for one movie, *Ishtar*."

How low did he go?

"I left my wife for a 22-year-old psych major. My wife and I started out with a real straight-ahead marriage, but I already had a mistress that demanded all my attention: cocaine.

"The 22-year-old psych major was one of the first people who was brave enough to say, 'I love you, but you're an addict. If you get help, I'll stay with you, but I'm not going to stay with you and watch you die.'

"My response to that? I went to inversion therapy and tried to get sober. That lasted seven months.

"Then I was working on a project in Jamaica. A waiter walked up to me and said, 'Mr. Williams, would you like to have a rum and Coca-Cola?' It was hot, I was in Jamaica, I was Paul Williams with a bunch of Grammys and my own star on Hollywood Boulevard and, by God, after seven months of sobriety, I could handle one silly rum and Coke in the middle of the afternoon.

"Twelve hours later, I was at Bob Marley's grave explaining reggae music to a lot of black people I didn't know. I was out of my brains—and off and running for another two years.

The only thing bigger than his habit? His lapels.

"After I came back from Jamaica, the 22-year-old psych major said, 'I know you're using.' So I would turn on her and say, 'You have a lot of issues with men, don't you?' And she would go to bed and cry herself to sleep. That's the power of the addict trying to hang on to his medicine.

"Once she went to bed, I would sneak out of the house through the doggie door to get more drugs. I had to go out that way because the front door squeaked, and when you've been up for two days and nights bingeing, noises like that get really exaggerated in your head.

"There's a point at every party where all the adults who aren't addicts and alcoholics go home, but those who are addicted just keep on going. I was the guy who kept going. I reached a point where it took an eighth of an ounce for me just to feel like I was OK in my own skin.

"Look, I'm not Robert Mitchum. I tried to be, but I'm not. Mitchum was the guy who could party all night and show up for work the next morning. He had those sleepy eyes and sexy walk, and it all worked. He was the John Wayne of use and abuse.

"Mitchum was the first actor in Hollywood to get busted for grass, long before it was cool. This was way back in the '40s. He was right up there with Lee Marvin and Steve McQueen; they were the bad boys of Hollywood. They used to do stuff like ride their motorcycles through plate-glass windows into bars.

"But I was different. When I was loaded, it was all about guns.

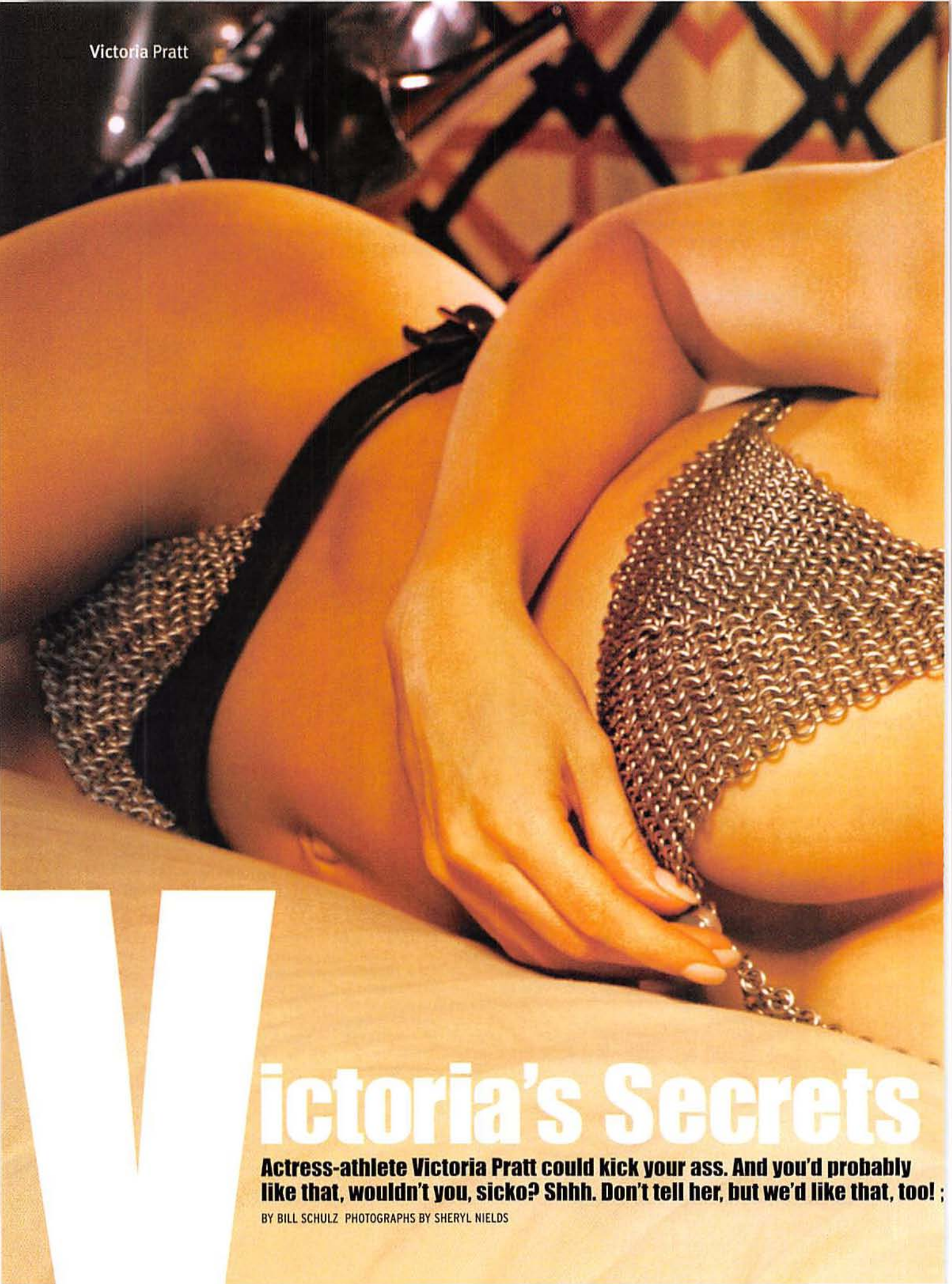
"*If Sinatra carries, I'm going to carry, too*, I thought to myself. I used to wake up in the morning and find a gun out and suicide notes that I had written. And I would have no recollection of writing them.

"I was reduced to crawling around my house with a loaded Uzi, peeking out the windows at three in the morning, trying to catch a glimpse of the tree police, who I was sure were out there watching me—hiding in the trees, about to come in to arrest me.

"I was having full-on psychotic episodes, including one particular incident in Oklahoma three months before I got sober. I was getting ready to go onstage for a show, when all of a sudden I was beaten up for about 40 minutes by a monster that wasn't actually there. I was thrown down escalator stairs—my ears were twisted. It was a total drug psychosis.

"Finally I reached a point where I had to say, 'That's it. I don't want to sneak out the puppy door anymore. I don't want to drive loaded with my kids in the car anymore. I don't want to walk into a liquor store at six in the morning and pretend I'm there for toothpaste ('oh, my, er, brother's coming over, and he likes vodka').

"I don't want to do any of that anymore, and thank God I haven't had to for more than 11 years. Sobriety has been the greatest gift of my life."



Victoria's Secrets

Actress-athlete Victoria Pratt could kick your ass. And you'd probably like that, wouldn't you, sicko? Shhh. Don't tell her, but we'd like that, too!

BY BILL SCHULZ PHOTOGRAPHS BY SHERYL NIELDS

Considering Victoria Pratt plays a human with animal DNA in the series *Mutant X*, you might say this Pratt has claws. Well, *you* might say that, but we wouldn't be caught dead writing such an abominable pun. Anyway, this Ontario native and fitness buff was snagged from her various workout gigs to star in the 1997 John Woo series, *Once a Thief*. Her able abs were further utilized for the role of Sarge in the equally sci-fi—but sadly, short-lived—series *Cleopatra 2525*. We recently spoke with this gym cat and found her to be as engaging as her accompanying photo spread. For another good interview, look no further than the October issue of *O: The Oprah Winfrey Magazine*, which features a Q&A with legendary producer Quincy Jones and the aforementioned talk-show icon. We liked it so much that we recycled one of Ope's questions and used it on Vicky. Try to spot it! (The answer is at the bottom of the page.)

STUFF: Your hubby is director T.J. Scott. Does T.J. stand for "terribly juicy"?
VICTORIA: No, it's Timothy James.

That said, our readers aren't big on our girls being married. So let's pretend you're not. Wanna go out on a date?
It depends. What are you wearing?

Fresh! Tell me about mannish female bodybuilders you've encountered.
If you start putting male hormones into your body, you're going to have changes. I remember the first professional female bodybuilding show I attended—I couldn't believe what I saw. Many had bad boils on the skin, thicker jaws and really low voices.

Any telltale Adam's apples? Our senior editor Mark Remy has a really unsightly one. But he's a guy and junk.
No, no. You only see telltale Adam's apples in West Hollywood.

That's where Mark's from! What about male bodybuilders? Were they all you dated when you were single?
You only need one. I'm not putting my toes into that pool again.

Your new series is titled *Mutant X*. Is it about malformed members of the nation of Islam?
No. It's about mutants that have been genetically altered with various things.

Sounds familiar...
You have to talk to Marvel comics about that. I'm not allowed to talk about it, because it's the source of a big lawsuit.

So I hear.
Yeah, we're not allowed to make any comparisons between the two.

You also costarred in *Once a Thief*, directed by John Woo. Care to comment on the rumors that he's secretly Asian?
Well, he hides it well. You're a nut.

Wait a minute, thought Victoria. *Did I remember to put on a bra? No time to look now. I'll just assume I did and continue undressing.*

"I don't mind cold-weather nipples."

Since you're Canadian, what is your advice for women dealing with the scourge that is cold-weather nipples?
Don't go to the gym and then wear a thin shirt home. I don't mind cold-weather nipples as long as it's happening all at once—know what I'm saying?

Not really.
Never mind.

If you could give yourself a medal for a particular prowess in bed, what would it be and why?
You know what? My mother's going to read this on the Internet.

Uh, we only show the pictures on the Web site. You think I want *my* mom reading this? I don't want her thinking I'm some kind of letch. Trust me.
Yeah, "Trust me." What's my specialty? I'm very flexible, and I don't have sharp teeth—if you know what I mean.

Since your character has animal DNA, would you say that her sexual fashion sense is strictly doggie-style?
You are a horrible man. Yeah, yeah. There's a lot of that going on in my dressing room. Too bad I'm usually alone.

If you were forced to make love to another animal—you know, to save someone from a bad guy—what kind of animal would it be?
You're horrible! I'd have to see who has the most to offer. I mean, I might as well make it worth my while. I wouldn't invite *Stuff* to photograph it, I can tell you that.

A recent article I read reported that the most calorie-burning sexual act one can do is, well, anal. Is this an exercise you've ever done? [Note to research: Don't bother trying to find this "article."]
Ugh. No! I don't think I'll ever have to work out that hard. I imagine it happens in prison a lot—that's probably where they got that statistic.

Do you feel you're often perceived as a man who dates only white women?
Huh? What do you mean? You'll have to redefine the question.

Er, as a bodybuilder, are you perceived as a woman who dates women?
I think if you're strong, people think you're into women. I've had women hit on me. I'm like, "You're cute, but I've never been to Brazil." We call women's privates Brazil in the makeup trailer.

I call that body part Hairysburg, Penisylvania. To each his own, I guess.

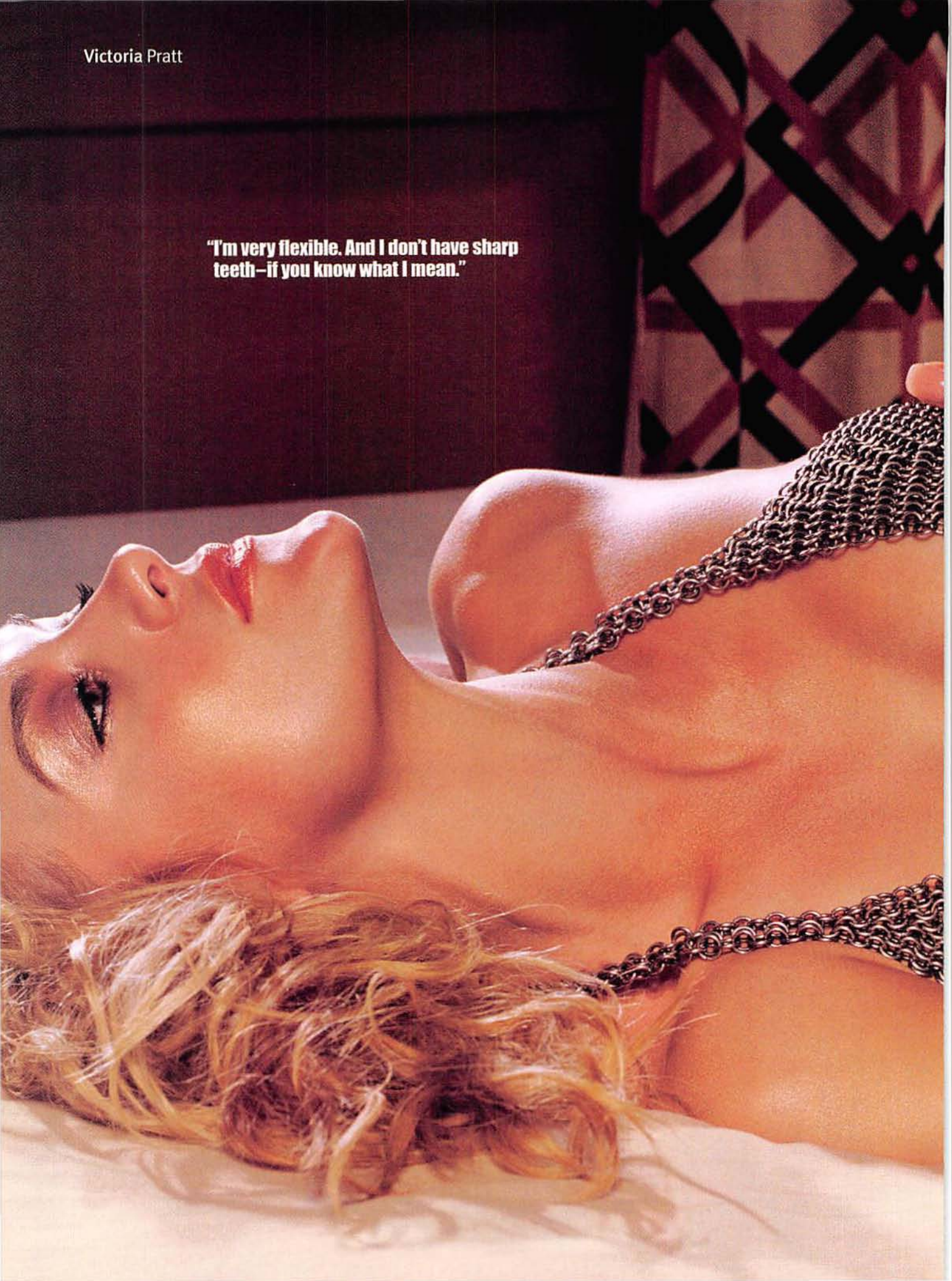
—Answer Key—

And the Oprah Winfrey/Quincy Jones interview question is:
"Do you feel you're often perceived as a man who dates only white women?"

Styling: Tanya Gill for alt1mix the agency. Hair: Keiko Hamaguchi for Celestine. Makeup: Robin Siegel for Fred Segal, with products from MAC & Chanel. For clothes, see the Where to Buy page.

Victoria Pratt

Victoria Pratt



"I'm very flexible. And I don't have sharp teeth–if you know what I mean."

Victoria Pratt
"I've had women hit on me."

rush hour l.a.

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MY ENDLESS LOVE

This Valentine's Day, get out your address book, dig up an old girlfriend and read her this heart-tugging tale of true love. It's guaranteed to warm up even the coldest stiff.

BY DAN BOVA

The year was 1899: At his castle in Weimar, Germany, Count Carl von Cosel awoke suddenly in the middle of the night. It was the strangest dream he had ever had—and one he simply could not ignore. A long-dead ancestor, Countess Anna, had visited him and showed him the face of a woman—a woman, she whispered, who was destined to be his bride. Carl tried to shake off the dream—he even got married and had two children—but the woman's face would haunt him for many years in his sauerkraut-induced slumber.

Looking for love

Finally, in 1926, Carl packed up his family and moved them to Zephyrhills, Florida. For some inexplicable reason, he was positive that his dream lover lived in the Sunshine State. Once the family was settled, Carl promptly abandoned his wife and children. He took off for Key West, where, without any formal training, he landed a job as an X-ray technician at Marine Hospital. Then he waited. For *her*.

Day in and day out, von Cosel toiled away, radiating the sick and the suffering, hoping he'd soon be looking through the woman he was meant to love. Finally, in 1930, his miracle breezed in the door: Elena Milagro Hoyos Mesa, a beautiful 20-year-old Cuban with a terrible cough. Her uncanny resemblance to the woman in his dream caused von Cosel to fall instantly, desperately in love. Suddenly, nothing else mattered; he devoted his entire practice to treating Elena's tuberculosis, giving her daily X rays and begging her to be his bride. But, alas, the lovely Elena, perhaps put off by the fact that he was older than her grandfather, politely declined—then, slightly less politely, died.

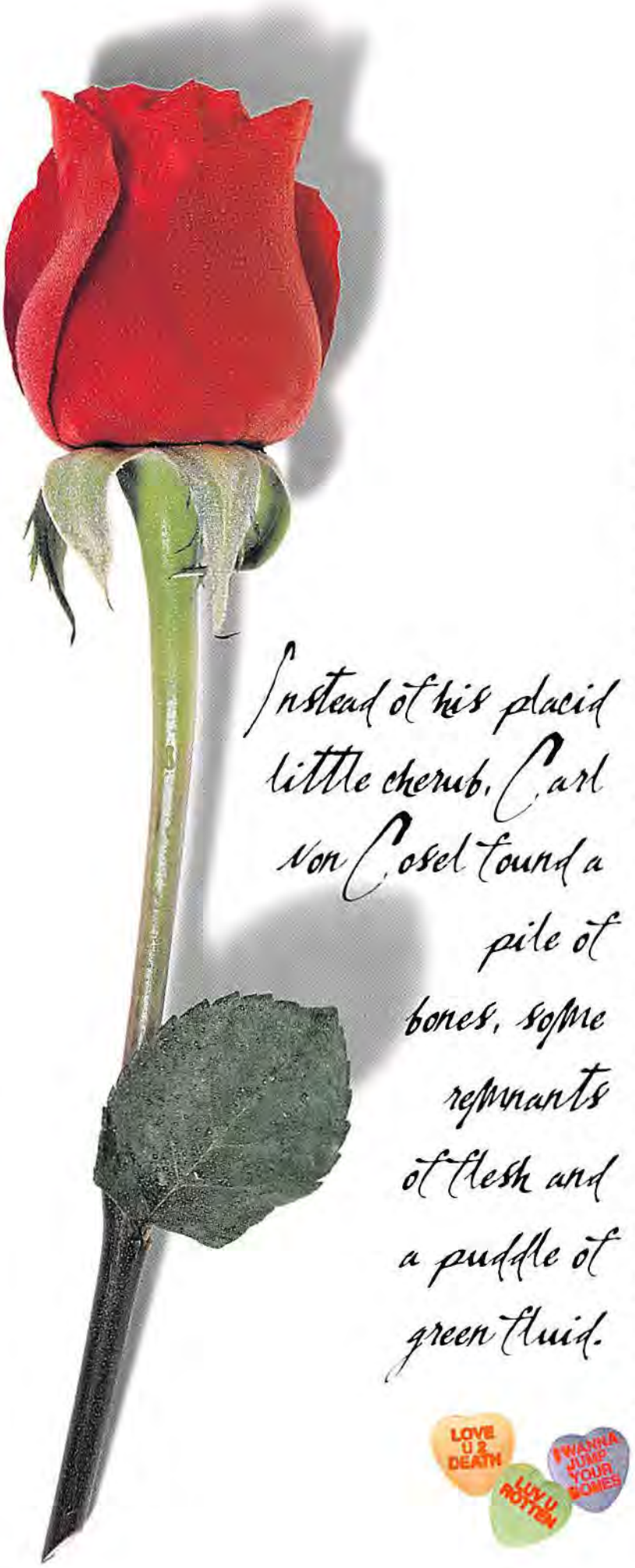
Devastated, von Cosel kept an obsessive vigil at her grave site. But that wasn't enough for the lovelorn German. Not by a long shot.

Time to get his freak on

Fearing Elena would quickly deteriorate in the ground, von Cosel got her family's permission to exhume the body and place it in a mausoleum. She was laid in a double coffin, which was outfitted with a formaldehyde-filled incubator tank to preserve her beauty for all eternity. Von Cosel then thoughtfully had a telephone placed inside the tomb, so they could "talk" on days when rain made visits impossible. During one chat session, Elena told Carl that they should be reunited. So he devised a plan: He'd use what he called a "wingless airplane" to fly her to the heavens, where the UV rays would heal her body. Germans, rockets and dead people: the timeless triangle of history. It was a good idea, one sure to work. But first he'd have to fix her face.

Beauty is bone deep

One night in 1933, Carl broke into the cemetery and removed the inner casket from Elena's mausoleum. He



Instead of his placid little cherub, Carl von Cosel found a pile of bones, some remnants of flesh and a puddle of green fluid.

put it in his wingless airplane, which was basically a tube on wheels, and dragged her back to Marine Hospital. Alone at last, Carl removed the lid from the coffin and gazed upon the angelic—yeow! Carl quickly learned that the formaldehyde-incubator thingie didn't work so well. Instead of his placid little cherub, von Cosel found a pile of bones, some remnants of flesh and a puddle of green fluid. But he was undeterred. Sure, Elena wasn't quite as beautiful as he remembered, and she had lost a lot of weight, but what counted was what was on the *inside*—which was easy enough to see. Carl climbed into the casket and held tight to what remained of her.

The next day Carl got busy. First, he lovingly strung her bones together with piano wire. Then he wrapped rags around the vast meatless portions of her body to simulate muscle. Next came the skin. It was nothing but the best for Elena: Carl wrapped most of her in fine silk, and he filled in various gaps of decayed flesh with mortician's wax. He constructed a death mask and ordered Elena pretty glass eyes—one at a time and months apart, to avoid suspicion. And her hair? Did von Cosel throw some cheap wig on his lovely's head? No, because Carl had the real thing. See, when Elena had come for all of those romantic X rays, her hair began falling out. Carl collected the strands and kept them in a safe place, and now he painstakingly returned them to her largely wax scalp.

Jealous much?

Seven years passed. Rarely was von Cosel seen by his neighbors, and when darkness descended, they'd hear him playing a church organ long into the night. As neighbors often do, they started talking.

Their jealous whispers eventually reached the ears of Elena's sister, who knocked on von Cosel's door and demanded to know what was going on inside his home. Carl decided he would live in secrecy and shame no more. He bravely led her inside, where, lying on his bed, was the lovely Elena—dressed in a wedding gown. Her sister was upset, but not as upset as you might think. She gave him a week to return Elena to her mausoleum or she'd squeal. Von Cosel refused to part with his darling, and six days later police cruelly separated the two. The town of Key West put Elena's body on display at the Lopez Funeral Home, and thousands of tourists came by to check her out. Carl was put on trial, and the nosy public soon learned every lurid detail of his seven-year postmortem marriage. (Did we mention he had apparently stitched in a tube where her vagina once was?) He was never prosecuted: The statute of limitations on grave robbing had expired.

The day von Cosel left Key West, Elena's tomb exploded. Some said it was her spirit finally going up to heaven; others think Carl planted dynamite. Elena's remains were buried in a secret location, and von Cosel moved back to Zephyrhills—near his old family—where he worked on the memoirs of his undying passion.

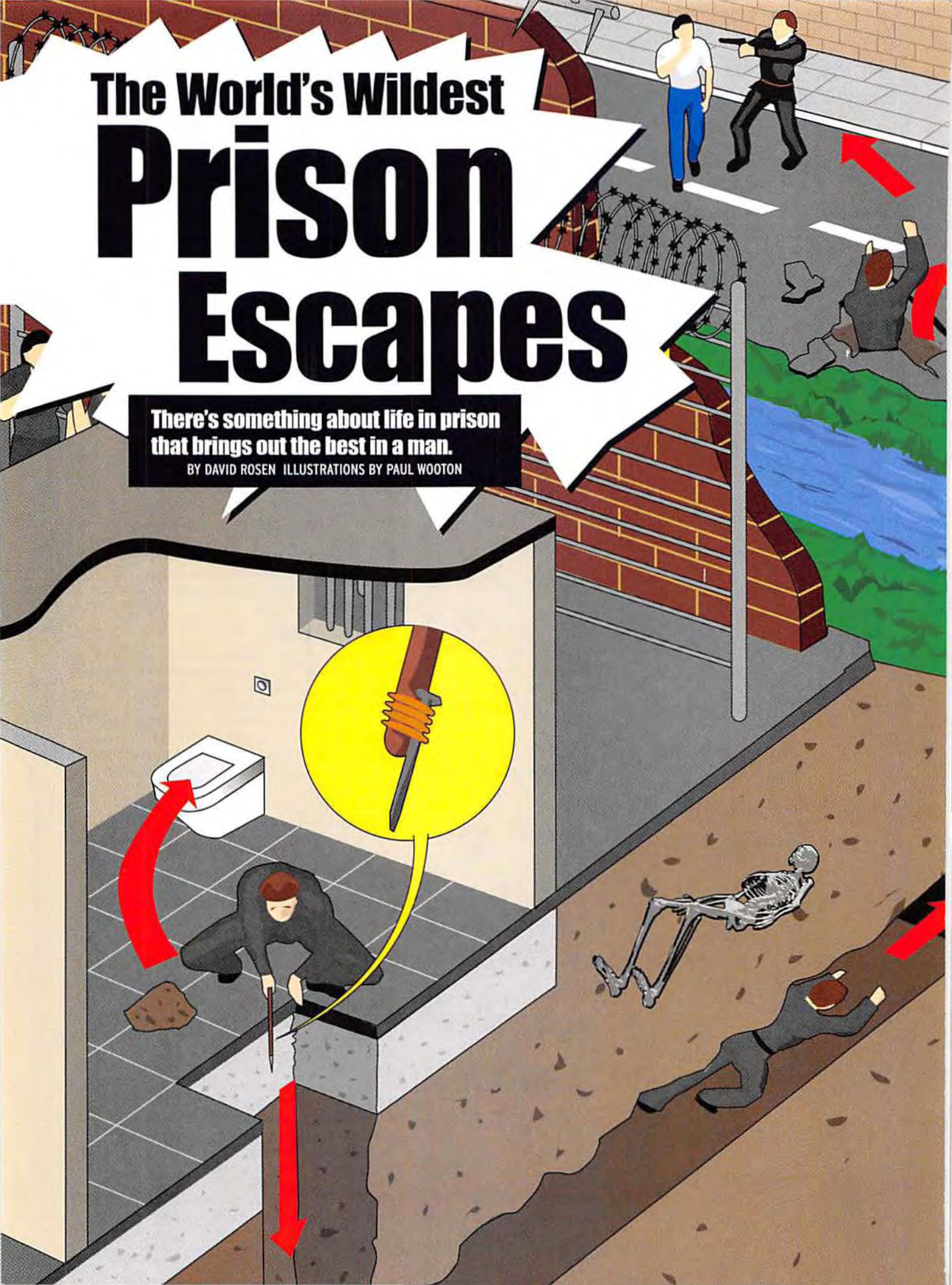
In 1952, Carl's neighbors noticed that they hadn't seen him in a while and started smelling something fishy. Upon entering his home, police discovered von Cosel dead on the floor, lying next to a plaster replica of Elena. Carl and his beloved had spent more than 20 years together and never had an argument. If that's not true love and devotion, dear readers, we don't know what is.

Photography: (Rose) Timothy Hogan.

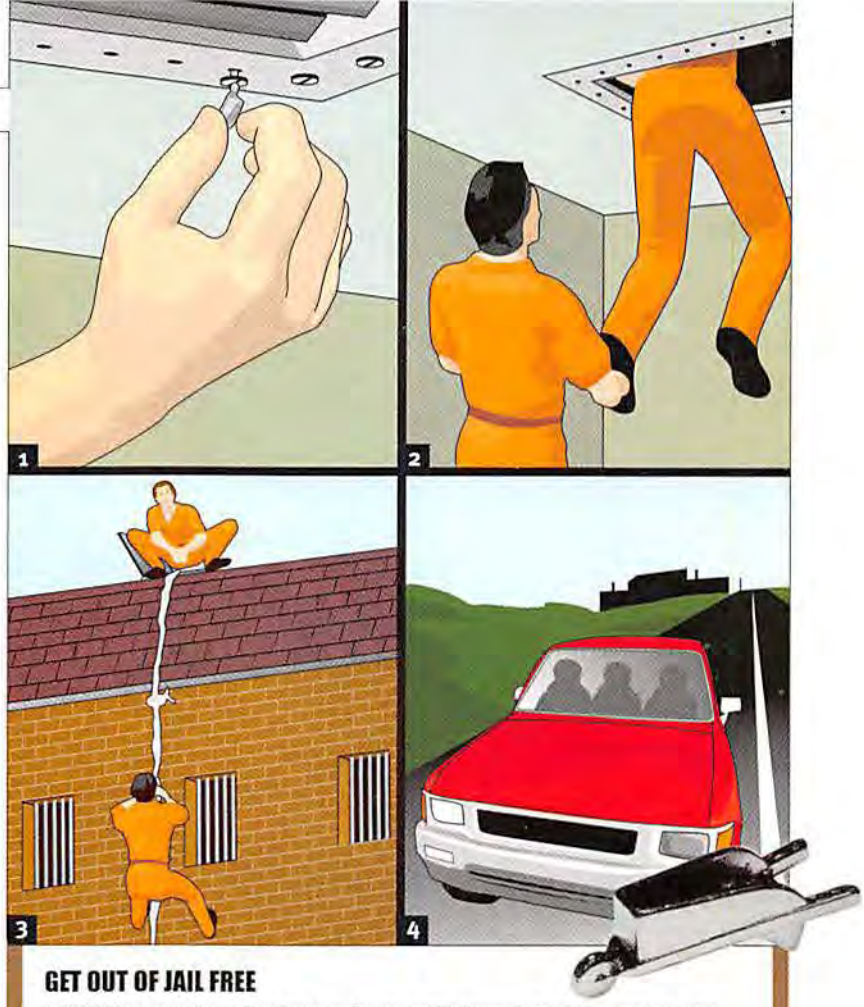
The World's Wildest Prison Escapes

There's something about life in prison that brings out the best in a man.

BY DAVID ROSEN ILLUSTRATIONS BY PAUL WOOTON



Call them stir-crazy, but inmates will do anything–dress in drag, hijack trucks, pretend to be Eddie Murphy–just to get some fresh air. You've gotta admire their gumption, if not their wardrobe (a mix of stripes and denim). Because we feel you should really be getting out more, we offer 16 extremely clever escapes to help you do just that. But we'd also like to offer an apology to our nation's inmates who read *Stuff*. Because of this story, this issue will likely be confiscated by the warden. But don't worry. Next month we'll send you a cake. Just don't bite into it too hard.



GET OUT OF JAIL FREE

In 1994, three inmates at the Faulkner County Jail in Conway, Arkansas, were playing Monopoly when they had an idea: *Let's use the wheelbarrow playing piece to loosen 20 screws on an air-duct vent!* It worked. After crawling through the ducts to the roof, they lowered themselves to the ground with a rope made of bedsheets and took off in a stolen pickup truck. Eleven years earlier, a Nevada prisoner also used the wheelbarrow piece to pick the lock on his cell. He was captured but continues to use the game's tiny iron to smooth out his clothes.

Cool hand Russell

Inmate Steven Russell made the Texas prison system look like a day-care drive-through. Nicknamed King Con Russell, the former Florida police officer escaped in 1994 after making a phone call to the district clerk to get his bail reduced. Another time, he dressed in civilian clothes and carried a walkie-talkie to masquerade as a workman. Hoodwinked guards buzzed him through. In 1996, he used a green felt-tip pen to dye his white prison uniform green to resemble surgical scrubs and walked past guards who believed he was a doctor. (After each of his escapes, he was recaptured within weeks.) In 1998, Russell forged medical records to indicate that he was dying of AIDS. He was moved to a nursing home, from which he promptly escaped before calling his parole officer to report that he had died. The state bought it, then found out the truth, and Russell bought it for 99 more years. The upside: He'll die before he serves his full term. He wins again!

The nutty prisoner

At least somebody is putting Eddie Murphy to good use. In July 2001, attempted murderer Kevin Jerome Pullum, 31, walked out of Los Angeles' Twin Towers jail by using a fake employee ID card with a photo of the actor. Pullum got the photo from an ad for the screen gem *Dr. Dolittle 2*. Wearing street clothes under his prison uniform, he dumped his jail garb in a tunnel and fled to his girlfriend's house. After a massive, 16-day manhunt, police found Pullum sitting on a milk crate on Los Angeles' skid row. He was sentenced to solitary confinement and is being fed what prison officials called a "modified diet" (we hear it's something like seared Chilean sea bass). He is representing himself in his upcoming trial, which is set for September. This time he'll be playing Denzel Washington from *Philadelphia*.

THE HUMAN BEAVER

"Tunnel Joe" Holmes dug a hole through the floor of the Maryland State Penitentiary and under the prison wall in 1949. Might not seem like such a big deal, but consider this: Holmes did the work alone, four hours every night for 20 months, cutting through two inches of slate flooring and drilling through 10 inches of concrete using only a stick with a nail attached to the end. He tunneled more than 70 feet, removing nine tons of earth, which he flushed down the toilet in his cell. On the day of his escape, he burrowed under the penitentiary's wall and surrounding moat, then surfaced on a city street, where he–like any good escaped convict–ran for it. He was recaptured after pulling a gun on a man to steal five dollars and was sentenced to 20 more years. As for the tunnel, it's still there, but no prisoner dares to use it–it has spiders!

Holmes was going to miss Warden Jones, but he had his e-mail address. They could always stay in touch!

Convicts with cavities

Tim Dummer and Guy Dunwald broke out of Wisconsin's Green Bay Correctional Institution by scaling the prison wall using rope they'd braided from thousands of yards of dental floss. While working outside their cells on snow-shoveling duty, Dummer and Dunwald threw the makeshift ropes–one of which had a grappling hook attached to it, and another with a broomstick tied to the end–over the wall and nearly snuck out before being caught. In a similar incident in 1999, José Lores-Guerra, a convicted felon awaiting trial on burglary charges in Iowa, used a toothbrush to pick a lock at the Fayette County Jail and jumped out of the window. He was recaptured a day later. He looked depressed, but his gums were healthy and pink. ▷▷▷

"Adios, prison!" exclaimed Willem. Oh, did we mention that he knows Spanish?

POT SMUGGLER IS NO DOPE

A Dutch pot smuggler did something Napoleon never could: escape from St. Helena, a British prison built on a 47-square-mile island of volcanic rock. Willem Merk was three years into a 15-year sentence (he was caught with more than $20 million worth of hash) when he escaped by using soap to make copies of prison keys, which guards left out while they went to the john. He left an audio tape of himself snoring in his cell, then set sail on a driftwood-and-styrofoam boat he'd paid an islander (whom he'd met on an extended exercise break) $150 to make. With only a page torn out of an atlas for a map, 15 cans of beans, a can opener and a fishing rod, Merk floated 2,000 miles to Brazil without a compass or a radio. Upon landing, he appealed to the Dutch embassy, which repatriated him to Holland. He's now a free man. A free, stoned man.

Prison dude looks like a lady

Michael Dee escaped from an Oregon jail dressed as Michelle. During a meeting of the inmate's club Freedom Now, Dee's friend faked a heart attack, which enabled Dee to wrap a skirt and blouse (probably passed to him by a visitor) around himself. Dee then walked out of the prison with a group of visitors. He started to run (smart thinking!), which tipped off prison guards, who gave chase and caught him. Damn those heels!

Trading places

In 1998, in a grimy Virginia cell, Elmer Floyd struck a deal with his roomie. He offered Lowell Thornton Jr. $2,500 to swap identities. (Thornton was being held awaiting $15,000 bond for burglary and credit-card theft; Floyd was being held for 10 times as much for 20 outstanding warrants.) The pair exchanged plastic wristbands, which held their computerized mug shots. Floyd shaved his beard, cut off his braids and grew a thin mustache to look more like Thornton, then memorized his cellmate's vital information. When the bail bondsman showed up Saturday morning to spring Thornton, Floyd walked out. A sergeant checked his mug shot against his face and asked him his mother's name. He answered correctly and walked away. Jail officials didn't discover that Floyd was gone until later that day when Thornton got nervous and confessed. Floyd was captured eight days later–or at least we're pretty sure it was Floyd.

"You look just like me!" Elmer told Lowell. So Lowell bit off his nose.

Bad mama jama

A mother's work is never done. In 1998, Sandra "Mama" Sigler sprang her son from a maximum-security prison in the Florida Everglades by having her boyfriend plow a big-rig truck, going at top speed, through the prison gate. Mama followed behind in her yellow Cutlass Supreme. Her son jumped

Texas Seven Escape...

Wanna escape from the big house but you're too lazy to come up with a plan? Here's how seven thugs broke out and evaded a police manhunt for more than a month.

DECEMBER 13, 2000, 11:20 A.M.
Six inmates working in the maintenance unit of Connally Prison near Kenedy, Texas, get permission to have a working lunch inside the maintenance shop.

11:30 A.M.
A seventh inmate joins them in the office.

11:45 A.M.–1:00 P.M.
As supervisors and correctional officers return from lunch, the inmates take them hostage and lock them in an electrical closet.

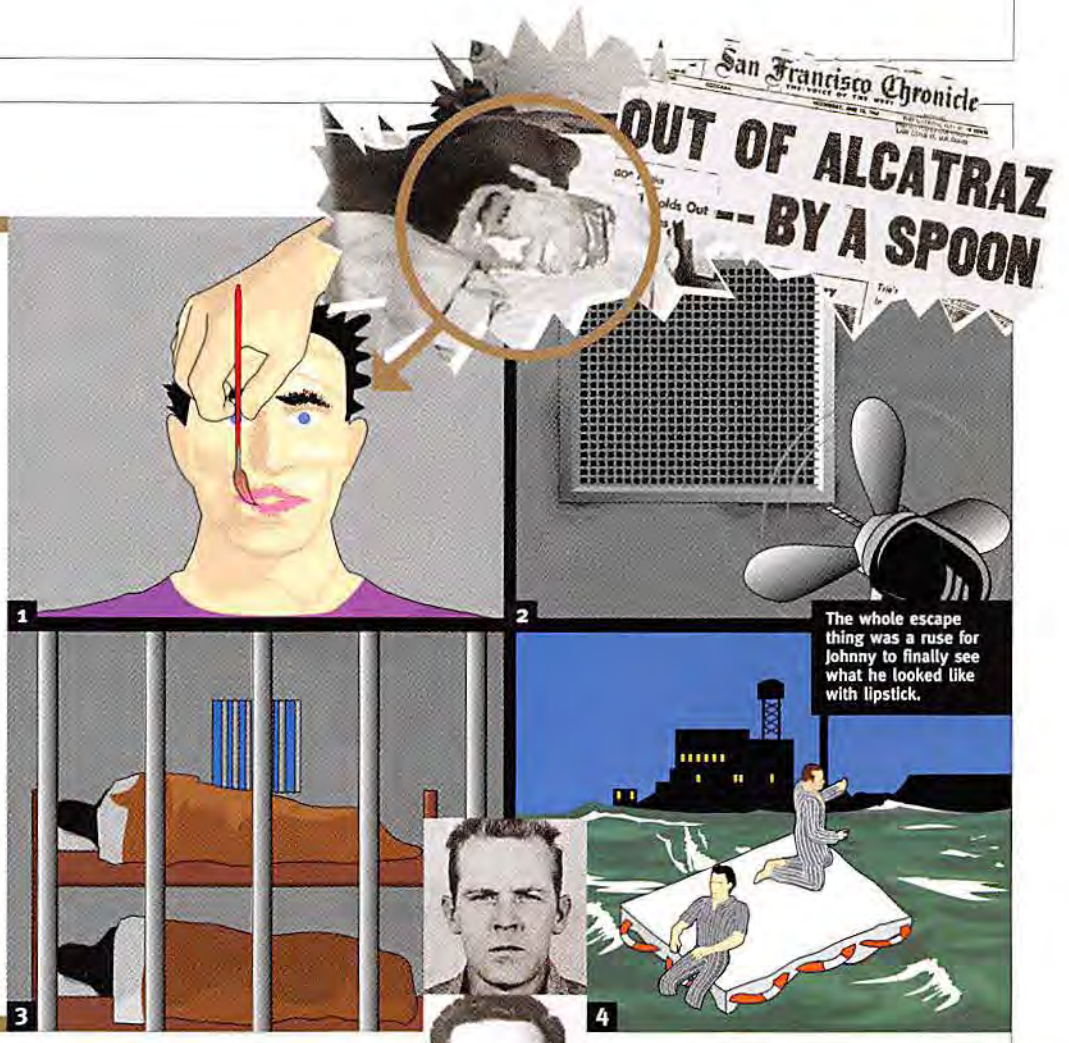
1:20 P.M.
One of the inmates, identifying himself as a maintenance supervisor, calls the back-gate guard tower and says he's sending personnel to install video-surveillance equipment.

1:40 P.M.
Two men wearing street clothes and two inmates carrying toolboxes and video equipment approach the back-gate office, where they proceed to overpower the officer on duty.

1:45 P.M.
The inmates take a maintenance truck and load it up with the weapons they stole. Then they drive out of the prison undetected.

4:00 P.M.
They ditch the truck behind a Wal-Mart and leave in two vehicles that were left in the lot by friends of a convict.

"Chief? I'm at the crime scene. I'm looking for the unmarked grave, but all I see is a decomposing body. What should I do?"



The whole escape thing was a ruse for Johnny to finally see what he looked like with lipstick.

ESCAPE FROM ALCATRAZ

The real-life escape from Alcatraz made famous by Clint Eastwood's silly little movie version: First the prisoners constructed dummies with homemade cement (made with soap and toilet paper), flesh-colored paint and hair stolen from the barbershop. They stole 50 raincoats and made a raft with glue taken from the prison glove shop. The boat's motor was made from an electric hair clipper. After spending six months chipping away at the concrete around the prison's air shafts with a drill made from a fan, the inmates left the dummies in their beds, crawled through the shafts and hit the water. They were never found. The dummies? They share a house in San Francisco, where a relationship like that is celebrated rather than ridiculed.

into the car and all three sped away, crashing through another set of nine-foot-tall steel doors, then tearing through three more gates. They were caught two hours later. "The mother masterminded everything," said one guard. "An escape like this usually happens only in the movies." Well, every movie is an escape, if you really think about it.

Trashy tale

Bradley Louis Allen, a convicted meth distributor, was on duty in Ohio's Weber County Jail kitchen when he climbed into the garbage bin and piled trash on top of himself. Sanitation workers took out the garbage, taking Allen along. He surfaced at a city intersection, where he was almost instantly recognized and recaptured. "They might be clandestine meth cooks," said police sergeant Tony Huemiller of cons like Allen, "but they're obviously not rocket scientists." Well, just one look at Allen's college transcripts will tell you that–the guy barely squeaked through physics!

Damn bum knee

In September 2001, 38-year-old Terence M. Brewer escaped from the Mercer County Correctional Center in New Jersey by climbing 30 feet onto the prison roof, jumping off and breaking his heel. Guards found him on the ground lying facedown. Having shed his orange jumpsuit, Brewer convinced guards that he was a visitor who had aggravated an old football injury. An ambulance arrived, and Brewer was loaded onto a backboard, with seven guards and a deputy warden standing over him. He was then driven to a nearby hospital, from which he walked away. He didn't like the food.

Alcatraz, maybe. But could they escape their love of Italian cinema? How the hell should we know?

Gramps on the lam

Forrest "Woody" Tucker was first imprisoned for theft in 1935, and since then the ▷▷▷

...and Texas Seven Capture

Steve didn't want to take off his shirt, but when the reporters showed up, he really had no other choice.

DECEMBER 15

Two escapees steal police-radio scanners from a RadioShack near Houston.

DECEMBER 18

Three others rob an Auto Zone store in Houston, stealing cash and a car.

DECEMBER 24

The convicts rob a sporting-goods store in Irving, Texas, using their radio scanners to monitor police activity. They then kill a responding officer. They are able to escape with $70,000 in cash and checks, 25 weapons and assorted clothing.

JANUARY 21

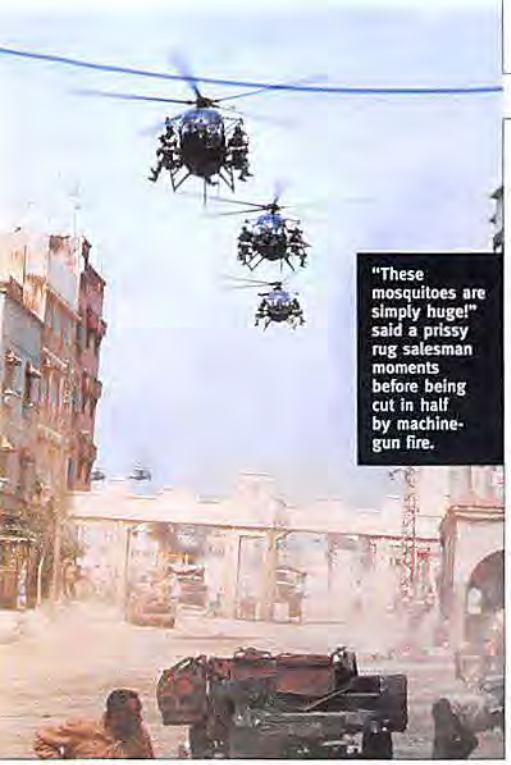
Law-enforcement officers receive helpful tips from some trailer-park residents living outside Colorado Springs, Colorado. The residents watched an *America's Most Wanted* report on the convicts and realized they were living next door.

JANUARY 22

Officers outside Colorado Springs arrest four of the seven fugitives. A fifth, barricaded inside a trailer, kills himself.

JANUARY 24

The last two Texas Seven fugitives finally surrender at a Holiday Inn in Colorado Springs, after their request for a television interview is granted. During the resulting TV interview, they blame the Texas prison system for the escape, saying that the guards mistreated them–the group included two murderers, one child beater, a robber, a kidnapper, and two rapists. For an encore, they'll probably bitch that the lethal-injection needles just aren't sanitary.



"These mosquitoes are simply huge!" said a prissy rug salesman moments before being cut in half by machine-gun fire.

The Greatest Escape

If keys fashioned out of soap don't spring you from jail, the Black Hawk helicopter should do the trick.

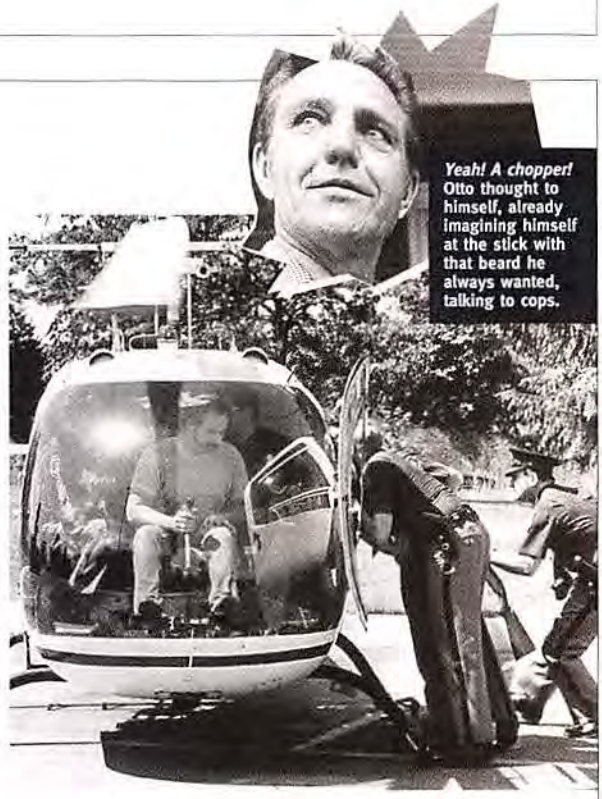
HOW MUCH JUICE DOES IT HAVE?

WEIGHT Fully loaded, it weighs 10 tons (that's the equivalent of four fully loaded Matthew Perrys!) and stretches nearly 65 feet.
POWER Twin 1,700-horsepower engines power the titanium-and-fiberglass blades.
PERFORMANCE Can cruise at 160 mph for more than 10 hours, just long enough to get you where you need to go *and* have a delicious in-flight meal.
CAPACITY The cabin holds 11 fully armed soldiers–er, convicts–plus pilots, one crew member and a door gunner who pelts anything below using either a .50-caliber or a 7.62mm machine gun. Much like a flatulent pigeon, only more accurate.
MISSILES If it's more of a blowing-up-things day, there's plenty of room for a 105mm howitzer and the six guys it takes to fire it.

SO, HOW WILL IT DO FOR PRISON BREAKS?

Pretty well. Sure, Black Hawks have been shot down (in 1993), but it was so unexpected that they made a movie about it (see *Black Hawk Down*). Some genuine advantages you'll have when using it for quick getaways:
IT'S BULLETPROOF The UH-60 Black Hawk's armor coating can fend off small-arms fire, explosives and shanks. The electronic countermeasures pods (ECMs) can divert surface-to-air missiles, like Stingers, which can really sting. Seriously, they hurt!
IT'S GROUNDPROOF The aircraft and crew can survive hitting the ground at up to 137 mph, and the fuel container is crash-resistant. The thing can also fly for half an hour with half a rotor blade, so you can save a little by buying one blade and cutting it in two.
IT'S BOMBPROOF If things are exploding and on fire everywhere, it's cool, because the titanium used to make the blades has a melting point of 3,300 degrees. So while it can't land on the sun, it can set down in Brooke Burke's backyard. *–Charlie Hasbrouck*

now-81-year-old Californian has broken out more than a pubescent paperboy. In 1956, he was taken from Alcatraz to a Los Angeles hospital for a kidney operation. While rolling into the operating room, a handcuffed Tucker escaped. (He was caught five hours later.) In 1979, Tucker and two other inmates escaped from San Quentin by making a 14-foot kayak in the prison wood shop. After painting it the colors of a nearby yacht club, he made himself a hat with the club's insignia on it, then paddled away during a club regatta. (He won third prize for stylish wardrobe along the way.) He was free until 1983, when a 63-year-old Tucker was arrested as a member of the Over-the-Hill Gang, a band of senior-citizen robbers. Even then he escaped, stealing a woman's car at gunpoint. Tucker's last stand: a 1999 bank robbery in Jupiter, Florida. He was caught and sentenced to 13 years in prison. In total, he made 18 clean escapes. And we can't even get out of doing laundry.



Yeah! A chopper! Otto thought to himself, already imagining himself at the stick with that beard he always wanted, talking to cops.

Breakout, Bronson-style

Inmates are like us. They get all their best ideas from TV. Dale Otto Remling broke out of a Michigan prison in 1975 after seeing an ad for the Bronson flick *Breakout*. Plotting to copy the film's escape scene, Remling convinced a friend to hijack a helicopter, then force the pilot to fly into the prison and land near a red handkerchief Remling left on the yard. It all went according to plan: The con hopped aboard, they took off and the copter landed five miles away, where getaway cars were waiting. Remling was soon arrested at a nearby bar. Then he hid behind a red cape and turned himself into a dove. The crowd loved it!

IT TAKES A VILLAGE

In 1980, four dead men walking sprinted from Georgia's death row. They had some help. As many as nine buddies, including several relatives and possibly a prison guard, assisted in their ingenious plan. The prisoners sawed through prison bars with hacksaw blades sent to them by one convict's aunt in the handle of a portable radio. A guard was charged with giving them pieces of guard uniforms to use as patterns, from which they made fake guard uniforms out of pajamas stained with blue dye that was mailed to them in a stereo headset by an accomplice. The day before the escape, one of the convicts' relatives left a car and change of clothes in the prison parking lot. For all their trouble, the inmates were arrested just two days after their escape, and one was found beaten to death. Police suspect suicide.

FROM THE PUBLISHERS OF

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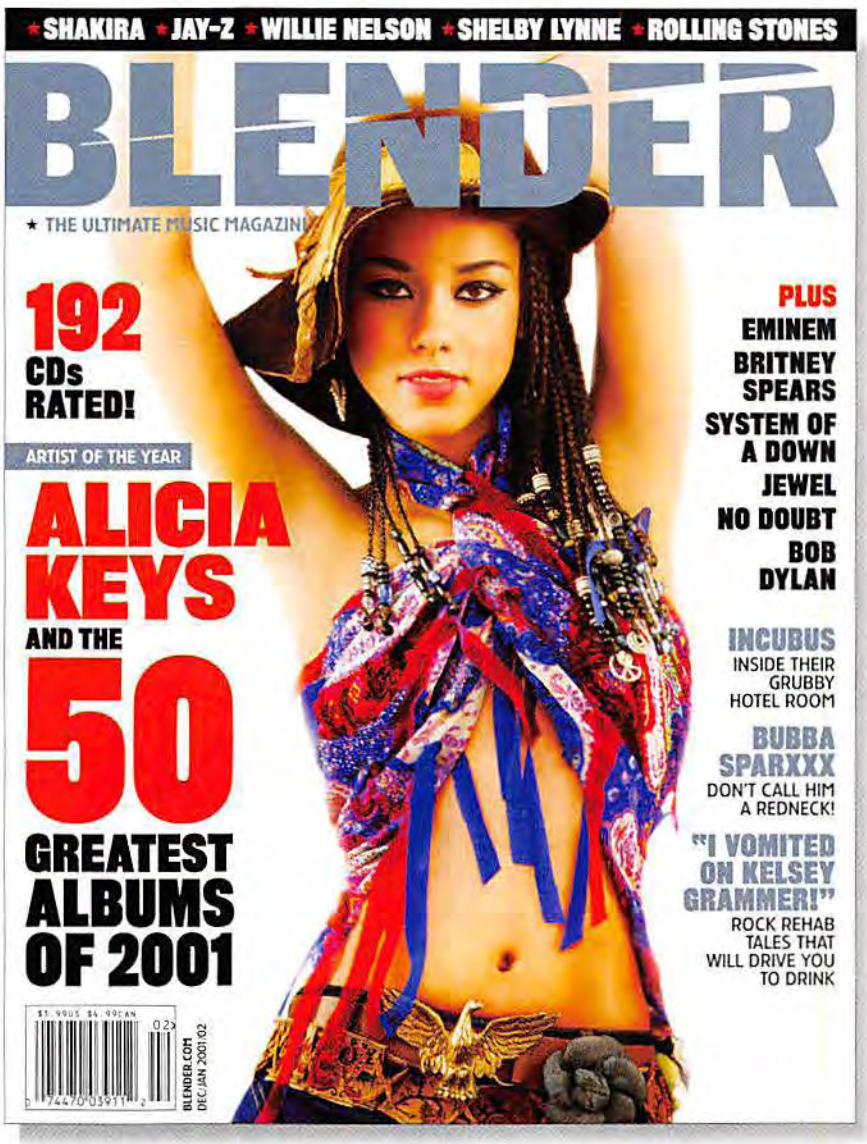

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www.apple.com

PHOTOGRAPH BY SHIN OHIRA

STUFF1

ATVs

These new machines allow you to go places you never dreamed possible—like outside your living room.

BY BILL HEALD

1 **KAWASAKI PRAIRIE 650** $7,000
The Prairie's V-Twin brings a new level of power and smoothness to the heavyweight class. The engine, which is shorter than the single-cylinder motors the other guys use, lowers the center of gravity and improves handling. The Prairie tows up to 1,250 pounds, more than any other ATV on this planet. Or any other planet—even Burger Planet. We checked. **www.kawasaki.com**

2 **SUZUKI VINSON** $6,600
Suzuki calls this monster a sport-utility ATV, an obvious marketing ploy to corral the soccer-mom/moose-hunter niche. Standard four-wheel drive, a torque-spitting 493cc engine and a limited-slip front differential (that transfers more power to the front wheel with traction if the other starts to slip) are all at your fingertips. Also at your fingertips: your nails. **www.suzuki.com**

3 **HONDA SPORTRAX 250EX** $3,900
Honda's combination of a zippy 229cc air-cooled engine, rear-wheel-drive chassis and automatic transmission is the model of peppy simplicity. The Sportrax blasts across sand dunes while heavier machines mope around, droning on about how their pants don't fit anymore. **www.hondamotorcycle.com**

4 **YAMAHA GRIZZLY 4x4** $7,000
The Grizzly's 660cc engine, one of the largest available in a utility ATV, will turn Mother Nature into your own personal dock whore. Throw down an extra $300 and you can get this beast with a camouflage paint job. All those deer you're stalking will think you're just a really loud and smoky piece of shrubbery. The joke's on them when they find arrows in their butts! **www.yamaha-motor.com**

5 **BOMBARDIER QUEST 650** $7,000
Feel like taking a trip? With the largest fuel capacity on the market (5.8 gallons), the Quest can either take you farther away from civilization than any other ATV or—with just one oily rag and a match—make a really big explosion. **www.bombardier-atv.com**

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4

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STUFF 1a: Coffins What to wear when you forget your helmet.

Fairway to Heaven, $2,500
www.artcaskets.com

He made her a golf widow...literally!

The Race Is Over, $2,500
www.artcaskets.com

A good pit crew can bury it in 10 seconds.

Arlington, $1,425
www.casketroyale.com

Grandpa's always wandering off!

Can't these guys see the fight erupting all around them? No, they cannot. They're blind. Which makes it even weirder that they're playing cards.

STUFF2 RYE WHISKEY

Not for the faint of stomach.

BY JEFFERY LINDENMUTH, EXPERT COMMENTARY FROM JOHN HANSELL, EDITOR OF *MALT ADVOCATE*

WILD TURKEY RYE $20

★★★

Expert says: Because of the higher proof (101), it's a bit bolder than, say, Jim Beam. The caramel and vanilla flavors are a little more intense but less spicy. There's also more texture and just a little oiliness.

We say: We never caught any of the vanilla, but does "Sweet Lord, it burns!" count as a flavor?

www.wildturkeybourbon.com

SAZERAC KENTUCKY STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY $40

★★★★★

Expert says: The boldness of the rye can stand up to all the dry oak flavors from 18 years of aging. The wood notes are strong–it's got a molasses texture and a toffee flavor, almost to the point of being profoundly leathery.

We say: Hey, just like Grandma!

502-696-5950

VAN WINKLE FAMILY RESERVE RYE $30

★★★★

Expert says: This was the first rye whiskey to be premium aged. The rye is toned down, and you can pick up the caramel and toffee flavors from the wood. It costs a little more than most, but it's worth it.

We say: So is whole life insurance. Don't get suckered into that lousy term crap.

www.oldripvanwinkle.com

OLD POTRERO STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY $90

★★★★

Expert says: Potrero is 100 percent malted rye that undergoes a pot distillation versus a column distillation, which cranks up the intensity even more. This is in-your-face rye whiskey the way it used to be.

We say: You know what else is in-your-face? Our fist after four shots of this stuff!

www.anchorbrewing.com

JIM BEAM RYE $13

★★★

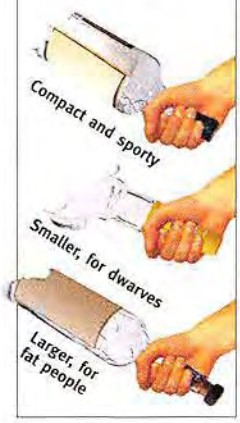
Expert says: There's a minty, fruity character from the rye, but the oak aging also gives the Jim Beam a nice balance of sweet corn with hints of vanilla and caramel flavors. Bottom line: It's a very established, very traditional rye.

We say: Our favorite tradition? America's economic stranglehold on Cuba. Just because it's spiteful!

866-522-6245

STUFF2a: Whiskey Weaponry

Nothing ends an argument better.



Photography: Shim Onira

If you've ever wanted to increase erection size, you're not alone. Now, thanks to Enzyte, you can.

Maximize the Pleasure In studies, Enzyte has been shown to increase erection size. Most men on the Enzyte program report an increase in size from 12 to 31%, with an average reported increase of 24%.* Additional benefits of Enzyte include increased sexual virility, energy, and stamina.

How Enzyte Works Enzyte is a natural vasodilator, that is, it stimulates blood flow to enhance engorgement during arousal, creating longer, fuller erections for a more satisfying sexual experience. Take two Enzyte capsules daily, and within just three to four weeks, you will begin to see results. For maximum effectiveness, continue to take Enzyte for four to five months.**

Quality Assurance. *Enzyte is 100% safe and all natural, consisting of the highest quality ingredients. Each bottle of Enzyte is packaged to meet the highest standards and is fully backed by our Customer Satisfaction Guarantee (CSG).*

Ask your doctor if Enzyte is right for you, then visit us on the web at www.enzyte.com, or call us directly, and get started today: 1-877-4ENZYTE (1-877-436-9983).

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*Study results based on customer response. **Individual results may vary.
Enzyte is not a contraceptive and will not aid in the prevention of sexually transmitted diseases.
All calls as well as any material sent to you are kept completely confidential.

Lifekey Health Care, Inc., Cincinnati, OH
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STF1201

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STUFF3 SUPER BOWL SPECIAL

It's bowling gear! Has the irony hit you yet? No? Call us when it does.

BY R.M. PARISH PHOTOGRAPHS BY PLAMEN PETKOV

Randy the Helpful Pineapple says: "Just an FYI, the earliest record of bowling goes back 7,000 years to ancient Egypt, where artifacts were found in the ruins of a pyramid. It's the sport of pharaohs *and* rednecks. That's the gist!"

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1 **QUASAR BOWLING BALL** $128
The ultimate in late-night bowling, the Quasar features built-in red and blue lights that blink on contact with the lanes. Use it and you shall be applauded—nay, revered—in alleys across the land. Bad news for the ladies: The Quasar isn't approved by the Women's International Bowling Congress. But they never approve of anything. Like our last girlfriend. No one's ever good enough for them! **www.ebonite.com**

2 **LINDS MEN'S CLASSIC EXXXTRA** $150
Linds have fully padded collars and tongues, absorbent linings, replaceable cushioned foot beds, supple leather and superior Goodyear welt construction. All this attention to comfort might leave you wondering if they make underwear, too. They do not. **www.linds.com**

3 **ULTRA-DRY GRIP SACKS** $6
Whether it's due to the stress of getting those 7-10 splits or to some congenital gland problem, bowlers tend to sweat like pigs. Ebonite's Grip Sacks absorb moisture and eliminate stickiness—leaving bowlers with nothing, really. **www.ebonite.com**

4 **COBRA WRIST SUPPORT** $42
The fantastical Cobra helps you create two different types of roll simultaneously (forward roll and side spin). Is that a good thing? We have no idea, nor any inclination to find out. We bid you good day. **www.cobraproducts.com**

5 **AMF PRO ROLLER BAG** $57
The Single Ball Roller has a pocket for your shoes, extra-large plastic wheels for a smooth roll and a molded cup to keep your ball securely in place. If we were some other magazine, we'd make a testicle joke right now. But we're not, so we won't. Move on already. **www.amf.com**

STUFF3a: Weight Loss

Inside every fat bowler is a skinny bowler yearning for release—and air.

Hollywood 30-Day Miracle Diet, $130, 800-211-3058

Perfect for thirsty fat people.

Fat Metabolizer Plus, $25, www.earthspharmacy.com

Sprinkle on ice cream.

Weight Release Hypnotherapy, $19, www.hyptalk.com

Wasting money is fun!

THE ROAD SCHOLAR

A little neon around the license plate and this puppy's perfect.

CLASSACTION

The new Benz C230 Sports Coupe can carry a box with 25 hens in it and still have room for a French horn and a six-pack—which is all Marty Padgett needs for a perfect date.

Doing jury duty down at the courthouse is both exhilarating and irritating. It's a steady thrill to squeeze my way through the selection process and then tamper with the other jury members, especially the elderly ones who never see it coming. But it's *impossible* to find adequate parking for my company car, even if I remove the giant plastic weenie from the top.

For those with a fragile ego and a wallet to match, the C230 is the perfect means to bluff your way into higher society. Among its charms, the Sports Coupe boasts a feisty 192-horsepower, four-cylinder engine, pumped up with a supercharger. It's called the Kompressor, which, coincidentally, was the handle of East Germany's most famous wrestler of the 1970s. (He was born a woman.)

The C230 only gets better the lower you go. Under its steely petticoats, there's a six-speed gearbox for those times when playing with five speeds just isn't tactile enough. And since it has rear-wheel drive, you can spin doughnuts around the carts down at the Safeway lot. Once you get the timing right on the antilock brakes and find an escape route, it's free ham for the entire summer.

The Iraqi mother of five I've been dating was really happy that the C-Class had extra safety features such as the curtain-shaped air bags—she called them "balloon horseshoes of love and safety"—and something called stability control, which she sadly lacks (that, and her bicuspids).

The C230 costs about 10 grand more than a PT Cruiser, but that Mercedes hood ornament works like a magnet when picking up chicks in the more posh 'hoods of Baghdad. I'm slapping that giant sausage on the roof and making this one my own. It's all beef, Fatima!

2002 MERCEDES-BENZ C230 SPORTS COUPE

BASE PRICE	About $25,000 if you go easy on the options.
THE GOODS	192 horses, supercharger, six-speed gearbox, eight air bags—plus the big-ass logo on the grille.
SPEED	Takes about seven seconds to get to 60 mph. Less if you drop it over a cliff.
TOP SPEED	Around 120 mph.
X FACTOR	Love is owning a Benz without having to pawn your illegitimate children.

THE AIR BAG

A left turn into the parking garage of our mind.

Rolls easily over vagrants.

Z you later

Imagine it's next summer and instead of tangling yourself in ill-fitting swimwear, you go car shopping. Or—better idea—you do both! At your local Nissan dealer, you'll find the 3.5-liter V-6 350Z ($30,000). The bodacious follow-up to both the late, beloved '90s 300ZX and the '70s Datsun 240Z will pack 260 horses and a six-speed transmission. You in San Francisco, a Speedo and a new Z means lots of new friends! **www.nissandriven.com**

A visionary Pioneer

The AVX-P7300DVD ($1,800) plays CDs and DVDs in solid, interstate comfort. Downside: Its seven-inch screen forces you to unbuckle your seat belt so you can get real close, which makes it hard to see your hair in the rearview mirror. **www.pioneerelectronics.com**

Deadly SS

Basically your mom's slothful V-6-powered Monte Carlo underneath a coat of black paint and NASCAR details ($29,575), this is what Earnhardt's famous No.3 car would have looked like if he'd lived long enough to drive himself to the nursing home. A sunroof comes standard. A sticker of Calvin pissing on a Ford logo? Optional. **www.chevrolet.com**

RETAIL PRICE $799. ON YOUR WRIST $179. IN YOUR POCKET $620.

The Klaus Kobec Couture Sports. A high fashion timepiece designed for the cosmopolitan man or woman and sports professional alike, is now available direct from the manufacturer at the astonishingly low price of $179 – a saving of $620 on the retail price of $799. So how can we make an offer like this? The answer is beautifully simple. We have no middleman to pay. No retail overheads to pay. And not the usual mark-up to make, which on luxury items (including watches) can be enormous. We just make beautiful watches, beautifully simple to buy.

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Timepieces International, 3580 North West 56th Street, Fort Lauderdale, Florida 33309. Fax: (954) 733-3860

StuffStyle

GET YOUR ASS IN GEAR

At Ease

This cotton and Lycra shirt from Gene Meyer ($160) is a welcome step up from going shirtless. Plus, the stripes add a bit of military flair, which can't hurt in this day and age. Know what does hurt? Spinal taps. 212-308-4412

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALEX CAO
STYLING BY KELLY RAE

CLOTHES MINDED

Fashion news for the wardrobe impaired.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TIMOTHY HOGAN FOR VERNON JOLLY

A Real Barn Burner

Made with 100 percent heavy-duty cotton, Wrangler's Work Western shirt ($30) is available with either buttons or snaps. Interesting side note: Wrangler will be the first-ever title sponsor of the National Finals Rodeo this year. OK, maybe it wasn't that interesting. **www.wrangler.com**

Mad Science

New at select Bloomingdale's stores: the Lab. Stocked with selections from DDC Lab, James Perse and other designers, the Lab filters out all the frilly stuff, putting the things you need in one little place. The result? Shopping is now easier than breathing. So stop already—with that silly breathing thing. **www.bloomingdales.com**

Shoe Glue

Mac Daddy skateboard shoes by Power ($60) employ Omnigrip for better traction between the board and your feet. The Omnifit system provides incredible support and balance while you ride. Your health insurance plan will, in turn, help pay for the inevitable reconstructive surgery. **www.power-skate.com**

Clean Up Your Act

So you've been asking yourself: *Where can a simple man like me find natural botanical extracts such as grapefruit oil, aloe vera and shea butter all in one place?* That's right! American Eagle's new line of Alive Revitalize grooming products ($9–$13). Damn, you're getting good at this. AE's collection of bath goop will leave everything sparkling clean, except your filthy imagination. You'll need prayer for that. **www.ae.com**

Roll with It

Part machine, part, uh... sneaker, Skechers 4 Wheelers ($125) have built-in indoor-outdoor wheels for easy rolling and molded-rubber brakes for simple stopping. The brakes cannot, however, stop you from falling in love. But syphilis sure can! **www.skechers.com**

Styling: Mr. Rach

Big Bang

Grenade, the subversive clothing company helmed by pro rider Danny Kass, represents the delicious punk-rock attitude of snowboarding. (Who knew it had a chewy center?) This new sweatshirt ($45), complete with the Grenade logo, is supercool yet warm and cozy. Just like a thermos made of fur! **760-934-1969**

The Freshmaker

What, you thought this blurb was going to be about Mentos? Freshjive's hip new collection features chunky, clunky products such as the Stone Age wristband ($14). Wristbands make great cheap presents for blind people—tell 'em it's a watch! **www.freshjive.com**

We'll Be Brief

Calvin Klein's new underwear is made of densely woven 100-percent cotton for extra softness. And that's about as comfortable as we feel discussing men's underwear. (Calvin Klein Body for Men, $19) **Macy's and Bloomingdale's all over the place**

Asia's in the House

The 2002 spring collection from Guess? takes its cue from those people living way out in the Far East. Look for natural cotton tops, lightweight denim and linen-hemp combos. It's just like going on a trip to Bali, but without any actual interaction with strange and exciting cultures. And that's exactly how we like it, thank you! (Kura shirt, $68) **800-39-GUESS**

Aquaman

World-renowned designers Oliver Ike and Marc Newson are the brains behind the limited-edition Manatee ($3,350). The watch features Swiss movement (and, oh, how those Swiss move) and a system of dials that allows you to tell time in 24 time zones. Know what else is clever? Stand-up comics. Where do they come up with that stuff? **Tourneau, NYC, and Neiman Marcus stores**

Rhymes with Bonk

Co-owned by New York Knick Allan Houston, OUNK (short for Oh U Now Know) sportswear's new Cloud Pants ($60) will let you reach for the sky—or just rain on everyone's parade. Of course we'd have to shoot you for using such awful cloud metaphors. But it'd just be in the foot. **www.ounk.com**

Rapper's Delight

Emixshow magazine focuses on the world of hip-hop with the same zeal secretaries have for Midol. Targeted toward DJs, each issue has exclusive interviews and comes with two new records to spin. Some might find the $400 annual subscription rate steep. These people are called normal. **212-375-6211**

Garden Party

Part of its new plant-inspired bath line, Diesel Green fragrance (75 milliliters, $44) is a veritable scent salad—with every aroma from geraniums to sandalwood. The grenade-style pin opener begs to be pulled out with your teeth. Don't. Your dad spent a fortune on those braces. **www.diesel.com**

FASHION RADAR

Incoming!

Monkey See, Monkey Do

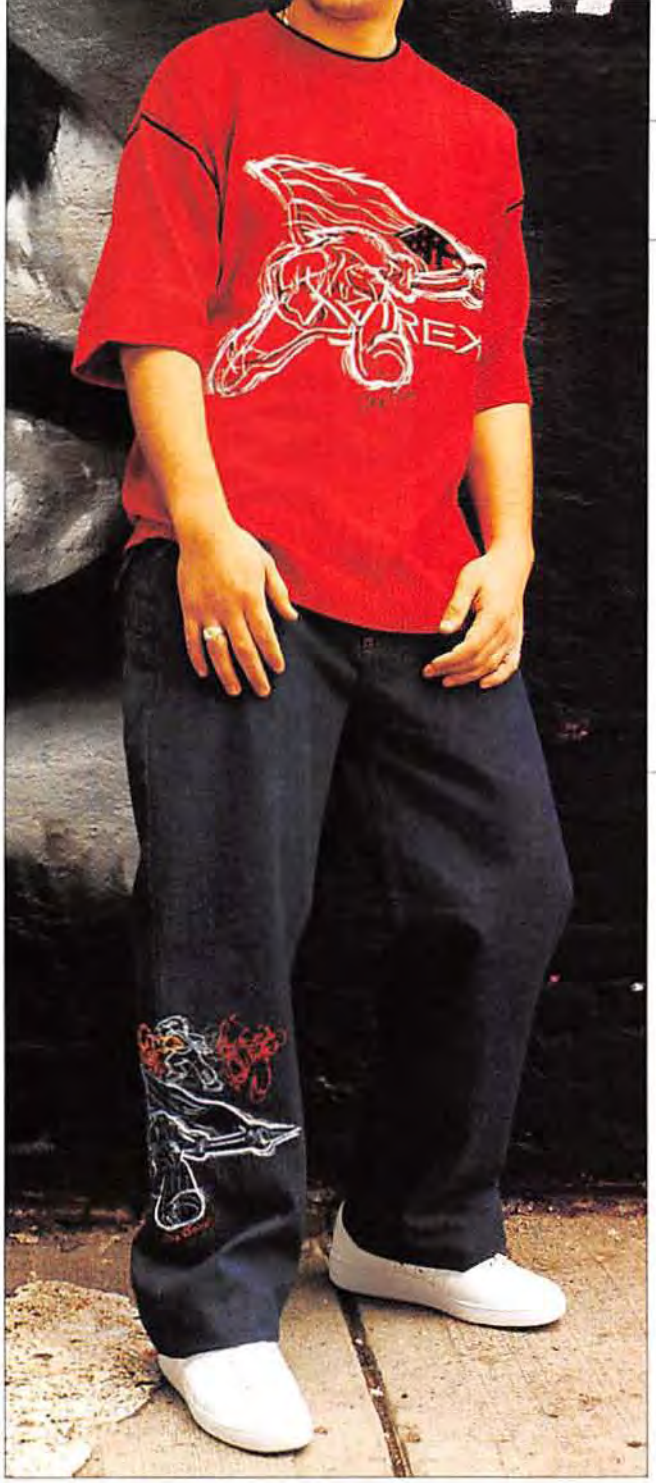
With his new line, called Optometrics, Paul Frank adds sunglasses to his burgeoning collection of simian-themed clothing and furniture. Each pair of frames comes with UV-protected, scratch-resistant lenses. They are hand-filed and then tumbled in wood chips for polishing. Ahh, wood chips. So delicious, so dangerous for your thighs. (Sonic Creep 007, $80) **www.paulfrank.com**

Pack Man

The Kerry Getz pack ($85) has a slot for your skate or snowboard, plenty of extra cargo space and Clive's patented Comfort Zone system for an extra-comfortable fit. How does it work? It's a backpack—you figure it out. **www.cliveyo.com**

Air Canada

Vince Carter's first Nike signature shoes, the Shox VC ($160), represent the latest developments in *boing* technology. (Sounds so scientific!) Cool features include column shock absorbers in both the back and front of the shoes, mesh uppers and interior speed socks for extra stability. Will the Shox do for Vince what Air Jordans did for Mike? If you mean cover his feet—well, yes. **www.niketown.com**



AVIREX

Look all fly and junk.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DANIEL PEDDLE FOR FRANK ARENDS

Avirex will adorn its spring collection with its new logo, the Sky Boss. The eaglelike creature depicts a hero's life: jumping out of planes, running through harsh terrain and, rumor has it, reading to the elderly. Avirex's Classics line features striped rugby shirts and three-button polos, while the Expedition Collection focuses on cotton and terry safari-style gear—far more comfortable than a barely breathable burlap bag.

WHAT TO GET THIS SPRING
Sky Boss sweater ($74), jeans ($88), visor ($30).
800-2-AVIREX

Somebody tweezes his eyebrows! Seriously, though—they look nice.

The shoes and bag haven't spoken for years. So sad.

FRED PERRY

Look like a Beatle!

Fred Perry's cotton piqué (that's Frenchy for ribbed) knits are slim-fitting and, we might even say, mod—a throwback to his start in the '50s London scene. Oddly, the clothes are designed by David Blundell, but let's not focus on that. Rather, let's ponder the vintage blended-wool bomber jackets and tricot tracksuits, which harken back to a day when men wore tricot, and bomber jackets were made of wool.

WHAT TO GET THIS SPRING
Slim-fit button-down shirt ($79), track pants ($69), vest ($49), canvas high-tops ($79), bag ($59).
www.fredperry.com

Styling: Kelly Rae. Grooming: Justin Cruz for Bernstein & Andriulli.

Rhymin' 'n' Designin'

JAY-Z

RECORD LABEL: Roc-a-Fella Records
ALBUM: *The Blue Print* (Uptown/Universal)
COLLECTION: Rocawear
GEAR: Denim shirt, $72; polo shirt, $60
FUN FACT: He once worked as a cashier at KFC.

OUTKAST

RECORD LABEL: Aquemini Records
ALBUM: *Stankonia* (Arista)
COLLECTION: OutKast Clothing Company
GEAR: Denim shirt, $85
FUN FACT: Antwan Patton (Big Boi) has a stripper's pole in his house.

P. DIDDY

RECORD LABEL: Bad Boy
ALBUM: *The Saga Continues...*
COLLECTION: Sean John
GEAR: Hoodie, $68; jump boots made for Sean John.
FUN FACT: He reportedly earned his nickname by puffing out his chest.

SNOOP DOGG

RECORD LABEL: DoggyStyle Records
ALBUM: *Tha Last Meal* (Priority)
COLLECTION: Snoop Dogg Clothing Company
GEAR: Slam Top tank, $55
FUN FACT: Quincy Jones' daughter convinced him to get into the fashion biz.

A mad shoutout to all the rappers-turned-tailaz in the house.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM RICHARDS
STILL PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALEX CAO
STYLING BY RICH STEWART

SISQÓ

RECORD LABEL: Dragon Records
ALBUM: *Return of the Dragon* (Island/Def Jam)
COLLECTION: Dragon Collection
GEAR: Racing Leather Set, $500
FUN FACT: Wears a size-six shoe.

NELLY

RECORD LABEL: Universal (For Real Records)
ALBUM: *Country Grammar*
COLLECTION: VOKAL
GEAR: Busy baseball jersey, $70
FUN FACT: Was offered contracts to play pro ball with both the Reds and the Cardinals.

BABY

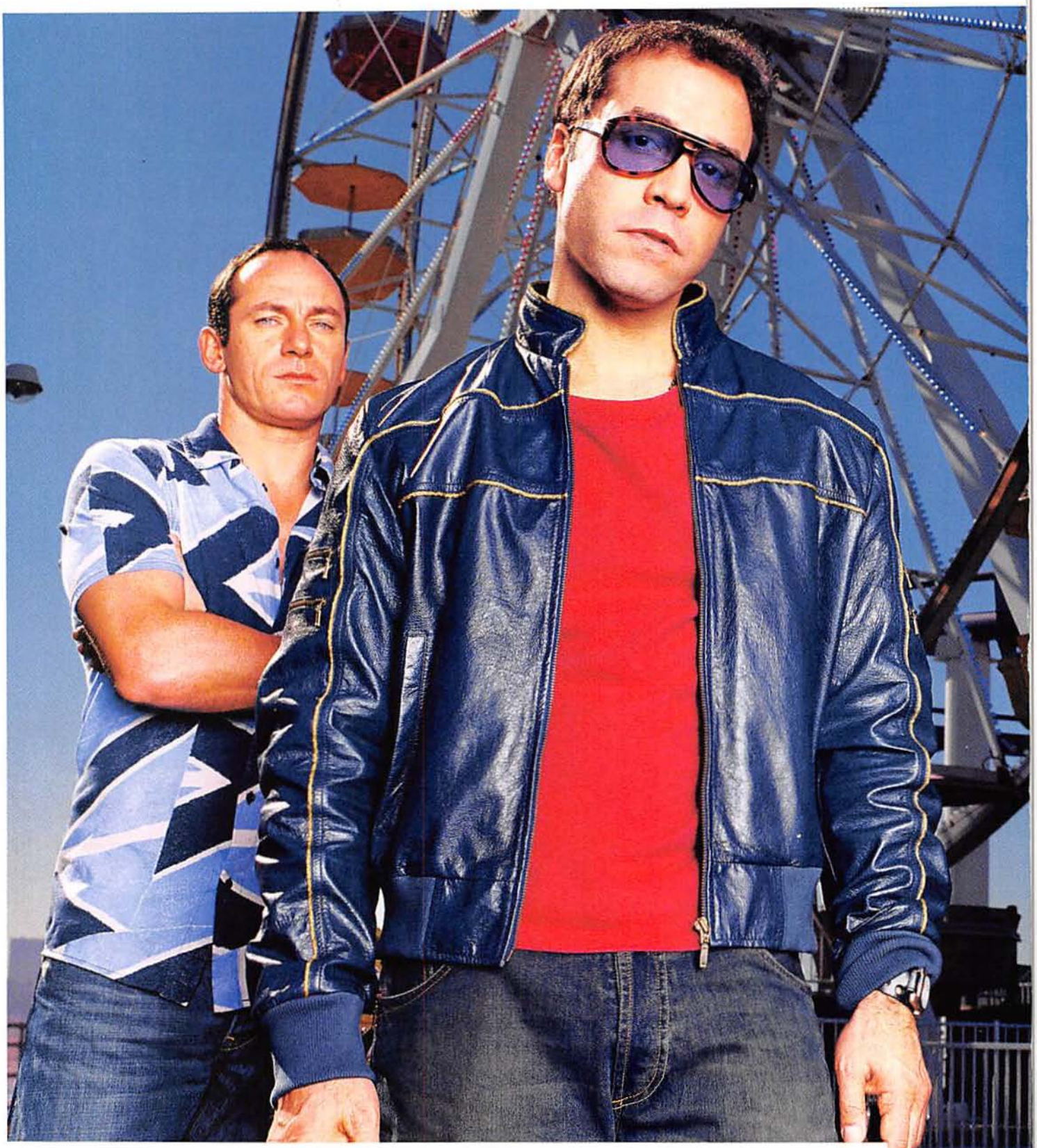
RECORD LABEL: Cash Money Records
COLLECTION: Cash Money Collection
GEAR: Bling denim jacket, $88
FUN FACT: Sports $100K worth of gold in his mouth.

WU-TANG CLAN

RECORD LABEL: 36 Records
ALBUM: *Wu-Tang Iron Flag* (Loud)
COLLECTION: Wu Wear
GEAR: The Slap shoes, $90
FUN FACT: RZA is a vegetarian.

RUSSELL SIMMONS

RECORD LABEL: Def Jam
COLLECTION: Phat Farm
GEAR: The Flag jeans, $85
FUN FACT: Got married wearing Phat Farm casual wear and a pair of Adidas.



Fashion Under Fire

These guys spent five grueling months in the desert filming *Black Hawk Down*. When they got back, we gave them fancy clothes and took them to a carnival. Just doing our part for the war effort.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROGAR ERICKSON FOR ARTMIX THE AGENCY STYLING BY RICH STEWART

JASON ISAACS
(Capt. Mike Steele)

"I love to go to carnivals. I prefer the traveling ones because there's that element of danger. You know, that the ride is not put together well and you're going to go flying off into the fields and crush nearby people."

ON HIM: Shirt, $160, by DieselStyleLab. Jeans, $175, by Fake London Genius.

JEREMY PIVEN
(C.W.O. Cliff Wolcott)

"There wasn't any vomiting [at the shoot], but I am only speaking on behalf of the actors. I don't know if any onlookers lost their cotton candy watching our stylings."

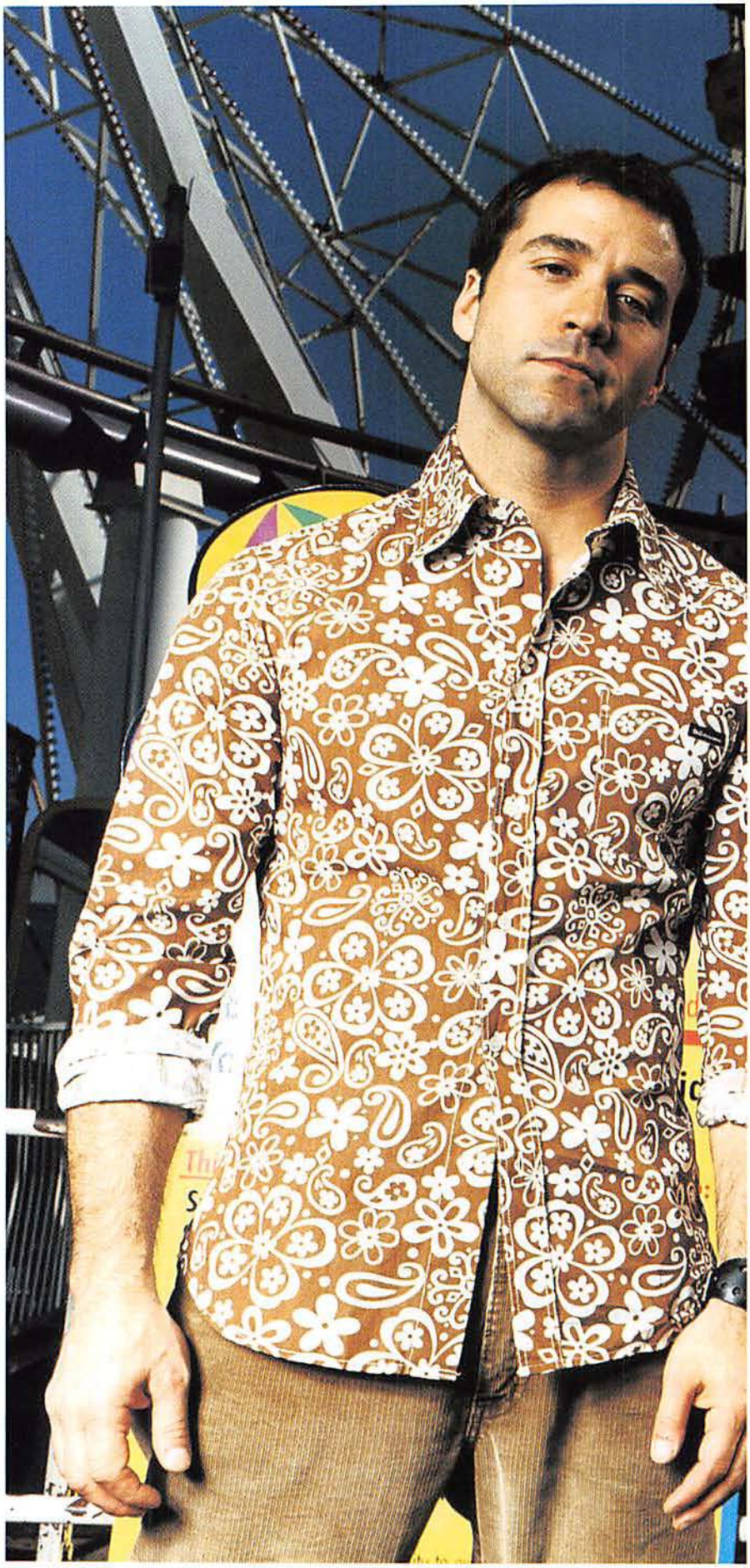
ON HIM: Radley long-sleeved shirt, $95, by J. Lindeberg. Leather jacket, $650, by DieselStyleLab. Dirty Wash jeans, $108, by Aem'Kei. Sunglasses, his own.

TOM SIZEMORE
(Lt. Col. Danny McKnight)

"I live with Heidi Fleiss. She changed my life. She's a wonderful gal. Check out her DVD, *Sex Tips*. She's been through a lot—did three years of hard time. Just for the record, consensual sex between billionaires and beautiful 23-year-old girls should be allowed. When this whole thing is over, between jail and probation, it will be 10 years of her life. Guys get less time for rape. Something is wrong. It is consensual sex between adults!"

ON HIM: Tuxedo shirt, $59, by Ben Sherman. Jeans, $215, by Moschino Jeans Uomo.

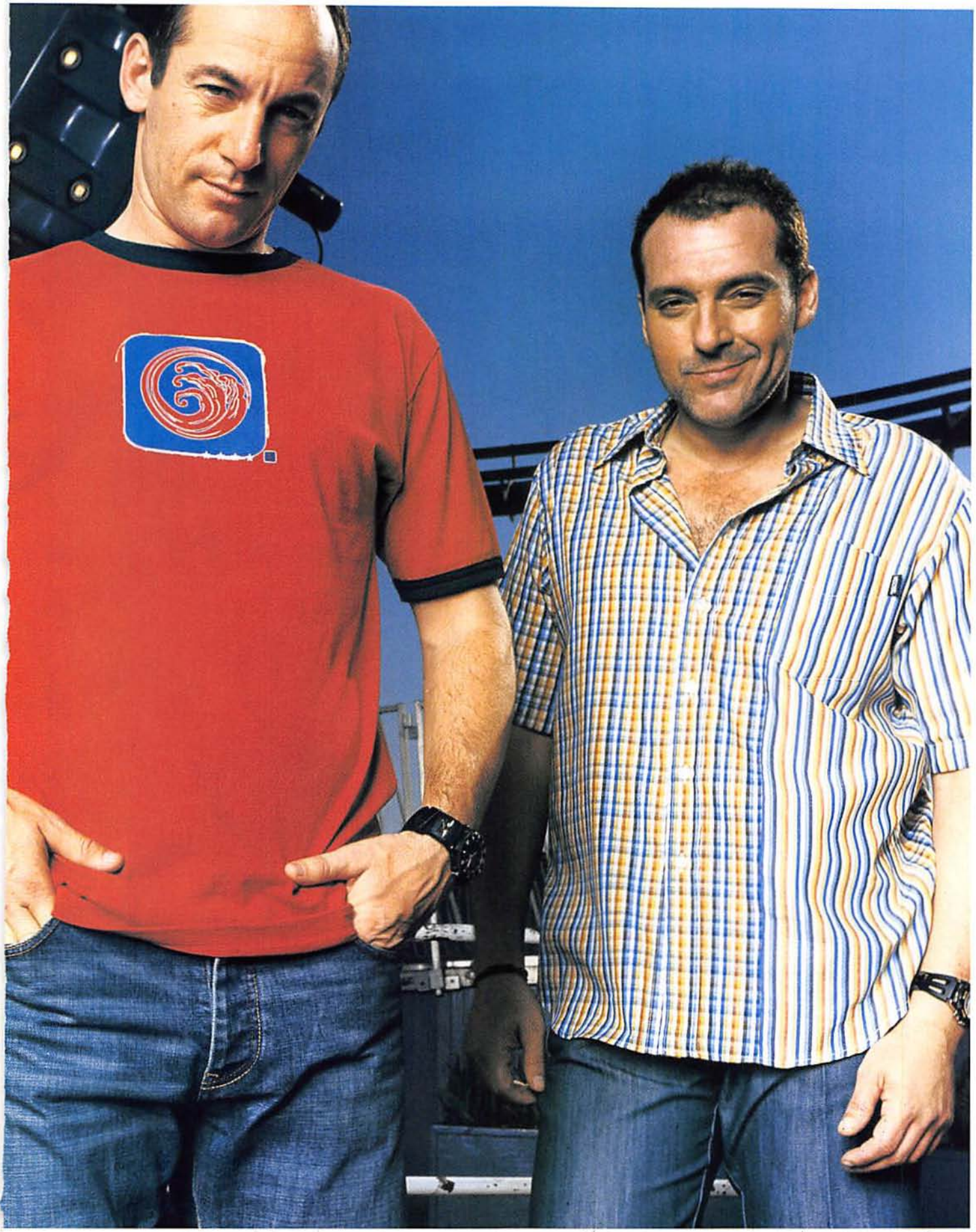
Grooming: Hee Soo Kwon for Rex using MAC cosmetics.



ON JEREMY: Shirt, $200, by D&G. 505 regular-fit corduroy jeans, $45, by Levi's.

ON JASON: T-shirt, $21, by Zenmechanics. Jeans, $175, by Fake London Genius.

ON TOM: Shirt, $145, and jeans, $215, both by Moschino Jeans Uomo.



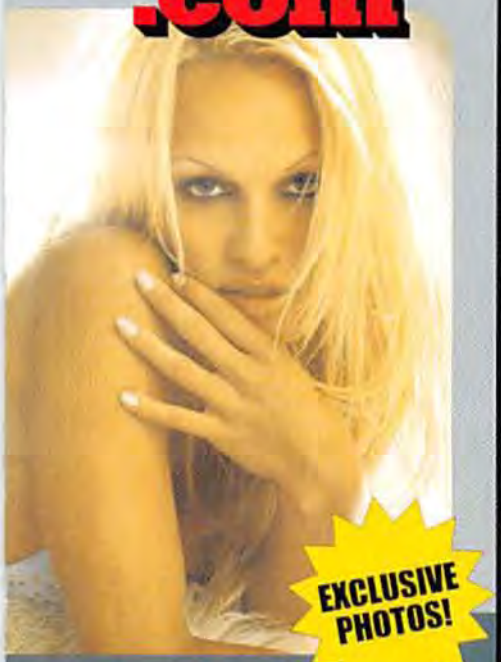
CABINET MEMBERS

Yes, you now have our permission to use algae facial cleanser. But if anyone asks, tell them it's great for stab wounds.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RIC COHEN STYLING BY KELLY RAE

1. ACQUA DI GIÓ AFTERSHAVE LOTION, $40 for 3.4 ounces
2. GOOF OFF—THE ULTIMATE REMOVER, $3
3. SCOPE MOUTHWASH, 89 cents for 1.5 ounces
4. VERY SEXY FOR HIM BY VICTORIA'S SECRET, $48 for 3.4 ounces
5. LINDSAY OLIVES, $2
6. ANTHONY LOGISTICS FOR MEN ALGAE FACIAL CLEANSER, $20
7. NAUTICA SOAP ON A ROPE, $10 for 10 ounces
8. NAILS, $2 per pound
9. NIVEA FOR MEN EXFOLIATING FACE SCRUB, $6
10. CURVE FOR MEN BY LIZ CLAIBORNE, $45 for 3.4 ounces
11. MOVES BY ADIDAS SPRAY EAU DE TOILETTE, $23 for 1.7 ounces
12. ZIRH BLOCK WATER-RESISTANT SUNSCREEN SPF 25, $23 for 4.2 ounces
13. MR. PIT STOP BODY WASH BY BLUE Q, $12
14. L'ORÉAL STUDIO LINE FX LIQUID GEL, $4
15. ANTHONY LOGISTICS FOR MEN SHAVING SET, $250
16. TWINKIES SNACK CAKE, $3 per 10-pack
17. COLOGNE THIERRY MUGLER, $85 for 10.2 ounces
18. BALLS SKIN PROTECTOR BY BLUE Q, $12
19. DR. WIEDER'S TUNG-GEL, $4, and ORIGINAL TUNG-BRUSH, $5
20. GILLETTE SERIES SHAVE GEL FOR SENSITIVE SKIN, $3
21. TOMMY HILFIGER T AFTERSHAVE BALM, $38 for 3.4 ounces
22. PHI-TEN USA INC. TITANIUM TAPE, $35 for a two-inch by 16-foot roll
23. EDDIE BAUER PURE FOR MEN, $38 for 3.4 ounces
24. TROJAN CONDOMS, 75 cents each
25. DUREX CONDOMS, $9 for a 12-pack
26. FLINTSTONES VITAMINS, $7

Stuff magazine.com



EROTICA

Catchy word, isn't it? All your favorite Stuff cover girls (Leah Remini, Chyler Leigh, Mia Kirshner) and not-so-favorites (Tyne Daly...what were we thinking?) are in our Girl Gallery, updated with exclusive hot pics. Hot women on the Internet—who's progressive now?

INTERACTION

You've probably wanted to get a little closer to Stuff. Now, you can. Need some wallpaper? Download it in our Mayhem section. A question for Lord of the Bar? We're here for you. Love? All you want, baby.

GIRLS WITH LIQUOR

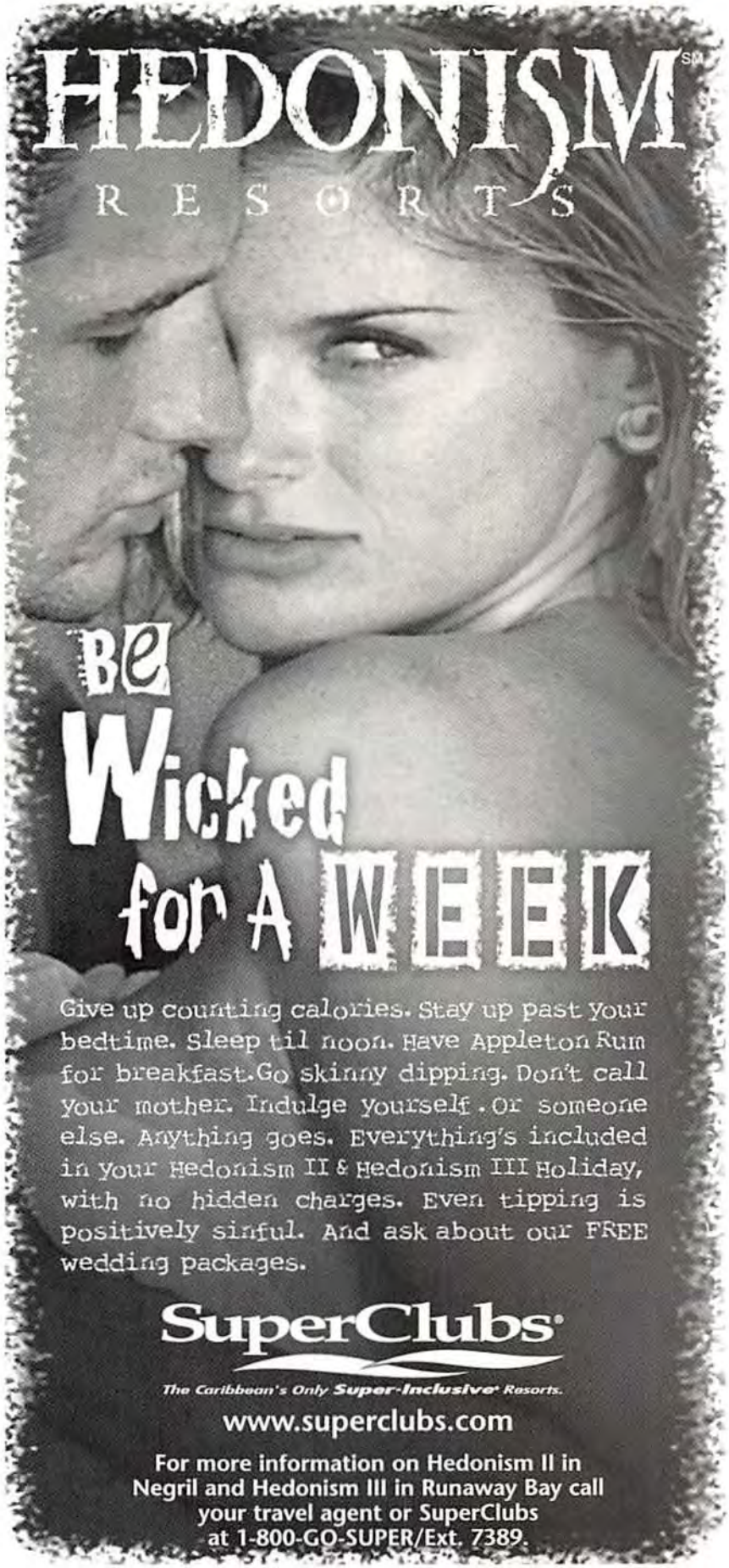
The hottest girls in the world live in New York and tend bar, waiting for a handsome young man to sweep them off their feet. While they're waiting for him, you can check 'em out in our expanded Bar Shots section. Now, with pictures!

GET SOME

Last month we promised you all these cool free things. It was called a "contest." Now, we have more of these "contests" available only on our site. If you enter, you might win "prizes" and be "happy" and not the "loser" your parents claimed you were. Oops, that was a secret. Our bad.

FIRE UP YOUR MODEM NOW!
www.stuffmagazine.com

HEDONISM℠ RESORTS



SuperClubs is represented worldwide by International Lifestyles, Inc.

Pack It In

Eight bags to pack your stuff in. Unless you don't have any stuff. Then this story is just depressing.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GREGOR HALENDA
STYLING BY KELLY RAE

1

3

2

4

1 BONFIRE SLINGSHOT MESSENGER BAG, $69
2 MILITIA SURVIVAL AIRBORNE PACK, $80
3 KOBETWO BACKPACK BY ADIDAS, $135
4 GRAVIS SIDEARM BAG, $46
5 FRESHJIVE LIMITED-EDITION INWARD SKATE BAG, $74
6 DAINESE MULTIFUNCTIONAL BAG, $329
7 NIKE ACG BAG, $70
8 DC SHOES VARIEX BAG, $40

MORE SEX!

ALL NEW! Advanced Sexual Techniques Video Series Arouses!

It's more than pictures and words on a page. More than a clinical approach to sex. *Advanced Sexual Techniques* Video Series is where adventuresome lovers turn to rev up sexual power! 7 of 10 sex therapists recommend the *Better Sex* videos as a way to expand your sexual talents. To help you and your partner perfect your own lovemaking, *every act and variation is demonstrated by real couples in explicit detail.*

100% Satisfaction Guaranteed.

BETTER SEX!

Be the Best Lover She's Ever Had! Guaranteed. Here's how:

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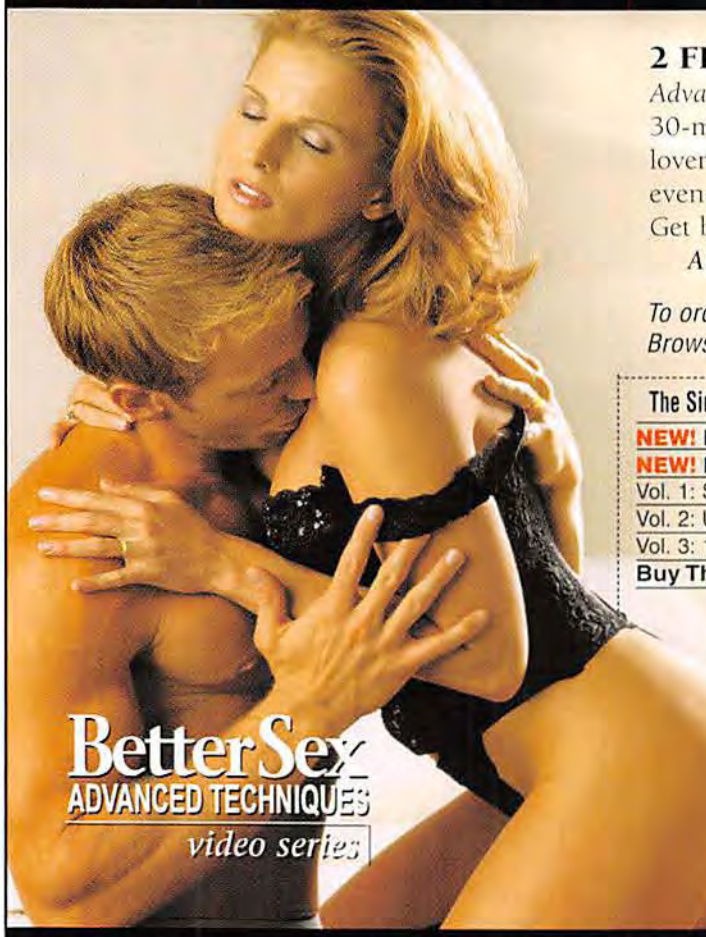
MORE OFTEN!



2 FREE VIDEOS!

FREE VIDEO!

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SexSpy

SECRETS REVEALED! FLESH EXPOSED

The Women of 39th and Sixth, NYC

You see them on the bus, walking down the street—women you'd love to undress. Stop dreaming. Through a combination of begging, groveling and NyQuil, we convinced girls who wandered past our office to strip for us. Then we returned to our empty lives.

NAME: Kate

AGE: 21

PROFESSION: Singer

WHERE SHE WAS GOING WHEN WE MET HER: To the studio to record her album, due out this summer. (Check out KateNash.net.)

THE NEXT BRITNEY? "I love Britney, but I don't want to be her. I'm not going to say, 'I'll be a virgin until I'm married.' I wouldn't want to be. You've gotta check the goods before you commit."

RELATIONSHIP STATUS: She's seeing "a man with great hair."

WHAT'S UNDERNEATH HER CLOTHES: "Usually thongs, but my favorite are my Tinkerbell underwear—they have fairies on them and say PRETTY LITTLE PIXIE."

TO SEE SAID PANTIES, YOU MUST FIRST: "Understand my weird humor. I'm so random."

RANDOM EXAMPLE NO. 1: "I passed a building that said HIPPODROME on it. There were two birds perched on the *O*, and I couldn't understand why they weren't on the *H*. It's a straight line, and there are poles on either side, so other birds can't sit next to you."

RANDOM EXAMPLE NO. 2: "I love Abba. I love their songs, and their outfits all match—I love things that match."

FORBIDDEN BODY PART: "Don't stick your tongue in a girl's ear. It's not a hole that needs to be filled. You're not invited in."

WANTED: HOT WOMEN

Are you a highly attractive woman? Head over to Sixth Avenue, between 39th and 40th streets, in NYC on Thursday, February 7, between noon and 2 P.M. We'll be there, looking for a lady to work with ID Models. How'd we get this gig? No clue. We're just excited about the free refreshments!

Photography: (Before) Matt Wahern. (After) T.I.S. Styling: Rachel Gilman. Hair: Justin Cruz at Bernstein & Andriulli, using John Sahag products. Makeup: Amanda Hengstum. For clothes, see the Where to Buy page.

THE POWDER ROOM

When Will She Sleep with You?

You've wined her, dined her or maybe just thrown up on her at a bar. When can you expect to have sex? This month, *Stuff* sexologist Dawn Yanek tells you how to take your relationship to the next level—namely, the one right above your box spring.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY T.I.S.

Waiting to have sex with a new girl is like waiting for your next hot meal. You know it's going to be good, but you're not sure when it's gonna happen. Don't live your life under a cloud of uncertainty. Bypass the tedious courtship and accelerate the process. It's not as hard as you think. Chances are, she wants it just as bad as you do, and just as soon—she's just hoping you don't screw it up so she *has* to reject you. I gathered four very honest women to tell you exactly how you can get from the bar to the bed in record speed. And this time she might even be there with you.

DAWN: When will you first sleep with a guy?
LINDSAY: When I feel like he won't judge me. I haven't had that many boyfriends, but I usually sleep with them sooner than I plan. There's just really insane chemistry there.
TYTANIA: I'm a third-date girl. On the first date, heavy making out is good, and I might check out the hardware. Oral sex on the second date is a nice alternative to sex, and if he's good at it, it makes you want him more. I love the buildup—that makes the sex better.
LUANDA: It takes me a while to feel comfortable with a guy. My last two boyfriends didn't even kiss me for five dates. I waited a month to sleep with my current boyfriend.

DAWN: Would you ever do it on the first date?
TYTANIA: I have, but it can ruin things. A few months ago, I went out with this guy—he was so all over me that it just turned me off. But I slept with him on the second date, and now it's totally a booty-call relationship. I'm not into it.
LINDSAY: I had a one-night stand once, but I wouldn't do it again. To have really good sex, you have to let your guard down, and I can't do that with a stranger. Guys should get to know a girl; that works really well. Try to feel her out—don't just feel her up.
ABBY: I don't think I've ever done it on a first date. If I slept with him right away, I wouldn't want any sort of relationship.

DAWN: Would you think less of a guy for having sex on the first date?
ABBY: No. All of my one-night stands turned into couple-of-month stands.
LINDSAY: I don't like when guys try it because they're assuming things about me, probably because of the way I dress. I'm a good-time kind of girl, but not *that* good-time kind of girl.
TYTANIA: Yes. If he's trying to sleep with you on the first night, you're wondering who else he's done that with. I'd rather wait—the sex is going to be a helluva lot better on the third date than on the first, so you might as well hold your horses. Then you can have sex all the time instead of screwing it up the first time.

DAWN: Can a certain date prime you for sex?
ABBY: On our third date, my boyfriend made me pasta in cream sauce—which was sweet, even though I don't eat pasta or cream. But he tried, and I liked that. I also came into the date thinking we'd do it, if things went well.
LUANDA: Usually we've been drinking a lot before the first time, so I don't really remember what leads to it all that well.
TYTANIA: I went on a great date the other night. He asked me what I wanted to do, and I told him that I loved plays but didn't get to see them that much. So he took me to *Cabaret*—my favorite. It was amazing that he listened to what I wanted. That would've *almost* warranted sex; it was smooth.
LINDSAY: We went to this romantic garden restaurant. We talked and talked—it was just opening up that portal where you can really get to know someone. That made it happen.

DAWN: What are the telltale signs that you want to go for it?
LUANDA: I'll probably start touching and kissing him and take the initiative.
LINDSAY: I'll hold my body a lot closer to him, and there's a lot of lip biting and hair ▷▷▷

"I'd rather wait—the sex is going to be a helluva lot better on the third date than on the first, so you might as well hold your horses. Then you can have sex all the time instead of screwing it up the first time."

The Bathroom Tapes

We sent a reporter to the ladies' room of a bar to find out what the heck women talk about. Warning: You may need a therapist after this.

TAPE 1: WRITE THIS LINE DOWN

GIRL 1 Did you hear that line? How stupid was that?
GIRL 2 That was bad. What did he say again?
GIRL 1 "Excuse me, beautiful. Are you playing hooky from your husband or your boyfriend?"
GIRL 2 Oh, God. I bet he says that to 30 women a night.
GIRL 1 Well, if you throw enough shit against a wall, something's bound to stick, and there's gotta be someone in here desperate enough to go for Mr. Bad Toupee.
GIRL 2 Yeah, maybe the cardboard Bud girl in the window.
GIRL 1 Hmmm...life-size, *and* he can carry her home.

TAPE 2: MAYBE HIS ZIPPER WAS STUCK

GIRL 1 Did you see that shit?
GIRL 2 Yeah, what's up with that?
GIRL 1 I can't believe her. She literally cut in when we were dancing and put her face in his crotch!
GIRL 2 What the fuck?!
GIRL 1 I don't even know him, but what is wrong with her?
GIRL 2 I don't know, but Kerri* said she fucked some guy last night in the club's bathroom—while Kerri was in there! All of a sudden, she heard moaning and groaning.
GIRL 1 What?! Are you serious?
GIRL 2 And what about that thing she did with her hand on her head?
GIRL 1 Oh, the "seductive rub," while pouting her lips and squinting her eyes? Was that supposed to be sexy? ▷▷▷

Styling: Rachel Gilman. Hair: Justin Cruz at Bernstein & Andriuli, using John Sahag products. Makeup: Amanda Redgrave. For clothes, see the Where to Buy page. Photography (Dawn above): Rod Spicer; (Hand): Damien Dupuck

ABBY, 23,
GRADUATE STUDENT
TYTANIA, 24,
STYLIST
LUANDA, 28,
GRAPHIC DESIGNER
LINDSAY, 24,
MAKEUP ARTIST

"I think massages can be sensual and a big turn-on. Massage and lightly caress, then move in for the kissing."

twisting. And, guys, when you kiss a woman, feel it out. Feel if her body is moving *with* your body, not away from your body.

DAWN: Is there anything a guy can do to accelerate the process?
ABBY: I met a guy on Halloween, he said something stupid and I told him to come up with something better if he was trying to pick me up. He was like, "If I was trying to pick you up, I'd just say, 'Let's go right now.'" And I said, "OK, let's go"—and we did. Women make openings like that, but guys don't always pick up on them or they fumble through them.
LUANDA: I think a girl either wants you or doesn't. What a guy does or doesn't do really doesn't make that much of a difference.
TYTANIA: It's the good-night kiss, followed by, "Can I come in for a drink?" But public affection on the first date is definitely a no-no—trying to kiss you at a club or grabbing your hand at a bar. That irritates me.

DAWN: How can a guy destroy any chances he might have had?
TYTANIA: If he keeps trying to put his hands up my shirt when I'm not into it. The worst was when I thought that I wanted to sleep with this guy on the first date and we ended up in my tiny studio, making out. All of a sudden, he took his pants off and started beating off. I kicked him out, but that scars a girl.
LINDSAY: I don't like when he tries too hard or flashes his money. If he talks about his cars or takes me to the most expensive restaurant right away, I won't call him back.
ABBY: He has to get you back home smoothly. The key is keeping the mood. Like, you can't get into the car and be silent. By the time you get to his place, you're like, *What's the point of this again?* Even a transition from the couch to the bed is important. It shouldn't be an ordeal—turning off the lights and turning on the music just right. Otherwise, you give her a chance to think about things too much.

DAWN: What's the hottest first-time sex you've ever had?
ABBY: In college, I'd always flirt with this rugby player. When we finally hooked up, I stayed in his room for three days. It wasn't awkward at all—it was really good, crazy, knock-around-his-room sex, *and* he had a cast on his knee!
LINDSAY: They've all been good—I always make sure we both orgasm.
TYTANIA: When I was traveling in Greece, I met this guy. We went on a gym date, and I slept with him that night. The sex was incredible, and we kept it going for a few weeks, probably because there were no social parameters: I was on vacation, it was very much about the sex and he didn't know my friends.

DAWN: What makes the sex so good, you want to come back for more?
TYTANIA: Nothing is sexier than an amazing kisser. My favorite thing is lightly kissing right behind the ear and all the way down the neck.
LINDSAY: I like soft and slow—with kissing, oral sex, everything. Teasing is a big thing for me. Go up a girl's thigh and back down her other, and don't go anywhere in between. The slower it starts, the more tantalizing it is.
LUANDA: I think massages can be sensual and a big turn-on. Massage and lightly caress, and then move in for the kissing.
ABBY: Focus on it being good, not long. Some guys will stop every once in a while so they can last—I guess they read this in *Cosmo*—but who wants that? You lose the orgasm because the friction's gone. Unless it's only lasting for two seconds, time isn't important.

DAWN: How kinky is too kinky the first time?
ABBY: One guy was always around my ass—flipping me over, trying to put his fingers back there. He was a terrible kisser on top of it.
TYTANIA: A guy definitely shouldn't pull out the dildo and handcuffs or be overly "Who's your daddy?" right away. You represent so much about yourself the first time you have sex, so the safest bet is to stay fairly normal.

DAWN: OK, so you've had sex for the first time. What's proper post-hookup etiquette?
LINDSAY: Continue whatever vibe you were on before sex. If you were up talking all night and then had sex, don't be like, "OK, see you later."
TYTANIA: I'd want him to stay, but I wouldn't want him to stick around too much longer in the day if I didn't know him well. It's just nice to be in someone's arms after sex.
ABBY: I don't need to spend the night, but I like it to be open. If you're cool about it, there's a much better chance it'll happen again. Also, let me wear one of your shirts home. It's not like I'm going to be sleeping in it every night—maybe I just don't want to leave in my smoky, nasty clothes from the night before.

"Teasing is a big thing for me. The slower it starts, the more tantalizing it is."

The Bathroom Tapes CONTINUED

GIRL 2 That girl's a pig.
GIRL 1 Do you think he likes her?
GIRL 2 No. I think he likes getting laid.

TAPE 3: HER EGGS NEED A BLANKET

GIRL 1 I want a stupid guy. Someone cute but stupid.
GIRL 2 That won't be hard. Pick a bouncer, any bouncer....
GIRL 1 Stupid guys don't hassle; they don't fuss. They just roll over when you call them and do whatever you want.
GIRL 2 Yeah, but that gets old. Trust me. Tom's a pushover in bed, and it makes me not even want to fuck him.
GIRL 1 That's because you don't like sex.
GIRL 2 Not true. I'm getting better. Plus, I just got this chocolate that's supposed to improve your orgasm.
GIRL 1 Really? Get me some of that. Of course, I don't have anyone to use it with right now.
GIRL 2 So freeze it.
GIRL 1 Yeah, along with my ovaries.

TAPE 4: AH, ROMANCE!

GIRL 1 [*Crying and very drunk*] I fucking hate him!
GIRL 2 Shhh...calm down. What'd he do?
GIRL 1 He was hitting on that girl right in front of me! When I walked by, he stopped and looked at me like I just caught him doing something wrong. Fucking asshole!
GIRL 2 Are you sure he didn't know her?
GIRL 1 No, he didn't know her, and if he did know her, he shouldn't have been talking to her like that!
GIRL 3 [*Enters*] Gina, Rob's outside. You wanna talk to him?
GIRL 1 No! Tell him to go talk to that fucking whore!
GIRL 3 Geen, c'mon. Just go talk to him.
GIRL 2 [*To Girl 3*] Listen, she's really upset. [*To Girl 1*] Don't worry. I'm gonna take you home. Here, splash some water on your face. Do you wanna stay at my apartment tonight? [*Girl 1 nods.*] OK, let's get going. Wipe your eyes.
GIRL 4 [*Slurring*] Any guy who makes you cry is not worth it. Remember, your new boyfriend's name is Next.

TAPE 5: SHORTCUT TO SEX

GIRL 1 Can you see up my ass with this skirt?
GIRL 2 That's a skirt? I thought it was a tube top and you just put it on wrong.
GIRL 1 C'mon, does it look bad?
GIRL 2 No, you look fine. Just like every other slut here.
GIRL 1 Hey!
GIRL 2 Just kidding. You look fine. Besides, there's nothing wrong with easy access. *–Dawn Bruno*

**Names and details have been changed to protect the stupid and drunk.*

Mrs. Eisner hated the Disney Christmas party.

GOOD VIBES

Slip Her A Mickey

Introducing a Japanese sex toy that fits like a glove.

For your girlfriend's total orgasmic satisfaction, talk to the hand. The Mickey Vibe is a vibrating replica of the beloved white paw that can provide clitoral stimulation. The Japanese-made novelty used to be available through Toys in Babeland (www.babeland.com), but it has mysteriously disappeared from shelves. When we called Disney and asked why their logo was displayed on the hand, a company spokesperson said, "A Mickey Mouse vibrator?! No, I've never heard of that, and I can assure you that it will not be included in this year's catalog." Whoops!

Sex Stats

EVEN MORE, IF THEY DO IT ON A TREADMILL

Women can burn 100 calories for every 10 minutes of masturbation.

SO WE'VE GOT A SHOT

One in 20 people lie about their gender when visiting online sex sites.

SHARING NEEDLES? A-OK!

In an attempt to curb the spread of AIDS, single women in Swaziland have been banned from having sex, shaking hands and wearing pants for five years. Men who help violate this decree will be fined one cow.

The dishes were done. The stereo was on. The kids were staying over at a friend's place. Yep...tonight was all about her and the wall.

BABES OF YORE NO. 25

Rebecca De Mornay

The high-class ho in *Risky Business* made even the most horrible of flicks watchable by way of a little friend we like to call nudity.

1962 Born Rebecca George to TV personality Wally George and his wife, Julia. Mom later flees with Becky in tow, eventually marrying scientist Richard De Mornay. After Richard dies, Julia up and moves the clan to Europe. Hey, it ain't like Dick could stop 'em!

1967 Rebecca is shipped to England's Summerhill Boarding School. You'd think being sent to a stodgy British boarding school at the age of five would automatically sentence her to a lifetime of being insufferably priggish. Well, you're wrong. Just do us a favor and stop thinking altogether.

1979 In an attempt to start (now, don't laugh) a *singing* career, Rebecca packs her guitar and heads for London. She ends up slinging hash in a diner. Ha-ha. (We ignored our own advice!)

1979 In an attempt to now start an acting career, Rebecca moves to Los Angeles. Becca starts taking courses at the Lee Strasberg Theatre Institute. Lee's dictum: "_____." (You see, Lee Strasberg is dead.)

1982 Dates character actor Harry Dean Stanton. And how did this impossibly leathery actor score the delightful Rebecca? It's the magic of having three names, people.

983 After a one-line cameo in Francis ord Coppola's *One from the Heart*, Rebecca nabs the role of a hot prostitute who gives freebies to Tom Cruise in *Risky Business*. Art imitates life as Rebecca begins dating Cruise. "Stop imitating me!" screams life. "*Stop imitating me!*" mocks art.

"Seriously, Rebecca. Settle down for a sec. I want to tell you more about Scientology."

Randy the Helpful Pineapple says:

"FYI, Rebecca has a half sister who was born in 1989, and she has yet to get in contact with her. Can't say that I blame her. If I tried to keep up with my many pineapple siblings, I'd never have time to research and dispense useful information like this. And that's the gist of all gists, dear readers!"

1987 After flops such as *The Slugger's Wife*, *Runaway Train* and *Testament*, Rebecca lands the lead role in a retelling of *Beauty and the Beast*. Much like the animated version, it's a musical. Unlike the animated version, it's box-office poop.

1991 Nabs the part of Helen McCaffrey in the hit film *Backdraft*. The laughfest was directed by one Ron Howard. Fun fact: *Backdraft* is also a term the homosexual community uses for when one farts during sex.

1992 Rebecca wins a coveted MTV Movie Award for Best Villain for her role as the psychotic, revenge-seeking nanny in *The Hand that Rocks the Cradle*. Not to be confused with MTV's award for Best Chillin', which went to Snoop Dogg. Nobody chills better than that nephew!

1993 Begins dating decrepit-looking 59-year-old singer-songwriter Leonard Cohen. "Friendship with Leonard has been far more important," Rebecca gushes. "That allows a relationship to grow and become closer sexually." Ugh, so much for lunch!

1993 De Mornay plays Lady DeWinter in the very DeShitty *The Three Musketeers*. Worth the price of a rental if for no other reason than to view Chris O'Donnell's luxuriantly curly locks. What's his secret?!

1997 Gives birth to a daughter, Sophia, after marrying Patrick O'Neal, son of actor Ryan O'Neal. Not for nothing, but we're thinking the O'Neal clan just might be Irish.

2001 Rebecca lands a small role in a Showtime miniseries with a lesbian subplot, aptly titled *A Girl Thing*. Phew! We were starting to think we weren't going to be able to use the word *lesbian* once in this story!

"Dressing nicely really does change your whole attitude," said a nearby homeless woman.

Photography: (Vibrator) Damien Donck.

NEXT MONTH
We unveil the winner of last year's contest!

Candace prefers to catch her own food. Here she pounces on a rock. It looked like food!

Applicant No. 13

Women's Studies

Candace Clapp wants our $4,999 scholarship as the first of this year's batch of coed cuties.

STUFF: As the first contestant with her own Web site (CandaceClapp.com), do you think you have an advantage?
CANDACE: I don't know. I guess.

When I tried to click on your Friends link, nothing happened. Are you unpopular?
It's still under construction. I mean, I have normal friends, I have model friends, then I have school friends and a lot of associates.

We'd be nothing without our associates. Your academic pursuits seem legitimate. What do you see yourself doing?
I'm hoping to get a nationwide commercial and be on the cover of a well-respected magazine. Then I can go to a Fortune 500 company and they'll recognize me and want me to work for them.

So when are you going to do porn?
If I did nude stuff, that might be a downfall in the entertainment business. But I'd do seminude–say, a commercial where there's a girl in a shower and she's using soap.

So no porn, then?
Oh, my God, no!

You claim that your eyes are both blue and green. Make up your mind, sister!
They change colors depending on what I wear or my temperament. If I'm really happy and the sun is out, my eyes are blue. If I get irritated or upset, my eyes are green.

And here I thought that was biologically impossible. Have you ever been tempted to get plastic surgery?
I wouldn't say tempted....It's just that when I look at other girls, it annoys me because sometimes they get the job ahead of me. They're looking for a faker look.

You claim to be able to expertly affect an English accent. Can you say something Britishy right now?
[*In an American accent*] No.

Why not?!
I can't do it at the moment. It's good to put that on [your résumé] because it opens doors. Everything here is political.

I agree. Your hobbies include mountain climbing. Has your love of adventure made its way into the bedroom?
My lesbian lover* has opened my mind to other things.

Finally. What kind of things?
Simple things. Like leaving the light on.

Sigh. Well, let me ask you this: How badly do you want to be famous?
I would like to be recognized, but I wouldn't want to be a Julia Roberts, because there's a lot of things that I wouldn't do. I would never do a love scene or a kissing scene. My lesbian lover* doesn't approve of that, and I don't really think I could do that.

I wouldn't want to be Julia Roberts either. I'm more the Nicole Kidman type. –*Mike Olson*

**We've secretly replaced the word* fiancé *with* lesbian lover *throughout the interview.*

Birthday: July 27, 1979

School: California Polytechnic University

Major: Marketing management

Future goals: Wants to star in a Radio Shack commercial

Miscellaneous: Was one of the many trampoline girls on *The Man Show*

Here we see Candace in a white bathing suit. And here we see you...oh, dude! Stop that!

Brains are one thing. Overall bootyliciousness is quite another. If you're a student with lots of the latter, send your stats and pics our way and you may win the $4,999 scholarship. We move it, move it at: Women's Studies Scholarship, Stuff, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY, 10018.

For Rules, see the Where to Buy page.

Where to Buy

Need more stuff? Here's where to get ours.

More insanity, more often! Stuff magazine .com

Most Wanted p.27–30
BUGZ www.bugzusa.com
Cap Wide www.m3 snowboards.com
Creative www.creative.com
Danger Girl www.premier snowsk8.com
FreeStyler Bike www.thrustmaster.com
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Spyderco www.spyderco.com
Terapin www.mineterapin.com
Toshiba www.shoptoshiba.com
Xbox Memory Card www.madcatz.com

The Fashion Game p.116–117
Cash Money Collection at Macy's
Dragon Collection at Macy's
OutKast at Dr. Jay's, NYC
Phat Farm at Phat Farm, NYC
Rocawear at Macy's
Sean John www.seanjohn.com
Snoop Dogg at Macy's
VoKal at Macy's
Wu Wear www.wutangclan.com

Fashion Under Fire p.118–121
Aem'Kei at Ron Robinson, L.A.
Ben Sherman at Bloomingdale's
D&G at D&G, NYC and L.A.
DieselStyleLab at DieselStyleLab, NYC
Fake London Genius at Barneys New York, NYC
J. Lindeberg at J. Lindeberg, NYC
Levis 800-USA-LEVI
Moschino Jeans Uomo at Moschino, NYC
Zenmechanics at Urban Outfitters nationwide

Cabinet Members p.122
Acqua Di Gió at department stores nationwide
Adidas at drugstores nationwide
Anthony Logistics 866-ANTHONY
Blue Q www.blueq.com
Dr. Wieder www.tungbrush.com
Durex at drugstores nationwide
Eddie Bauer at Eddie Bauer stores nationwide
Gillette at drugstores nationwide
Liz Claiborne at fine department stores nationwide
L'Oréal at drugstores nationwide
Nautica at department stores nationwide
Nivea at drugstores nationwide
Phi-Ten USA www.phitenusa.com
Thierry Mugler at select specialty and department stores
Tommy Hilfiger 877-TOMMY-4-U
Victoria's Secret www.victoriassecret.com
Zirh www.zirh.com

Pack It In p.124–125
Adidas www.adidas.com
Bonfire www.bonfire snowboarding.com
Dainese www.dainese.com
DC Shoes www.dcshoes.com
Freshjive www.freshjive.com
Gravis www.gravisfootwear.com
Militia Survival www.militiasurvival.com
Nike www.niketown.com

Clothing Credits

Cover
Brown bikini by La Perla Mare (866-LA-PERLA). Jewelry by Lotta. Beaded choker (worn as skirt) by Lecoanet Hemant (at Mint Collection, L.A.).

First Lady p.32–33
Striped halter top by Coco Kliks. Blue hot pants by Ashley Paige. Jewelry by Argento Vivo. Shoes, her own.

The Queen of Queens p.50–56
Opening spread: Knit top and skirt by Romy Han for Mint Collection (at Mint Collection, L.A.). Jewelry by Yvonne Christa (at Lotta, L.A.). Seated: Black bikini top by La Perla (866-LA-PERLA). Black pants by Romy Han for Mint Collection (at Mint Collection, L.A.). Necklace and waist chain by Lotta (at Lotta, L.A.). Kneeling: Knit top and skirt by Romy Han for Mint Collection (at Mint Collection, L.A.). In cage: Bikini by La Perla Mare (866-LA-PERLA). Black heels by Agasa. Necklace by Romy Han for Mint Collection (at Mint Collection, L.A.). Bracelets available at the Selima Boutique in L.A. Standing: Suede bustier, $335, by Eren Kobrinski at Apropo (at Stiletto, in Pa.). Leather pants by Romy Han for Mint Collection (at Mint Collection, L.A.). Leaning on wall: Beaded choker (worn as skirt) by Lecoanet Hemant (at Mint Collection, L.A.). Shoes by Lotta (at Lotta, L.A.).

You Don't Know Jaq p.68–72
Opening spread: White bikini top by Jetski. White leather pants by Tamir Galon (at Rinaldi, L.A.). Belt available at Rinaldi, L.A. White boots by Paulo Zanoli (at Diavolina, L.A.). White feather earring available at Lotta, L.A. Sitting: Gold lace top by Maral (at Rinaldi, L.A.). Ivory crocheted bra by Ashley Paige (at Ashley Paige, L.A.). Gold suede skirt by Lotta (at Lotta, L.A.). Mules by Casadei (at Diavolina, L.A.). Jewelry available at Lotta, L.A. On steps: Suede halter by Tamir Golan (at Rinaldi, L.A.). Suede skirt by D&G (at D&G, L.A.). Feather earring available at Lotta, L.A.

Victoria's Secrets p.86–92
Opening spread: Chain mail top and bottom by the Sword and the Stone. Standing: Camouflage jacket and shorts by Jetski. Kneeling: Black bikini by Todd Shay (at Rinaldi, L.A.). Red boots by Rinaldi (at Rinaldi, L.A.).

Girls of 39th and Sixth p.127
Pink tank top by Underglam (at Shop, NYC). Multicolored lace panties by Mandy Black (e-mail mandyblack@earthlink.net).

Powder Room p.128–130
On Luanda: Backless denim top by Bella Freud. Jeans, $195, by Sharagano Paris (www.sharaganoparis.com). Codirillo belt, $226, by Marithe + Francois Girbaud (www.girbaud.com). On Abby: White cotton top, $75, by Mandy Black (custom orders only, e-mail mandyblack@earthlink.net). On Dawn: her own clothing. On Tytania: Swimsuit (worn as halter) by Diesel (at select Diesel stores nationwide). Leather pants, her own. Blue crystal belt by Noir (at Shop Noir, NYC). On Lindsay: her own clothing.

ADDITIONAL PHOTO CREDITS

Bag: Lopez: Tony Duran/aRTmiX the agency; Spears: Mark Liddell/ICON; Jolie: Firooz Zahedi/J9G; Diaz: K/Visages. **p.4:** Boy George: Dennis Van Tine/London Features; Barkley: AP. **p.6:** Amish girl: Courtesy of LegendDirect.com; Cooper: Lynn Goldsmith/Corbis; Kimmel: courtesy of Comedy Central. **p.8:** Greg and Mom: courtesy of Greg Gutfeld; heart: Index Stock; drunk: Super Stock; prisoner: Index Stock; homeless dude: FPG/Getty. Mom: courtesy of Greg Gutfeld. **p.12:** Carlin: James Cooper/Retna. **p.15:** Björk: Retna. **p.20:** All mummy images: Rob Keller; nail X ray: New England Journal of Medicine; cheerleader: Bill Luster/Corbis; Hitler: Col. Tufan/Sipa Press; policeman: Black Star. **p.22:** Zemin: David Portnoy/Black Star; Jackson: Joy E. Scheller/London Features; Sorkin: Darla Kahezel/Retna; Robin Hood: Hulton Archive/Getty; Hackman: G. DeGuire/London Features; Murasan: David Keeler/Online USA; horses: Hulton Archive/Getty; Tilly: Hulton Archive/Getty. **p.23:** Beer machine: John Dakers/Corbis; underwear machine: Paul Lowe/Magnum; porn machine: Patrick Frilet/Sipa Press; Instymed machine: AP; bait machine: AP; sheep: AP; Hines: Hulton Archive/Getty; Clinton: Hulton Archive/Getty. **p.24:** All Gallagher II pics: Jeffrey Salter/Saba; Gallagher in tie: Fitzroy Barrett/Globe; Gallagher in flowered shirt: Rick Mackler/Range Finder/Globe; Gallagher with mic: John Atashian/Retna; monkeys: AP; Henderson: AP; Rushdie poster: Reuters New Media Inc/Corbis. **p.25:** Fish sticks: FoodPix. **p.34:** Song pillow: Damian Donck. **p.36:** Neptunes: Terry Richardson; goldfish: Aaron Horowitz/Corbis; Beatles: London Features. **p.38:** Groundhog Day: MPTV; My Bodyguard (2): Everett Collection. **p.39:** The Fly: Everett Collection; flowers: Westlight Stock/Oz Productions/Corbis; Psycho: Foto Fantasies; Love Bug: Photofest; Henry: Everett Collection; The Shining: Everett Collection; Christine: Foto Fantasies; Amish Daughters: Courtesy of LegendDirect.com. **p.40:** Kid Rock (2): Mark Seliger/Corbis Outline; double-wide trailer: Photonica. **p.43:** Farley: Foto Fantasies; sabre-toothed tiger: Bettmann/Corbis; Caesar: Photofest; ninjas: Foto Fantasies; drive-in movie: Super Stock; Great Escape: MPTV. **p.44:** Cooper and snake: R.B./Referns; Cooper in giant top hat: Michael Ochs; Cooper in white: Neal Preston/Corbis; Cooper pregnant: Michael Putland/Retna. **p.46:** Kimmel with girls: Courtesy of Comedy Central; pizza: Corbis; Garvey: Corbis; sprinkler: Bill Varie/Corbis. **p.48:** Berry: AFP/Corbis. **p.49:** Northern Alliance fighter: AP; Two Mules for Sister Sara: Photofest; Gold of the Amazon Women: MPTV. **p.64:** Main image background: Photofest. **p.65:** Holding basketball: AP; floating head smiling: Gregory Heisler/Corbis Outline. **p.66:** Sticking tongue out: AP; sportscasting: Courtesy of TNT; praying: AP. **p.67:** Floating head with sunglasses: Gregory Heisler/Corbis Outline; holding on court: AP; black and white: AP. **p.74:** American Revolution: Bettmann/Corbis; War of 1812: Corbis; Civil War: Bettmann/Corbis; Spanish American War: Bettmann/Corbis; WWI: Getty/Corbis; WWII: Getty/Corbis; Korean Conflict: Burke/Sipa Press; Vietnam: Hulton/Archive; Gulf War: Black Star. **p.81:** Carrol recent: Bill Davila/Retna; Carrol silo with hat: Roger Ressmeyer/Corbis; Carrol main image: Mark Preston/Saba. **p.82:** Negron recent: Neal Preston/Retna; Negron silo: Chuck Boyd/Redferns; Negron main image: Globe. **p.83:** Lewis recent: Liaison; Lewis head silo: Neal Preston/Corbis; Lewis main image: Nina Prommer/Globe. **p.84:** Boy George recent: Rita Black/Shooting Star; Boy George silo with hat: Joshua Kessler/Retna; Boy George main image: Lawrence Marino/London Features. **p.85:** Williams recent: Paul Fenton/Shooting Star; Williams main image: NBC/Globe; Williams silo: Donald Sanders/Globe. **p.94–95:** Couple kissing: H. Armstrong Roberts; candy hearts: Stone/Getty. **p.98:** Merk: Atlantic Syndication; Floyd and Thornton: Courtesy of the Newport News Daily Press; Texas Seven (6): Sipa Press; Texas Seven middle mug shot: Sygma; cop on phone: Sygma. **p.99:** Headline: The San Francisco Chronicle, reprinted with permission; plaster head: AP; Alcatraz convicts (3): AP; shirtless guy getting arrested: Sygma. **p.100:** Dale Otto Remling (2): AP. **p.106:** Westworld: Foto Fantasies. **p.108:** Bowling pins: Getty; football field background: Corbis. **p.109:** Car crash: Liaison. **p.117:** Wu Tang: Craig Wetherby/London Features; Cash Money: Kevin Knight/Corbis Outline. **p.131:** Butt in jeans: Henry Diltz/Corbis; main De Mornay portrait: Daniela Federici/Visages; satin gown: Albert Sanchez/Corbis Outline; Risky Business: Neal Peters Collection.

LETTERS, TRUE LIES AND WRONG!

COMPETITION RULES

OFFICIAL RULES–NO PURCHASE REQUIRED

How to Enter: To enter, send your name, address, daytime telephone number and entry to STUFF Magazine at 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018. Entries must be postmarked no later than February 15, 2002.

Winner Selection: Selection of the winning entries shall be within the sole discretion of the editors at STUFF, and any decision by the editors shall be final.

Eligibility: Open to U.S. residents 21 years of age and older. Within 21 days of notification, each winner will be required to sign an affidavit of eligibility, a warranty and a representation of ownership of all rights in the winning entry. Neither the employees of Dennis Stuff, Inc., Rocawear, Adidas T-MAC, Nike, and their respective parent companies, subsidiaries and affiliates, and their advertising and production companies nor their families are eligible to participate. All federal, state and local laws and regulations apply. Void where prohibited or restricted.

Prize/Values: Prize consists of an autographed copy of Jay-Z's CD *The Blueprint* and a matching Rocawear skateboard ("Letters Contest"); Tracy McGrady's Adidas T-MAC gear, including a pair of basketball sneaks, shorts and a warm-up suit ("True Lies Contest") or a Nike stretch laminate jacket ("Wrong! Contest"). Value of prizes: $500 ("Letters Contest"), $250 ("True Lies Contest") and $150 ("Wrong! Contest").

Odds of Winning: Depends upon number of entries submitted. One winner per contest.

Notification/Terms: Each winner will be notified by mail. Except where prohibited, each winner will agree to use of his/her name and likeness for publicity and the publication in STUFF Magazine of his/her entry without additional compensation. The winners grant to STUFF permission to edit his/her entry within the sole discretion of STUFF, and publish his/her stories. Winners release Dennis Stuff, Inc., Rocawear, Adidas T-MAC, Nike, and their respective parent companies, subsidiaries, alcoholic beverage retailers, distributors/wholesalers and the directors, officers, employees and agencies of the above organizations from any and all liability whatsoever for any injuries, losses or damages of any kind caused by participation in the contest or resulting from acceptance, possession, use/misuse of the prizes. All federal, state and local taxes are the exclusive responsibility of the winners. For "Wrong! Contest," entries will not be returned.

Winners List: For the names of winners, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to STUFF by March 1, 2002. Vermont and Washington residents and residents of other states where this requirement is proscribed by law may omit stamp.

WOMEN'S STUDIES

OFFICIAL RULES–NO PURCHASE REQUIRED

How to Enter: To enter, send your name, street address (including apartment number), zip code, daytime telephone number and a recent photograph of yourself to: Stuff's Scholarship Competition, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018. Entries must be postmarked no later than February 15, 2002, for inclusion in the March 2002 selection. Dennis Stuff, Inc. is not responsible for lost, illegible, misdirected, postage due or late entries. You may enter as often as you like, but each entry photograph must be separately mailed. You must submit an entry each month that you want to participate in the contest; entries submitted in previous months will not be considered. No photocopied, mechanically reproduced or incomplete entries or airbrushed or altered photographs will be eligible.

Eligibility: Open to residents of the United States, 18 years and older. Winner must be enrolled in a school or planning to attend school on or before January 1, 2003. Winners will be required to sign an affidavit of eligibility, including an affidavit that the entrant has all rights in the photograph submitted, that the photograph is less than six months old, and that the entrant is the person in the photograph submitted. Employees and their families of Dennis Stuff, Inc., its parent companies, subsidiaries, affiliates and their advertising and production companies are not eligible to participate. All federal, state and local laws and regulations of the United States apply. Void where prohibited or restricted. Participants agree to be bound by these rules.

Winner Selection: Each month, the editors of STUFF will choose one photograph as the most attractive entrant of the month, as determined through their sole discretion. After 12 entrants are chosen, the readers of STUFF will vote for the most attractive of the monthly winners.

Prize/Value: Each month, the monthly winner's photograph will be featured in STUFF Magazine and/or on STUFF's Web site (prize has no monetary value). The person chosen by the readers as the most attractive of the monthly winners will win a grand prize of $4,999.

Notification/Terms: Winner will be notified by mail. Entry constitutes winner's permission to post winner's name in STUFF Magazine and/or on the World Wide Web, and their consent to use his/her name, photograph and/or voice recordings and likenesses for advertising or publicity purposes, in all media, without additional compensation or permission, except where prohibited by law. This competition shall be governed and construed by New York law, and the venue for all controversies will be in state or federal court in New York, New York. All federal, state and local taxes are the exclusive responsibility of the winner. STUFF reserves the right to terminate the contest early, and to award the grand prize to the woman chosen by its readers as the most attractive of the monthly winners already chosen.

Release of Liability: All entrants and winners release Dennis Stuff, Inc., and its parents, affiliates, subsidiaries, wholesalers, retailers, officers, directors, agents, employees and all others associated with the development and execution of this competition from any and all liability with respect to, or in any way arising from, this competition and/or acceptance or use of the prizes, including liability for personal injury, death, damages or monetary loss.

Winners List: For a copy of the Official Rules or the name of the winner, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to STUFF Magazine, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018 by May 15, 2003. (Vermont and Washington residents and residents of other states where proscribed by law may omit the stamp.)

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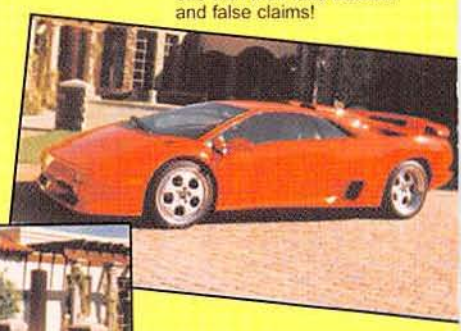
Use Longitude And Win My Lamborghini Diablo!

Longitude- The Original Penis Enlargement Capsule- Don't get ripped-off by knock-offs with their fake Doctors and false claims!



Actual Car In Photos

This Lamborghini has got me more women than I could handle. They just seem to flock to it. It is an incredible machine!

My Lamborghini Diablo is the "SV" model, which is even quicker than the "VT" model. The "SV" blasts from 0 to 60 in just 3.8 seconds and it's still in first gear! Top speed is 200mph!

I'm a car fanatic, so you be assured the car is in "mint" condition. It's a 1998 model with just 3000 miles on it. Not a scratch, ding, or dent. You couldn't tell it from a brand-new one.

My friends say that I'm crazy to give this Diablo away, but I think it'll make a great promotion for Longitude- The penis enlargement capsule that I've created and many try to copy.

Here's how the "Win My Lamborghini" promotion works:

This promotion is valid only to US Residents and you must be at least 18 to participate.

The car will be awarded to the man with the most drastic results using Longitude. Basically, whoever grows the most regardless of total size, wins my prized Lamborghini.

Simply read my ad on the next 3 pages and order a risk-free bottle of Longitude. When the bottle arrives, fill out the entry form and take a few "Before" photos in an erect state.

Keep taking Longitude until you are satisfied with your new growth, then stop. Take a few "After" photos, this time you'll be a lot larger.

Then, simply drop the Before and After photos in the mail along with your entry form. All entries must be received no later than September, 30th, 2002.

My group of judges will review the hundreds of thousands of entries and pick a winner. They'll review the photos for maximum growth percentages and they'll make sure the photos haven't been altered. So, no cheaters please.

That's it. If you're the lucky winner, I'll remove my tags and personal belongings from the car, have it detailed, and shipped to your door at my cost.

I'll also make sure to remove the g-string underwear I found last week underneath the passenger seat.

There's no additional fee to enter this contest, except for the price of the product.

It doesn't matter how long you take Longitude. Two, Three, Four months, or you can go until the September 30th deadline. It's up to you. Just make sure your entry form gets to me no later than September 30th. And the winner is the man with the largest growth from start to finish- not who is simply the largest.

The winner will be notified 2 weeks after the deadline, and then the car will get shipped on it's way to your home.

When the truck pulls up, he'll unload the car, hand you the title and keys then take a quick snapshot of you and the car. Then the car is yours forever!

Can you think of a better way to show women the "new you"? My Lamborghini will get you so many women, you won't believe it! That car has landed me models, strippers, even a famous actress- seriously.

This Diablo game me hundreds of opportunities to show women the results Longitude gave me. Now the car can be yours.

The Ultimate Car, The Ultimate Product. Order Longitude risk-free on the next page and who knows... you may be the new owner of my Lamborghini! Good Luck!

Herbal Science Breakthrough!

Muscles, Money, and Looks Help, But Women Want A "Bigger" Man

What Do Women Secretly Say Behind Their Lover's Back?

67% of Women Say They're Unhappy With Their Lover's Penis Size!

Herbal Science Breakthrough!

World-Famous Pharmacist Creates *Revolutionary* Herbal Pill That Is Guaranteed To Increase Your Penis Size By 1"... 2"... 3"... or more in just a few short weeks! *(with absolutely no adverse side-effects)*

Dear Fellow Man...

What I'm about to tell you is absolutely true. If you believe me, you will be greatly rewarded for the rest of your life. If you don't believe me... I'll make it worth your while to change your mind. Let me explain.

I'm the President of what I believe is, the most advanced Herbal Nutrition Company in the United States. Over the past few years, my company created some incredible, breakthrough products... but this one has been our most successful by far!

Our latest and most *controversial* product is called LONGitude and by simply taking 2 LONGitude capsules every day... it will make your penis grow in both length and thickness by a whopping 26%.

Sounds impossible? Of course it does... but 96% of the men who try LONGitude have great success, growing 1"... 2"... 3"... and more. I myself gained 2 1/8" in just 8 short weeks on LONGitude. I am extremely pleased with this product's performance.

I'm a single guy... so I do date quite often and let me tell you man-to-man... NOTHING, and I mean NOTHING beats the look on my lover's face as she sees it for the first time... watching her gasp... almost in disbelief... with a slight look of fear in her eyes. I can't describe how confident a bigger penis makes me feel!

You Don't Believe Me... Right?

I don't blame you for being skeptical of LONGitude... hell, even when my research team told me they had finally got it right after 3 years of research and testing, I didn't believe it. That's why I tried LONGitude personally.

Let Me Explain How LONGitude Works... It'll Help Convince You...

Your penis has three chambers... 2 large ones on top which are your erectile tissue and one smaller one on the bottom which you urinate and ejaculate from. And...

(next page please...)

Why Settle With Just An "Average" Six-Inches?

When you get an erection, your brain releases a hormone which sends blood to your penis, filling your erectile tissue. The blood cavities in your erectile tissue fill to the maximum, giving you an erection.

Now get this... the maximum your erectile tissue can fill with blood creates the size your erect penis presently is. But here's the breakthrough we've discovered... Your erectile tissue can be developed much larger and stronger than it is with our product LONGitude.

Simply put... your penis is EXTREMELY unfit and smaller than what it could be if your erectile tissue chambers were larger (holding more blood). LONGitude will go to work on these chambers - increasing their size in both length and width... to hold more blood... getting you a few extra inches you wish you were born with.

After just a few days on LONGitude, you will start to see and feel much difference in the way your penis hangs and feels when erect.

LONGitude will also promote increased sensitivity... getting you more "feelings" during intercourse, enabling you to achieve ROCK HARD erections ANY time you desire.

LONGitude will give you a more muscular look, surely standing apart from other penis... A penis your lover will remember for the rest of her life!

Here's What You Can Expect To Happen Taking LONGitude:

Week 1-3: Your penis will experience greater and longer lasting erections and a noticeable increase in thickness.

Week 4-8: Your penis will have grown in length and will possess much more thickness in both- erect and flaccid states.

Week 9+: Your penis will have taken on a new body, not just longer and thicker, but much harder and healthier.

100% Natural & Safe LONGitude Will:

- ***Strengthen and harden your erections like a length of STEEL PIPE!***
- Develop your PC Muscle to form a truly "muscular" looking penis that will impress and arouse your lover. I guarantee they'll brag to their friends.
- ***Enlarge your penis 1-4" or more AT HOME, without vacuum pumps, weights, or surgery.***
- Intensify your orgasms.
- ***Achieve more powerful thrusting ability.***
- Last as long as you want without drugs.
- ***Achieve ROCK HARD erections any time you want... your lover won't believe it!***
- Safely and Permanently enhance your penis size, strength, and ability without expensive and dangerous pumps, weights, drugs, or surgery.
- ***And much, much more!***

When you feel you are at your peak performance level in penis size and mass... you'll have a new found confidence... knowing you can please any woman more than any other man could - no matter how hard he tried!

It's pretty simple to understand... the size of your erectile tissue chambers is what limits your penis to the size it is now. LONGitude painlessly makes these chambers longer and wider, holding more blood... making your penis several inches longer.

90% Of Men Have A 6" Penis... That's The Average Size LONGitude is made for men that are NOT HAPPY WITH AVERAGE!

You don't want to make an average income... live in an average home... drive an average car... why settle for an average penis... especially since it is inexpensive and safe to have some serious machinery between your legs.

Try LONGitude without risk... here's how:

A One-Month supply of LONGitude (60 capsules) costs just $59.95 plus shipping. Get yourself a bottle right now by calling 1-800-518-3492 with your credit card, 24 hours a day - 7 days a week. We'll rush you off a bottle of LONGitude... try them as recommended- just 2 easy-to-swallow capsules per day.

You're Guaranteed To See An Increase Of ONE FULL INCH in 30-Days Or You Pay NOTHING!

If after trying LONGitude for 30-days, you do not experience a FULL INCH in length and a noticeable increase in thickness, simply send the bottle back to us and we'll refund 100% of your money - even the shipping fees you've incurred! No questions asked!

How Can We Be So Generous?

Be The Biggest Man Your Lover Has Ever Had!

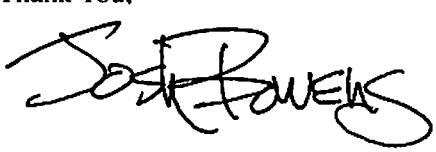
Easy- with a 96% success rate... we're more than confident it'll work for you... with amazing results that almost defy belief! Think about it... standing in the mirror with a penis 1"... 2"... 3" larger... or more. That would be something, wouldn't it?

You bet it would. And with our 30-Day NO GROW-NO PAY guarantee, where *we'll even refund your shipping cost*... you have absolutely nothing to lose!

I know you may still be skeptical... but all I want you to do is "try" LONGitude... I won't consider this purchase binding until after 30-days. Can it really work for you? You'll never know unless you give it a try. Look- pass up on this offer and 30-days from now, you'll simply be a month older with the same penis you have now... or you can be on enjoying a new life as thousands of other men are... many inches longer. **You decide**.

And by the way... LONGitude will be *discreetly* billed to your credit card under CP DIRECT and it is shipped in a plain box, with only our return address on the label.

Thank You,



Josh Bowens
CP NUTRITIONALS DIRECT
Call 1-800-518-3492 to "try" LONGitude risk-free for one month

PS: In a recent survey conducted by Durex Condoms, 67% of women said that they are unhappy with the size of their lover's penis. Proof that size does matter! A larger penis has much more surface area and is capable of stimulating more nerve endings, providing more pleasure for you and your partner. A man endowed with a 7" or 8" penis is simply better *"equipped"* than a man with a 5" or 6" penis. Would you rather have more than enough to get the job done... or fall short. It's totally up to you.

PPS: A special bonus if you are one of the first 250 men to try LONGitude risk-free... You'll receive FREE membership into our Preferred Customer Club where you'll receive a $20 discount off every future bottle of LONGitude. In addition, so you do not go a day without our capsules, you'll automatically receive a new 30-day supply every month and we'll bill you just $39.95, plus shipping - that's $20 OFF the retail price. Trust me- after a week on LONGitude you will not want to live a day without this product until you reach your optimum length. Once you reach your optimum length in about 3 months, call us and we'll stop sending automatic shipments. There is no minimum amount of bottles to buy and you can cancel shipments at any time. And if you take us up on our 30-day money back guarantee, your credit card will never be billed again.

PPPS: This breakthrough product will make your penis grow, and grow until you decide it's the perfect size. When it reaches it's optimum size, stop taking LONGitude. You do not have to take LONGitude ever again- the results are permanent. Most users stop taking LONGitude once they reached 8" to 9" (about 12 weeks). It is not advised to go past the 9" limit for the simple fact that you'll be too big for many women.

Here's Some Of The Most Common Questions New Users Have:

What Is LONGitude?
LONGitude is a 100% safe and natural formula that is guaranteed to increase penis size by an average of 26%.

How Does LONGitude Work?
LONGitude permanently enlarges your two erectile tissue chambers in your penis to hold more blood during an erection... thus, making your penis much, much larger in size.

Are Their Any Negative Side-Effects?
Absolutely zero. A positive side-effect is that you'll be more sensitive, enjoying intercourse more.

How Do I Take LONGitude?
Simply take 2 easy to swallow capsules every day.

How Long Can I Expect My Penis To Get?
Measure yourself during full erection and add 26% - that is the average size increase. LONGitude will continue to work the longer you use it.

How Long Will It Take To Work?
LONGitude will start working instantly, making your penis thicker and erect more often. Length growth starts a few weeks later and the total process usually takes 12 weeks.

How Long Should I Take LONGitude?
Take it until you get to 8" or 9". After you get to this size, we advise you stop taking it. Any longer of a penis would be too large for most women to handle.

What Are The Ingredients of LONGitude?
LONGitude is a proprietary blend of the following 100% safe and natural ingredients: Zinc, 300 Yohimbe, Maca, Catuaba, Muira Pauma, Oyster Meat, L-Arginne, Oat Straw, Nettle Leaf, Cayenne, Pumpkin Seed, Sarsaparilla, Orchic Substance, Licorice Root, Astragalus, Tribulus, Boron, and Ginseng.

To *"try"* LONGitude risk-free for an entire 30-days, call TOLL-FREE 1-800-518-3492 (anytime 24 hours a day) *or...* Go to www.longitudecapsules.com to order online and to view some *DRAMATIC* before and after photos!!!

THE ORIGINAL ELECTRONIC AB BELT THAT MASSAGES & TONES!

AS SEEN ON TV

Gym FITNESS™

The Gymfitness® is the Electronic toner/massager developed to target your abs, chest, back legs, and arms. Its unique design allows you to clip the control unit right onto the pad without any wires. Then target the area you want by placing the pad directly on the muscle with our convenient, adjustable belts that keep the pad in place.

The Gymfitness® has been designed to provide you with 6 unique massage and toning programs with your choice of ten levels of intensity. Therefore you can customize the massage and toning programs to your desired comfort.

Gymfitness® is a top quality unit made with superior components that will provide you with an amazing muscle toning results.

GymFitness™ provides the Highest Quality product at the Lowest Price!

Now Only 3 Payments of $19.99 Plus $12.99 S&H

Also great for your..

Legs

Arms

Back

Gymfitness™ comes with:

- **6 Program Gymfitness™ Control Unit with 10 levels of intensity;**
- **Neoprene Base;**
- **Adjustable Large Strap for your abs, chest, butocks, & back;**
- **Complete Instruction Manual**

Gymfitness® has 6 Programs including:

1) Soothing Massage Program
2) Intense Massage Program
3) Power Toning Program
4) General Toning Program
5) Bun & Thigh Program
6) Rolling & Pressing Program

and as an ADDED BONUS

You will also receive the adjustable medium & small straps for your legs & arms, a battery & the Gymfitness™ Travel Case (a $30.00 Value)! FREE!

Call 1-800-962-3691 NOW to find out how you can also get a FREE set of special re-usable pads that replace the need for messy gels! No more STAINS from messy gels with the Gymfitness™ Pads!

For faster service call Toll Free 24 hours a day

1-800-962-3691

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Gymfitness™ Order by Mail STUFF0102

To order by mail, send this coupon with check or money order for the total amount including S&H to: Industex-North America, Inc.
PMB 301-1395-A South Columbia Rd.
Grand Forks, ND 58201-4011

❑ YES! I would like to use my credit card to order ___ sets of Gymfitness™ for 3 easy installments of $19.99 plus $12.99 S&H

Call 1-800-962-3691 NOW to find out how you can get a FREE set of reusable special pads that replace the need for messy gels!

❑ YES! I would also like to purchase ___ bottles of our specially formulated Velform® Firming and Toning creme, which is a remarkable new firming & toning system for the skin. This professionally developed European formulation will leave your skin feeling smooth, toned & supple. A $29.99 value for **only $14.99,** plus $4.99 S&H

Please charge my ❑ VISA ❑ American Express ❑ MasterCard ❑ Discover

Gymfitness™ is not available for sale in California

Name: _____
(As it appears on your card)

Address: _____

Telephone: _____ Card #: _____ Exp. _____

Signature: _____

REAL DOCTORS, REAL SCIENCE, REAL RESULTS!

DOES SIZE REALLY MATTER TO YOUR LOVER?

MORE THAN YOU CAN POSSIBLY IMAGINE,

but the Penis Enlargement Method you choose matters even more!

PENIS ENLARGEMENT BREAKTHROUGH

MAGNA-RX+ Penis Enlargement System is absolutely the easiest and fastest doctor-recommended way to add 2", 3", even 5" of pure manhood to satisfy your lover like never before! In just a few short weeks, you'll be amazed as you watch your penis grow into the biggest, thickest, hardest one she's ever had, and the one she'll remember forever and ever! No penis enlargement system or pill is easier to use, works faster, or is more effective than the ***MAGNA-RX+*** Penis Enlargement Formula – GUARANTEED!

THE DOCTOR BEHIND *MAGNA-RX+*

The genius behind ***MAGNA-RX+*** is Dr. George Aguilar, MD, a Board Certified Urologist who has treated over 70,000 patients with erectile problems. He is a member of both the College of Urology and the Society of Urology, and the director of 46 urologists. He is also past-president of his State Society of Urologists. Over 7 years of research and testing, Dr. Aguilar made the amazing discovery that is now known as ***MAGNA-RX+:*** a powerful, 100% natural, Penis Enlargement Formula.

By using this proven formula daily, his patients dramatically increased their penis size by 2", 3", even 5" in only a few short weeks. And, best of all, ***MAGNA-RX+'s*** breakthrough herbal formula is 100% natural and safe, with no known side effects. There is absolutely no prescription necessary.

ORGASMIC THRUST ACTIVATION

Only ***MAGNA-RX+*** pills contain the exclusive, trademarked **Orgasmic Thrust Activation** process. This factor alone would make ***MAGNA-RX+*** the most powerful **Penis Enlargement Formula** available at any price. Not only do men report amazing increases in penis length and thickness, but they are also equally delighted by the sheer intensity and concentrated power of their orgasms ***(as are their very satisfied lovers)!***

MAGNA-RX+: THE WORLD'S #1 PENIS ENLARGEMENT FORMULA *& STILL GROWING!*

In the past 12 months, demand for ***MAGNA-RX+*** has exploded worldwide as word of mouth spreads about what many medical experts have called the world's most powerful **Penis Enlargement Formula.** In one of this country's state-of-the-art pharmaceutical laboratories, under Dr. Aguilar's unwavering direction, a dedicated team of biochemists has meticulously worked around the clock to produce enough of ***MAGNA-RX+'s*** proprietary, all-natural botanical formula for men, just like yourself, who want a bigger, thicker, more energetic penis fast!

NOTHING ELSE TO BUY EVER AGAIN!

The ***MAGNA-RX+*** **Formula** is so powerful, so effective, so complete, we 100% guarantee that you will **NEVER** have to purchase any more than the 60-day supply included in this special offer. We could easily make ***MAGNA-RX+*** much weaker and then ask to automatically re-bill your credit card each month for the next 2 months, like some companies do. We focus on getting the best results, as quickly as possible. That is the secret of our success! With the ***MAGNA-RX+*** **System,** ***you can skyrocket 2", 3", even 5" in 60 days or less – with nothing else to buy ever again.***

WHAT RESULTS CAN YOU EXPECT?

Use the ***MAGNA-RX+*** **Penis Enlargement Formula** daily for 3-5 weeks (one potent pill a day is all you need), and:

- **You'll increase your penis size by 2 to 5 full inches**
- **Your penis will he thicker and fuller**
- **Your confidence level & self-esteem will soar**
- **You'll satisfy your lover like never before**

BUY 1, GET 1 FREE (A $60 SAVINGS!)

If you're ready to become the biggest man you can be, then order your supply of ***MAGNA-RX+*** today. See for yourself, what thousands of satisfied men (and their lovers) have already discovered: ***MAGNA-RX+*** is the world's #1 best-selling **Penis Enlargement Formula** for one very simple reason: **IT WORKS & NOTHING ELSE CAN COMPARE!**

Need another reason to try ***MAGNA-RX+***? *How about 50% OFF our regular price!* ***MAGNA-RX+*** normally retails for $59.95 for a 30-day supply, but if you order now, ***we'll include a second month's supply absolutely FREE!*** Imagine being able to increase your penis size up to 5 full inches for less than a $1.00 a day!

WHAT SOME OF OUR SATISFIED CLIENTS HAVE TO SAY:

"I've been using your product for 2 months now. I've increased my length from 6" to nearly 8-1/2". Your product has helped me give a little extra to the love in my life." –W.B., Washington, D.C.

"I was amazed at how effective it was at increasing length and girth from 5" to 6-1/2" in just 3 weeks!!! Feel free to use this letter in your future advertisements." –V.W., Illinois

"My girlfriend loves the results, but she doesn't know what I do. She thinks it's natural, so help me!" –T.M., Oklahoma

"I'm too shy to tell the whole world, but I don't mind telling you that... I went from 3-1/2" to 6". I'm trying for even more." –R.C., South Carolina

ALL LETTERS ON FILE

ADDITIONAL PRODUCTS FOR MEN & WOMEN!

Amazing New Sex Pill Gets Men Erect & Ready – Gets Women Hot & Eager!

PROVEN IN TEST AFTER TEST! SOLVES SEX PROBLEMS FOR BOTH MEN & WOMEN!

SATIVOL

The secret is an enzyme from certain grasses that works on the centers of the brain concerned with libido (desire and performance). Now it's possible to manufacture a highly concentrated dose of the enzyme that has a pronounced effect upon humans!

Safe & Proven Effective!

Sativol is proven effective in two research studies. These studies proved Sativol measurably (1) increased sexual desire (horniness), (2) increased performance (erections), (3) increased feeling (pleasure).

- Feel a natural erection – big, hard, throbbing!
- Enjoy powerful erections with no midway letdown!
- Enjoy a horny feeling of wanting sex often!
- Continue or refire your sex life no matter your age (providing reasonable health otherwise).
- Watch as a woman who has turned her back on sex becomes eager once again! ***regular $75.00***

60 capsules for only **$49.95**

MOTIVATOR (motivate-her)

Just 1 of these tablets, used as directed, creates intense sexual feelings in women. The action begins about 5 minutes after you use the tablet. Best of all, the effect lasts for about 30 passion-filled minutes! Use these tablets and you'll find the effect is irresistible. Motivator (motivate-her) will set her on fire! Thousands of repeat customers since first offered in 1989. Precaution: get her permission before using.

24 tablets for **$12.00**

POWER PILLS: Endurance in a Bottle!

I'm Peter North (a.k.a. Matt Ramsey) and I promise you "my private formula pills will inject incredible sex performance right into your penis." I've performed in over 800 videos and am known for my sexual endurance in take after take. I personally perfected Power Pills using highly concentrated doses of ingredients to ensure this highly charged sex performance day after day. You can have an erection and develop staying power and climax control just like me. That's why 87% of our customers reorder!

30 tablets for **$18.00** or

SAVE! *120 tablets for only* **$35.00**

ECONOMY PACK! SAVE $49.95!
You get: 60 MAGNA-RX+, 60 Sativol, 24 Motivator & 30 Power Pills *(regular $139.90)*
***all for only* $89.95**

CREDIT CARD ORDERS CALL TOLL-FREE ANYTIME:

1-800-227-0009

Send to: **RIGHT CHOICE PHARMACY** *DEPT. ST-0102A*
Post Office Box 10132, Van Nuys, CA 91409-0132

Please ship the following. I enclose $_____ ☐Check ☐Money Order ☐Cash

☐**MAGNA-RX+** *(2 mo. supply)*	$59.95	Total Purchase	$_____
☐**SATIVOL** *(60 capsules)*	$49.95		
☐**MOTIVATOR** *(24 tablets)*	$12.00	CA Residents ADD Sales Tax	$_____
☐**POWER PILLS** *(30 tablets)*	$18.00	Shipping Via Priority Mail or FedEx	$ 6.95
☐**POWER PILLS** *(120 tablets)*	$35.00		
SAVE $49.95 with the ECONOMY PACK! ☐Send me 2 month's supply of MAGNA-RX+, 60 Sativol, 24 Motivator, 30 Power Pills *all for only* **$89.95**		ADD $2 for RUSH Service	$_____
		Foreign Orders ADD $10 S&H (remit in US funds)	$_____
Charge it ☐VISA ☐MC ☐AMEX ☐DISC Exp. Date ____/____		TOTAL ENCLOSED/CHARGED	$_____

ACCOUNT NUMBER

Signature X_____

ORDER TOLL FREE 1-800-227-0009 • FAX ANYTIME 1-818-991-0462

Name (print)_____

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City/State/ZIP_____

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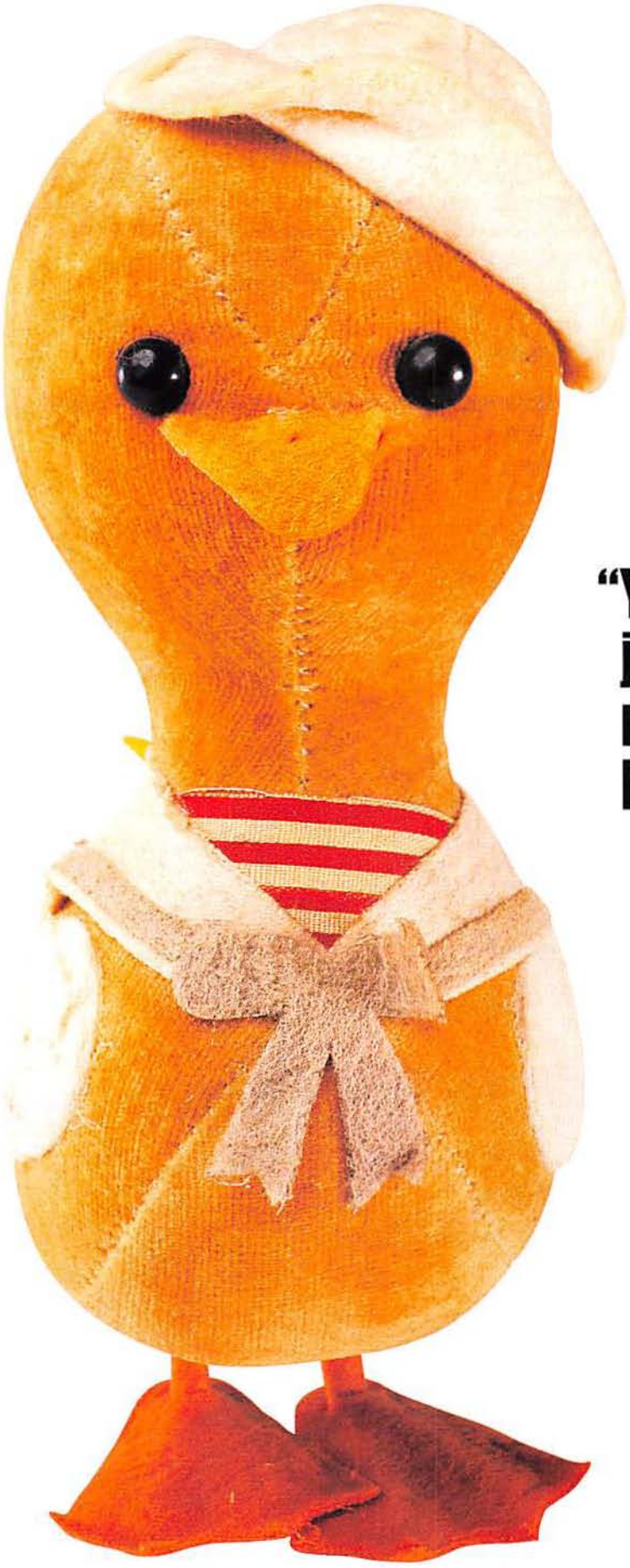

"You can't just pretend nothing happened."

Photography: Damien Donck.

moving boxes:
$85

bubble wrap:
$24

moving van:
$45

a friend with a spare saturday:
priceless

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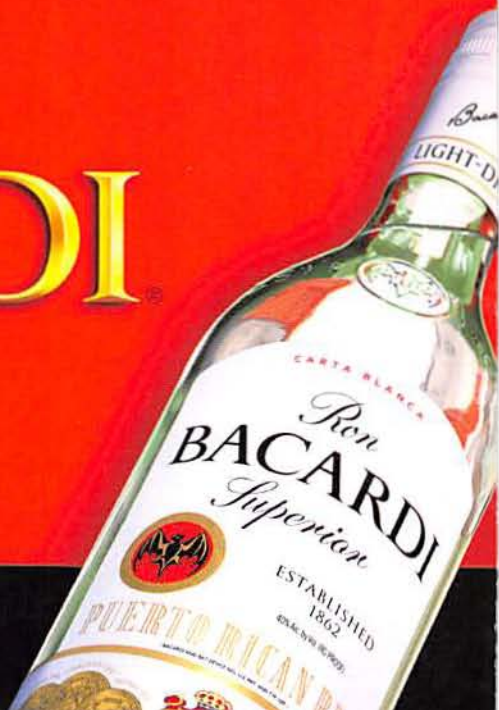

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